

★PHOTOPLAY

August

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15¢

Diana Lynn
By Paul Hesse

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...the color stays on
through every lipstick test

Wonderful life-like color harmony
shades to give your lips an alluring
color accent...lovely reds, glamorous
reds...dramatic reds...all exclusive with
Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an
original color principle* discovered by
Max Factor Hollywood. There's a shade
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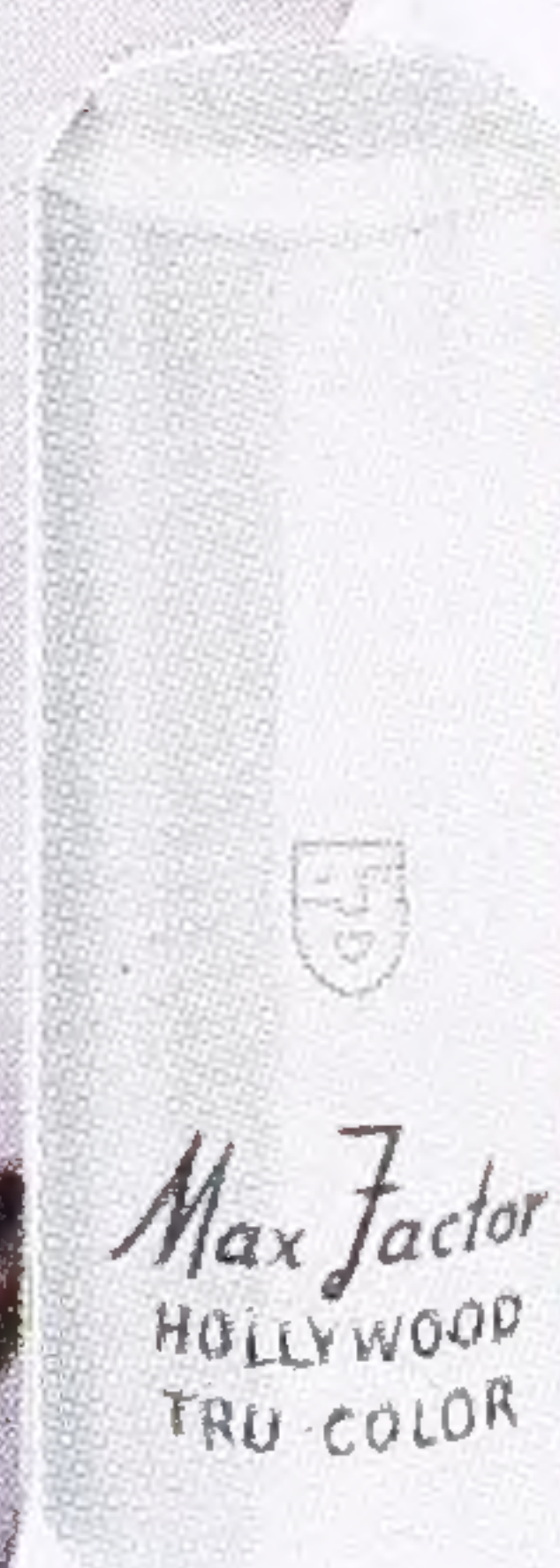
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Shades for Every Type...

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Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
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FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

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Ella Raines

Soon to be seen in the Universal Picture
"UNCLE HARRY"

Max Factor -
Hollywood

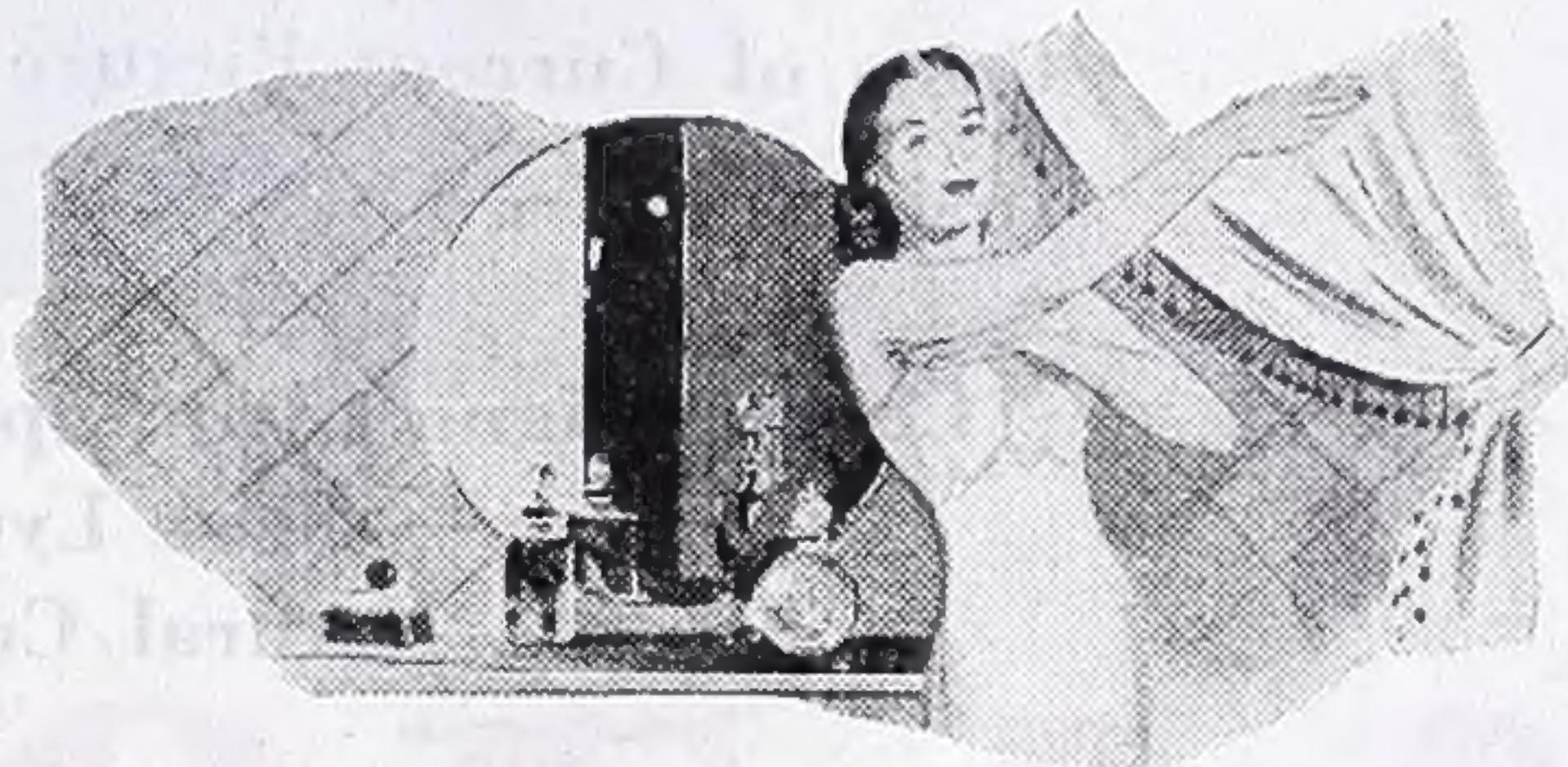
You can't take it with you



NOT that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you *do* want to be safe. And there is a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.



Take half a minute with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Gentle, dependable Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm the fabric of your clothes. Can be used even *after* you're dressed. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

Sw-e-et Ad-e-line. And they do mean *you!* Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be near? And wouldn't you be a *goon* to let underarm odor rob you of popularity! But you're too clever for that. You use Mum, *to be sure.* How's your Mum supply today?



MUM



Product of Bristol-Myers

takes the odor out of perspiration

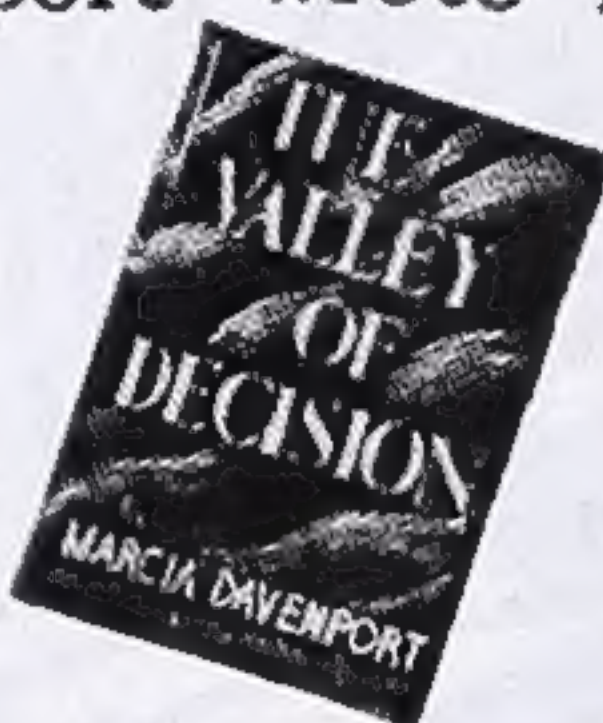
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.



Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".



Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you?
We'll meet you there.



—Lea

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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Cover: Diana Lynn, appearing in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

Miss Lynn's bathing suit by Jantzen

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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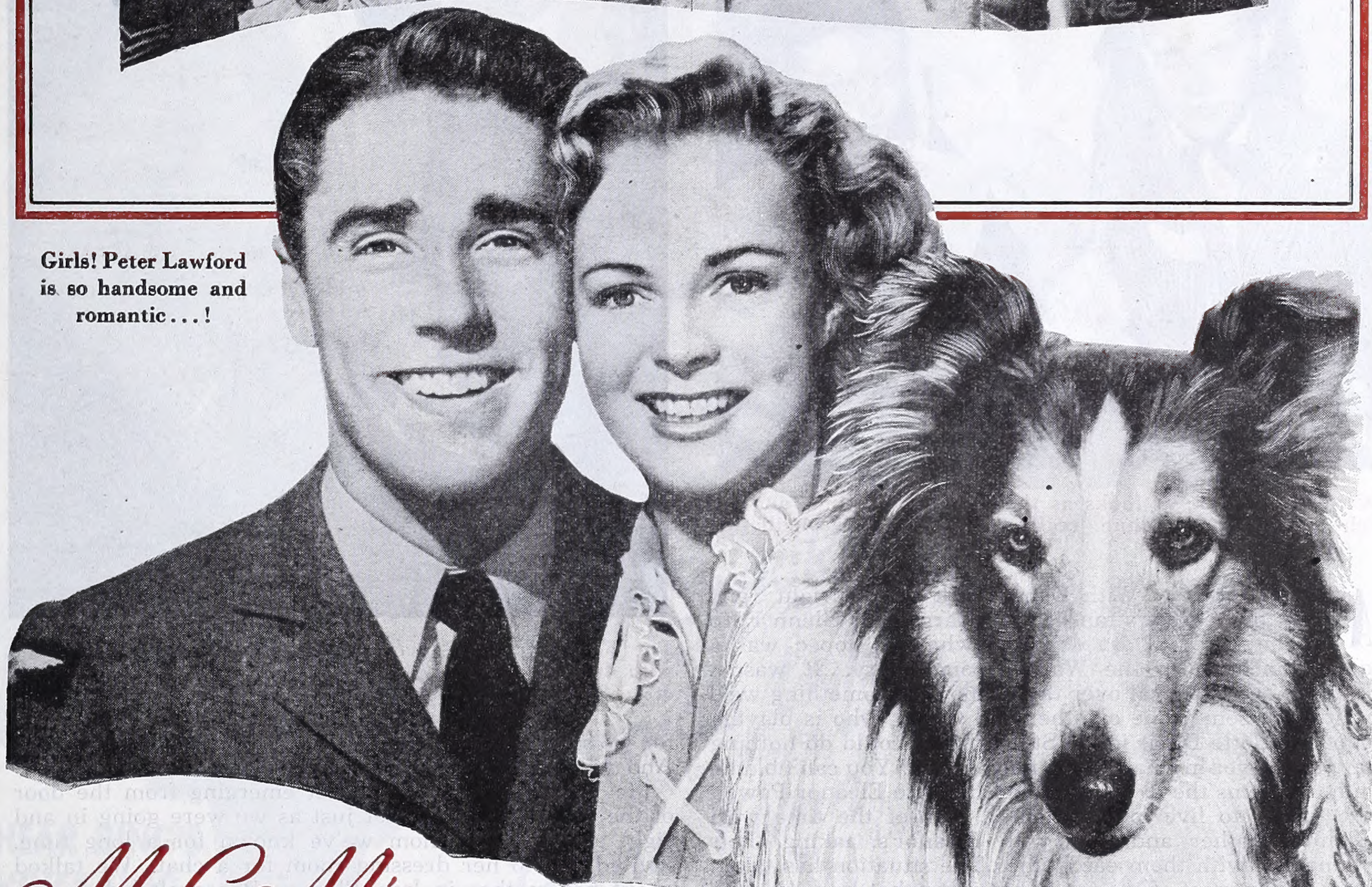
A masterpiece of Adventure in Technicolor!

Here's M-G-M's thrill-filled spectacular sequel to famed "Lassie Come Home"—in Technicolor! New drama—new adventure—introducing Laddie, the thoroughbred son of a champion, who

had to *prove* he hadn't the heart of a mongrel! They laughed at him—called him a canine clown! But in the crisis, when his master's life was at stake—that Son of Lassie came roaring through!



Girls! Peter Lawford
is so handsome and
romantic...!



M.G.M.'s

SON OF LASSIE

Starring **PETER LAWFORD • DONALD CRISP**

with **JUNE LOCKHART • NIGEL BRUCE**

WILLIAM "BILLY" SEVERN • LEON AMES • DONALD CURTIS • NILS ASTHER • ROBERT LEWIS

LASSIE and LADDIE

Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett • Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight • Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Produced by SAMUEL MARX • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Ciro celebrators: It looks as though Dick Haymes and his charming wife Joanne really mean that reconciliation



The new Gable romance? Clark attends the Ice Capades with beautiful Anita Colby, better known as The Face

A Day at Warners: With Dane Clark on the right (and third on Warner's fan list, we learn) and Glenn Ford on the left, Cal sat down to what he hoped was a quiet luncheon in the Warner commissary. It wasn't. Dane grew hysterical over the memory of something we'd written at some time or other and Glenn, who is playing opposite Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life," could do nothing but moan over his inability to find a home. You can't blame him. It seems the ex-Marine and his wife Eleanor Powell are forced to live in two homes, part of the time with Glenn's mother and part with Eleanor's, taking their young son with them each time. The situation has taken from Glenn most of the joy of attaining that lead opposite Bette. Incidentally, La Davis, who seemed to enjoy her lunch at another table, had been ill and only returned to the studio that day.

After lunch we romped right into a bang-up all-blue production number on "The Time, The Place And The Girl" set with Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan between scenes grabbing a musician's trombone, in turn, to play the football song "On Wisconsin." And but awful. Harry James should have heard them. Both boys come from up Wisconsin way and no two lads get more downright enjoyment out of their work. It's a howl just to watch them.

Of course the enthusiasm of Joan Leslie, who plays Janie in "Janie Gets Married," is hard to beat too. We had to be taken all through Janie's new home, the prop living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. With a twinkle in her eye Joan explained how in one scene she awakens before her husband Bob Hutton, steals to the bathroom and pretties up, and then steals back before he awakens. Why she'd have to pretty up Cal can't imagine,

for we say again that Leslie gal grows prettier every day. And with no steady beau either, fellows!

Met Faye Emerson Roosevelt emerging from the door of the "Danger Signal" set just as we were going in and right away Faye, whom we've known for a long time, invited Cal to her dressing room for a chat. We talked about her mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt, whom she admires so much, her sisters-in-law and her late father-in-law, President Roosevelt. If her husband's family feel as warmly about Faye as she does about them (and we're sure they do) there should be no in-law trouble there.

She laughed over the experiences of herself and her husband, Brigadier General Elliott Roosevelt, and their new home on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Seems the General was so happy to have a home he pitched in with broom and mop to help clean up and then like two tired children they sat on the floor afterwards, because there were no chairs, and ate a cold supper together.

Faye hopes he won't be too long overseas this time, as already he's had forty-six months over there. Cal, too, hopes he gets back soon to his very charming bride.

Honeymoon House: Dick Powell has the honeymoon house for himself and his Junie, which they'll occupy as man and wife the moment he is free. And that won't be long now. Dick bought a huge place in that swanky section between Beverly Hills (Continued on page 6)

The Laugh-a-Minute
Lowdown
On The Birth
Of The Swoon!

Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!



HEAR BING'S
VOICE SING—

"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around
Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU
SEE THOSE 4
CROSBY KIDS!



THE TIE BELONGS TO THE OTHER GUY...
AND IT'LL SEND YOU...
**Out Of
this World**

starring
Eddie Bracken
He's got it, but it isn't his!

Veronica Lake
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!

Diana Lynn
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world.

with **Cass Daley** beating Those Gol Darn Drums
and **Carmen Cavallaro** • **Ted Fiorito** • **Henry King** • **Ray Noble**
Joe Reichman playing together for the first time!
A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

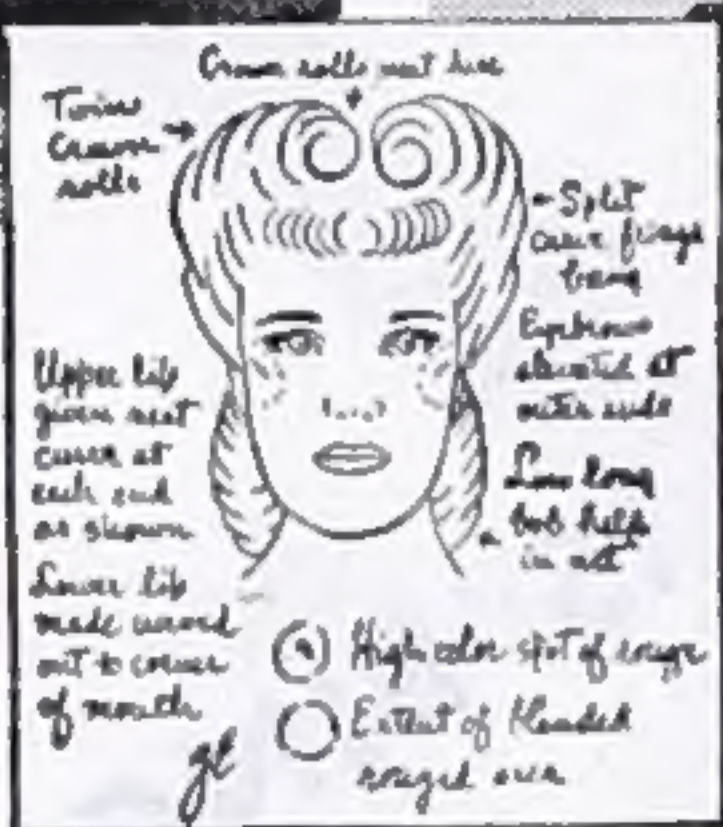


Before LONESOME!

Before Alice Major of Lowell, Mass., began her Powers Course, she was shy, overweight... unhappy. Alice's Powers Course helped her reveal new loveliness.

Now ENGAGED!

Alice Major's personalized "Photo-Revise" showed her new make-up tricks... a hair-do that framed her face softly... gave her glamour! NOW, she's engaged!



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In 7 Short Weeks —
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figure, new loveliness!**



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Alice is now a size 12, has a "Model" figure. She says: "Now Johnny calls me 'beautiful'... and we're engaged!"



"I bulged in all the wrong places," said Alice before starting her Powers Course.

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at home**

60 individualized features, including your own "Photo-Revise." Unlimited personal consultation through correspondence. Course covers figure, face, make-up, grooming, styling, voice, everything.

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including free, illustrated booklet.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____
& Zone _____
Occupation _____ Age _____

Notables at a notable party: Joan Fontaine and Paul Henreid at the Russian Easter party given by the Reginald Gardiners at Romanoffs. Below: Danny Kaye between the host and hostess at the same gathering



(Continued from page 4) and Bel Air. The two are all over the place lately, beaming as usual—June being particularly starry-eyed. Cal has been telling you for months that those dates of hers with Van Johnson and others didn't mean a thing.

Party Notes: At a big party recently Clark Gable and the beautiful Anita Colby were acting oh, so devoted. And a little bird whispers that Clark has confessed to one of his best friends that he is really in love. Certainly acts it.

Frank Sinatra was at the shindig, too, and people were congratulating him on the fine work he's been doing in that tolerance campaign of his—and on his impending overseas jaunt. Poor Frankie—back in Hollywood for three months—and up to the day he left for Europe no telephone—a boy without a number! And seemingly none in sight. When his business manager or his secretary want to get in touch with him they have to send him a wire to call them! Then Frankie rushes across the road to the neighbors or next door to use the telephone!

That Flynn Touch: When Errol Flynn tosses a party—day or nighttime variety—you can always expect some sort of unusual "added touch." Last summer at his swanky, dressy dinner party his guests, still seated around the tables

on his outdoor terrace, were treated to some exhibition swimming and diving by a couple of Olympic champions that came to Errol's house that night to "put on the show." Just recently he tossed a two-in-the-afternoon luncheon one Sunday—for about sixty guests and dined if he didn't stage a fencing match. Again, it was two Olympic champions that put on the athletic "floor-show." Fencing is no doubt fascinating if you understand the fine points (ouch—for that pun!) and mighty boring if you don't. Most of his guests were bored. Not Ida Lupino, though—for she and Helmut Dantine were busy talking to each other. He was about to leave for a personal appearance tour and they were making the most of every minute. But just to keep you up to the minute—and a little ahead—don't fall for any Lupino-Dantine marriage rumors—because no sooner was Dantine out of town than Ida started going out with attractive Freddie de Cordova, the young director. And now it's a terrific crush—you'll see. Besides—she told Cal it's the first time in years that she's been having any real, light-hearted fun. It's about time—she's a swell gal who deserves a light-hearted guy.

Cal Goes to a Preview: Suddenly we were five in the (Continued on page 8)

WARNER BROS. STUDIOS
BURBANK, CALIF.

Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck
and Dennis Morgan
are spending a very
merry
"Christmas in
Connecticut"



The romancin's rosy
and the fun's furious and everybody's
going to be there! You're invited!

Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)



Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show
to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

with REGINALD GARDINER • S. Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE

Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Screen Play by Lionel Houser & Adele Commandini • From an Original Story by Aileen Hamilton



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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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10¢ for 2 rinses



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QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Close-up of a big-timer candidly caught at a broadcast: Bing Crosby, Gold Medal winner for 1944 in Photoplay's annual nationwide poll of moviegoers conducted by Dr. Gallup—the only poll of its kind



(Continued from page 6) balcony of the Westwood Village Theater—Esther Williams, Sgt. Ben Gage, Cal., Lieut. Ted Tewksbury and Sidney Skolsky. We were there to see the preview of Esther's and Van Johnson's new picture, "Thrill Of A Romance." When Van quietly slipped in and took a seat behind us we felt quite a cozy group.

When the fans (Westwood is U.C.-L.A.'s town, you know) took a look at Esther in that white bathing suit, we leaned over and said, "Well, sexy Williams?" but Esther had her head buried in the Sergeant's shoulder. Embarrassed, maybe.

We turned and looked at Van when the college kids tore down the place at his first screen entrance. Strangely enough he never batted an eye. But when the fans roared at that phony singing number of his, we thought we detected a puzzled, sort of disappointed expression.

It was fun whispering our comments to Esther, who is a good sport. And it was fun listening to Esther's whispered comments to Van and his to her. In fact, it's fun going to previews with the stars, even if we did lose Van in the crush of fans afterwards.

It Says Here: Whistles are being readied for Jane Russell's appearance (finally) in the film "Young Widow." Cal can tell you she still has what it takes to be whistled at . . . The Navy hasn't improved Robert Montgomery's affability any. He's just as hard to know as ever now that he's back in civvies again . . . Diana Lynn likes to wear flowers in her hair piled up on her head, when she has a date, which is just about every night. Robert Walker certainly has competition with little Diana . . . Deanna Durbin had

a flat tire for herself one afternoon while she was driving up in the hills near her home—and she had to walk home. Oh yes, she tried to thumb a ride from the few cars that passed her in that region—but no luck! So she finally gave up and walked about three miles to her dear old homestead. No new beaus for Deanna. Still around with Felix Jackson night after night.

Bergman: Odd that the contrast between Sweden's two actresses, Garbo and Bergman, should be so marked. Garbo's coldness and aloofness is in direct contrast to the warmth and naturalness of Ingrid, who undoubtedly is the most popular actress in town with her co-workers.

Recently Bergman was scheduled for a broadcast at NBC on the corner of Vine and Sunset. But the cabby, noticing the fans milling about, refused to drive near the place.

"I had my fender dented and my windshield wiper torn off last time I brought you here," he growled. "No more for me."

Just then a rickety car with no fenders and the stuffing pouring out of the seat cushions drove up. "I'll take you right to the door, Miss Bergman," the young driver offered. "What can they pull off this car that isn't off already?"

Laughing, Ingrid climbed in and chugged off in a blaze of exhaust pipe smoke to the studio door. The fans adored it and so of course did Bergman.

As for the driver, he now rides around with a "Sacred—Bergman rode in this" sign hung from the car.

Remarks from the Gallery: Everyone hopes that Paulette Goddard means it when she says she is going back to her own natural (Continued on page 10)

Samuel Goldwyn
presents
The Glitter and Glow Show
of the Year - A Wonder of
Laughs...Love...and Lovelies!

starring
Danny
in
"WONDER

Kaye
MAN"
in Technicolor



with
VIRGINIA MAYO VERA-ELLEN
DONALD WOODS • S.Z. SAKALL

Allen Jenkins • Edward Brophy • Otto Kruger • Steve
Cochran • Virginia Gilmore and THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Directed by Bruce Humberstone

Screen Play by Don Hartman • Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp
Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.

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Now see your hair! It gleams with a new sheen. Then feel it. It's so soft and so wondrously manageable you'll outdo yourself in creating more alluring hairdos. Try Laco! At your favorite drug, department store and five-and-ten.



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TAKE ORDERS GALORE 25 CHRISTMAS CARDS 15 FREE
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Smartly styled. Super values. Everybody buys. 10 beautiful designs. Others to \$2.50. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas Folders \$1. Costs 50c. Worth much more. Currier & Ives, Artcraft, Glitter, Oilette Boxes, Gift Wraps, Everyday, Personal, Business Line. 21 Ass't on approval. **FREE SAMPLES** of Imprint lines. No investment. Start today.

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Ciro gaiety for the Editor, the Star, the General—Photoplay's Fred R. Sammis (Lieut. in the Coast Guard, Temporary Reserve, now on a short tour of duty in the Pacific), Brig. General Roosevelt and Faye Emerson



Party for returnees from Japanese prison camps (a couple had been in the March of Death) at Al Hall's ranch—T/S Schloat, Joan Blondell and Hoagy Carmichael

(Continued from page 8) brunette tresses when "The Diary Of A Chambermaid" for which she bleached, is finished. Paulette was never meant to be a blonde—she is so much prettier with dark hair.

Poor Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor had to spend their fifth wedding anniversary thousands of miles apart. She was on location up north in California—and Bob was in New Orleans where he is stationed. Reminds us that Col. Jimmy Stewart, long expected back on furlough, is due any minute.

Greer Garson always has a ready retort—and this time she needed one quickly. She had just gotten out of her car and was about to walk up the driveway to a friend's house when a huge dog came leaping toward her with a mean look in his eyes. "Come right on!" called her pal who was waiting in the doorway—"he won't hurt you—he was raised on milk." "Yes—" called Greer, "so was I—but I eat beef now!"

Around Town: All along the booths at Romanoffs friendly hands were reached out to congratulate Peter Lorre on his marriage to Kaaren Verne. And the

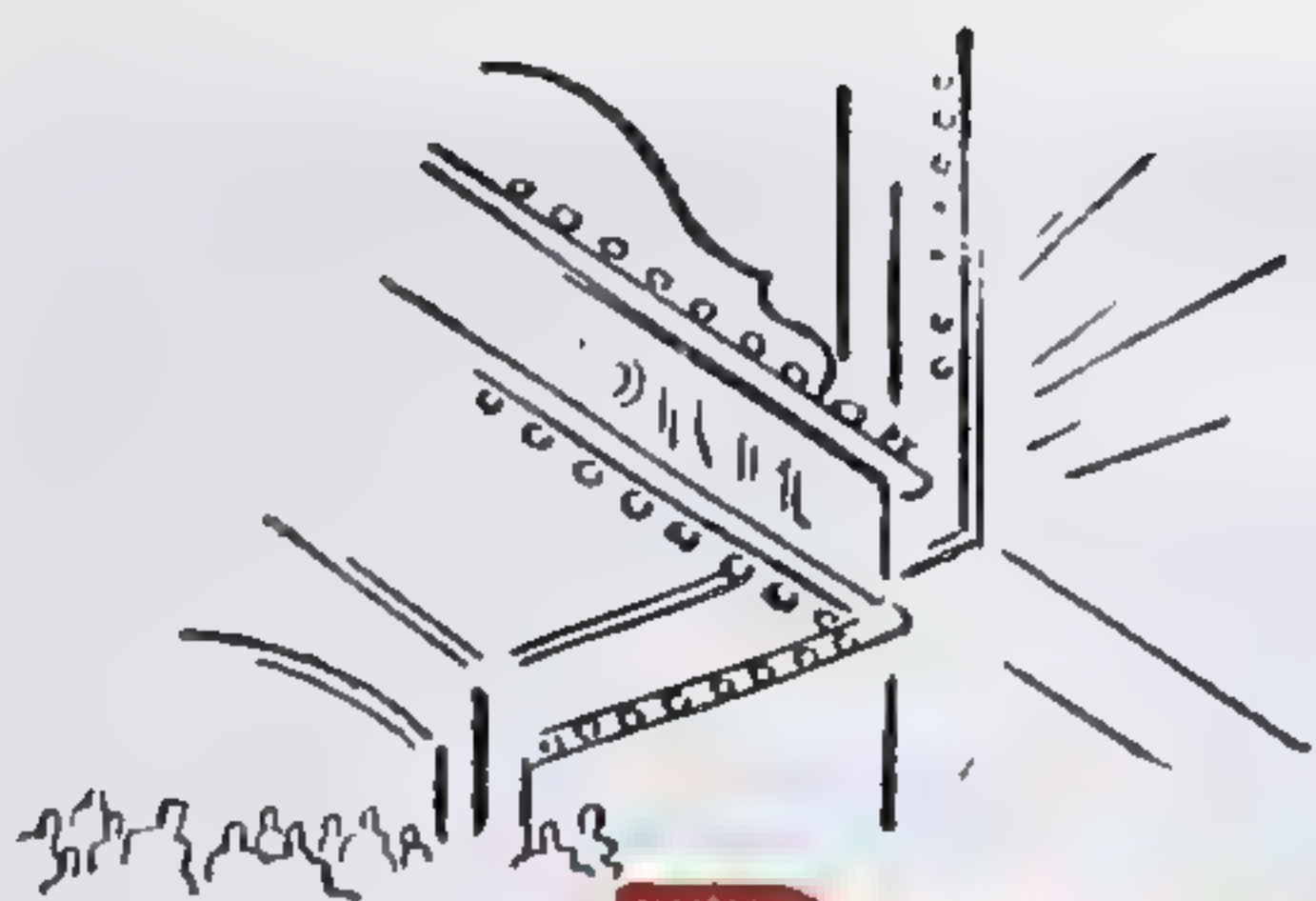
"Little Menace" for once was all smiles . . . Bob Montgomery, growing a beard for his role in "They Were Expendable," sat with James Cagney whose conduct in public, and especially a celebrity-infested place like Romanoffs, is amusing. Every time a customer passes his booth James lowers his head and covers his face with his hands a la Garbo as if someone were about to push a grapefruit in his face, maybe.

William Powell looking better than he's looked in years dining with his wife little Diana Lewis Powell, seems to have found eternal youth and happiness in his marriage to the youthful Diana.

Louis Hayward, either celebrating or commemorating his divorce from Ida Lupino, dining with his current girl friend, socialite Peggy Field Morrow. Seems to be a steady twosome too, for Cal glimpses them everywhere together.

Lunching at four in the afternoon with three friends, Harald Ramond, the man in the Lupe Velez case, was the cynosure of all eyes—that is all the eyes present on the sunny outside porch of The Players at that time.

The sudden death of John Garfield's little girl a few (Continued on page 12)

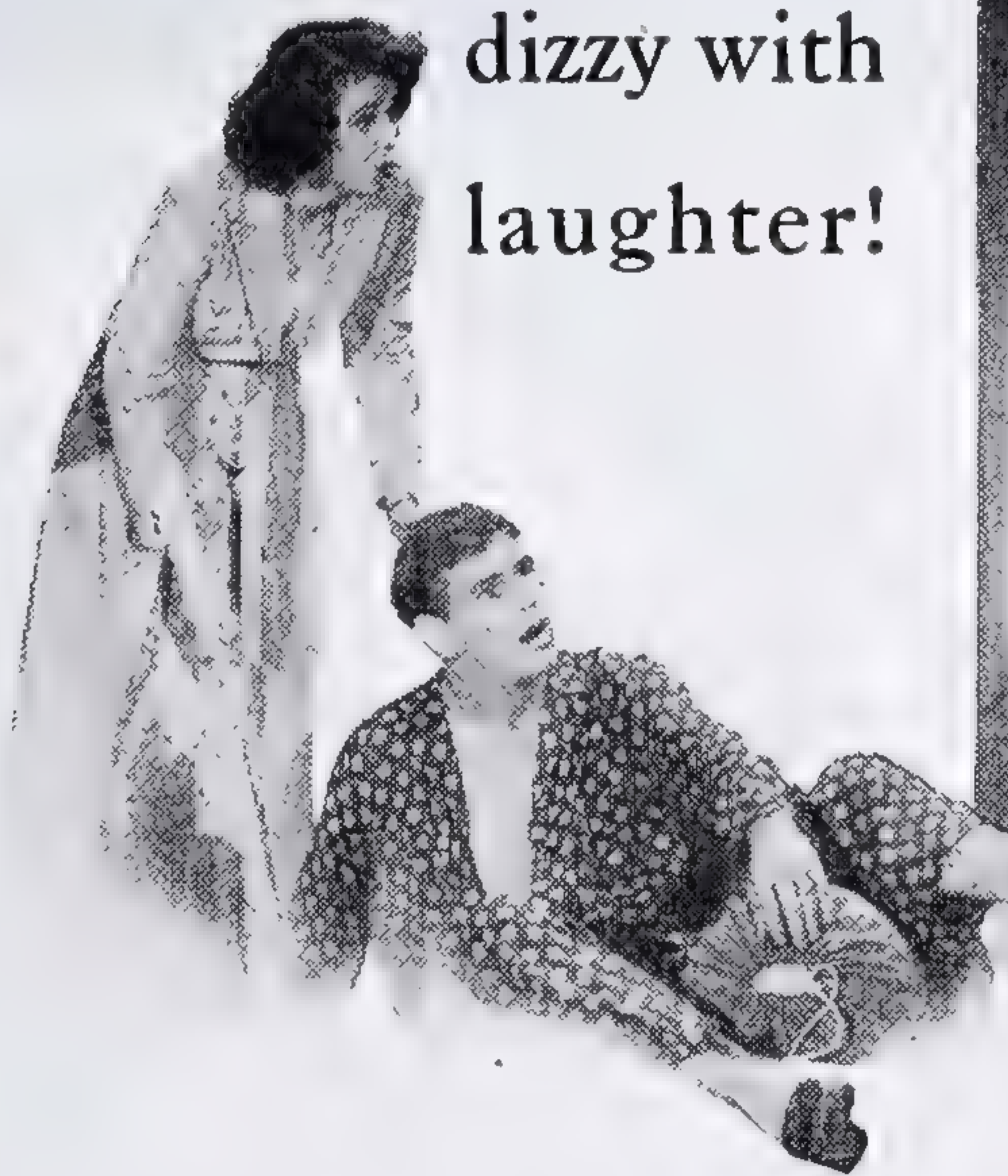


**BROADWAY'S HILARIOUS ROMANTIC
COMEDY NOW ON THE SCREEN!**

*So she picked up the marbles...and went
home to make love!*



Theirs the kind
of fun that makes
the world go round
...and round...and
round...until you're
dizzy with
laughter!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene
DUNNE

Alexander
KNOX

Charles
COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production

Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



This picture has been
chosen for showing to our
Armed Forces overseas.

P
M
M

Waltz into his arms!

VOLKOFF
and MILADA
famous
dancers

with a touch of
BLUE WALTZ
perfume

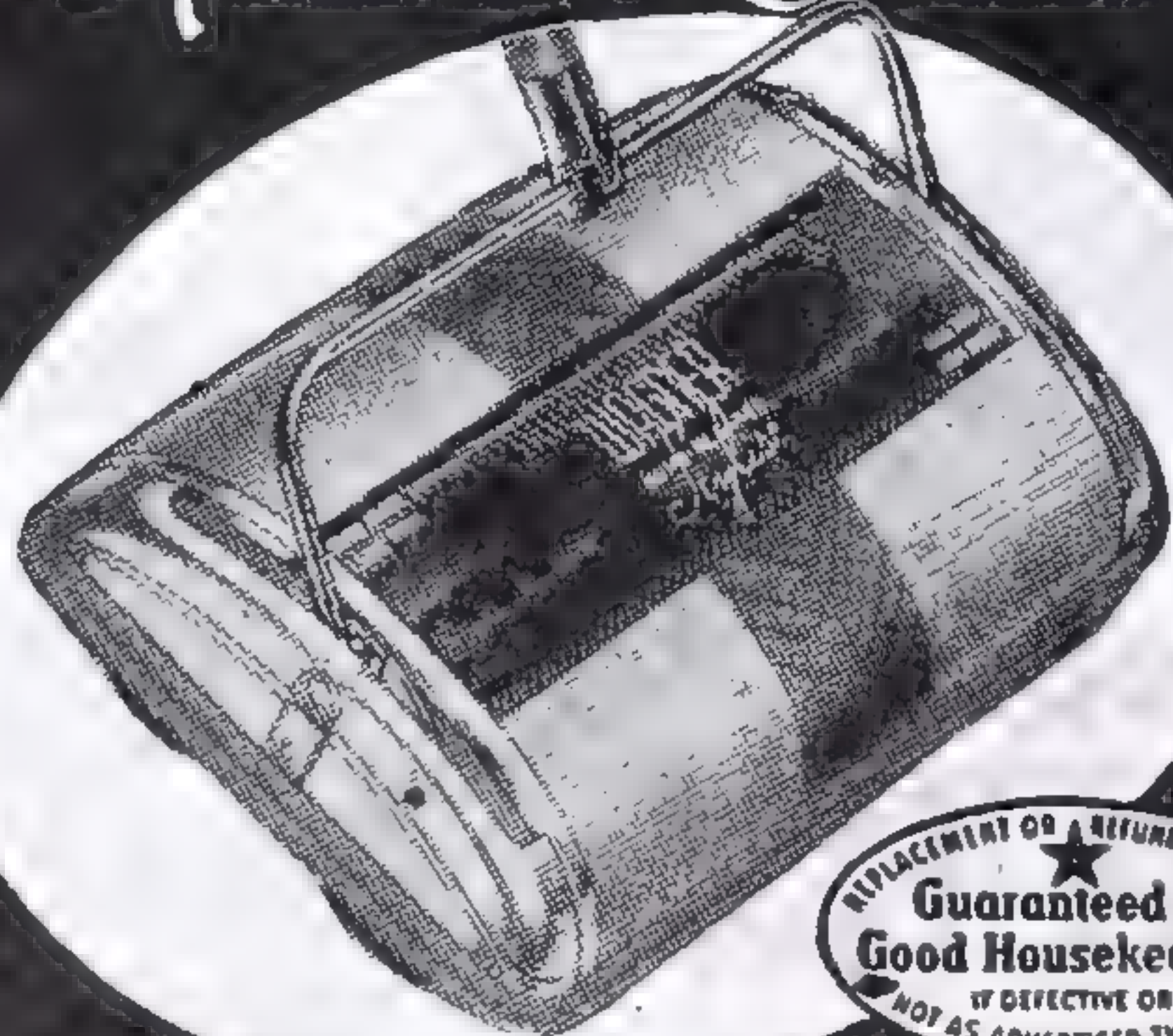
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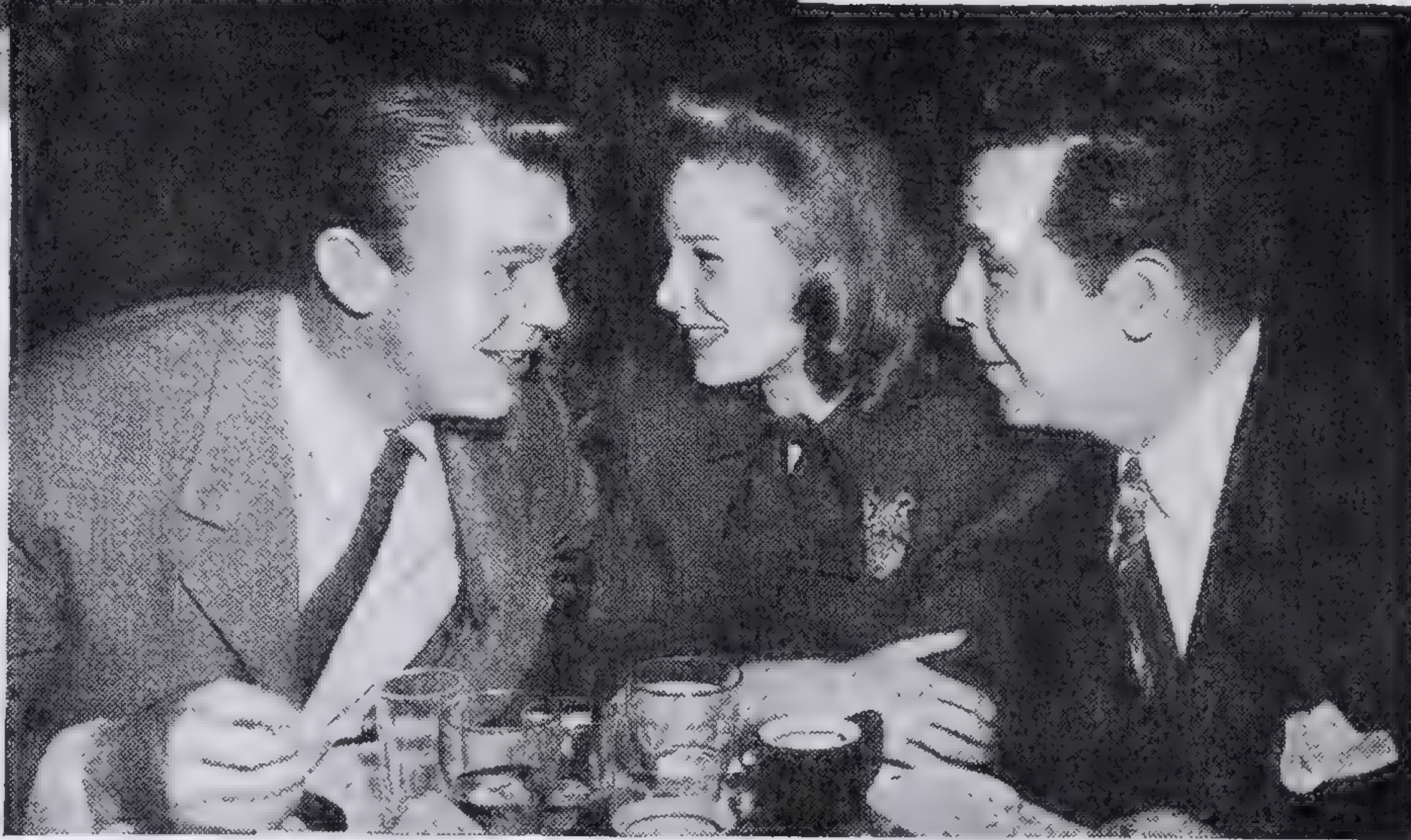
Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF

Here is happiness—Maria Montez and war hero Jean Pierre Aumont at Mocambo



Three's a crowd—Dennis O'Keefe joins June Allyson and Dick Powell for a heads-together session at Ciro's



(Continued from page 10) months ago left the actor shocked and grieved, but now that time has dulled the ache his wife, who comforted him, has been overcome by the tragedy and is under a doctor's care critically ill. It's as if the blow, slow in coming, were too much for her.

Another Party: It was a small and rather exclusive party Cal found himself attending for Jean Pierre Aumont and his wife Maria Montez, ablaze in a Lilly Dache hat of yellow magnificence. In his battledress, his boyish face framed with rather unruly blonde hair, Jean was as handsome, as affable and as simple as ever. It's the simplicity of this Frenchman, a star in France for many years, that endears him so much to Hollywood. For instance, he was intrigued with our guest Lieut. Roy Wicker, a Marine flier back from fifteen months in the South Pacific only the day before. He wanted to know all about our U. S. Marines, to what branch of the service they were attached, and went into detail in comparing the French Marines with ours. The young flier couldn't have had a pleasanter homecoming.

Navy Captain Gene Markey and Robert Montgomery hovered about the beautiful hors d'oeuvres table and Cal, his nose always itchy for news, longed to ask Capt. Markey about that report-

ed romance with Myrna Loy, but actually we couldn't get near him for the pretty girls. With Myrna on her way to Hollywood just as the Captain was leaving, we dare say it's over.

After most of the guests had gone, a few of us including Ruth and Walter Pidgeon, Nadia and Reggie Gardiner, John Hodiak, Cal and Hoagy Carmichael settled down for the evening with Hoagy at the piano giving out with some of his newest tunes and Walter, in that rich baritone of his, joining in for a bar or two.

Later we asked Hoagy about Lauren Bacall with whom he worked in "To Have And Have Not."

"When I looked at her tests with Howard Hawks," he said, "I was impressed with her unusual looks and ability. And then as the picture rolled along, I just sort of took her for granted and worried about our scenes, wondering if either of us would get over. But boy, when I saw those finished rushes strung together, the impact of her personality hit me again and I knew Hawks had a find. She's fun working with, too," he added.

Cash and Cary: At a big party that Sir Charles and Lady Mendl gave for the returning Cole Porter somebody spilled some candle-grease onto Cary Grant's dinner (Continued on page 14)

The toughest killer's blazing guns
could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role,
as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones,
who swings into action to win the
heart of a killer's girl.

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with

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Produced by Gary Cooper

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Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LeMay
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INTERNATIONAL



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and see how beautiful you can be

Cal York's



**Mad-hatters: Deanna Durbin at Mocambo
in a large frilly bonnet-of-the-moment...**

(Continued from page 12) jacket and one of the maids took his coat into the pantry to clean it. When she returned it to Cary who was waiting in the corridor, he gave her a ten-dollar bill for her trouble. Then he joined the guests again. Few minutes later, the maid came up to him holding the bill in her hand. She asked him to autograph it to her. Said she had no intention of ever spending *that* one!

Picked up in Passing: Ginger Rogers, still sharing her home with the wife of Sgt. Al Flannagan, a pal of Ginger's Jack Briggs. When Flannagan was here on leave he reported that Bill Lundigan, still in the South Pacific, is putting on weight—and that Briggs was through the horrible Iwo Jima campaign. Ginger was proud—but so terribly lonesome for him . . . Andy Russell has announced his "engagement" to singer Della Norell—but his divorce won't be final until fall! . . . Everyone so tickled pink that Bob Hope and Paramount (he "suspended" the studio, if you remember) have kissed and made up—and that means more Hope movies when he gets back from overseas . . . Lieut. Robert Taylor almost passed unnoticed in Romanoffs while here on leave—that crew haircut changes his appearance so.

Hard to Get: Van Johnson had better look to his bobby-sox laurels—because Bill Williams (over at RKO) is creeping up on him as a new young rave. However, the gals don't get much more of a break on dates with Bill than they do with Van. But for different reasons. Van's printed "romances" are mostly phony. Though he does make an occasional date, he's really not interested in anyone. But Bill is plenty interested in Barbara Hale (she's the gal who played opposite Frankie-boy in "Higher And Higher"—remember?) and in fact, she has him tied up in knots—and plenty of dates.

INSIDE STUFF



... and Ann Rutherford at Romanoffs demonstrating latest in Hollywood lids

Lunch with the Ladds: Cal trekked over to Paramount to lunch with Alan and his wife Sue and to chat and laugh.

We watched "Icy Voice" go through a scene with Veronica Lake for his new picture "The Blue Dahlia" and even on the set caught that cold, calculating something about the actor that sends goose pimples up our spine. And then, in an instant, he turns about, spies us and grins, and all the coldness vanishes.

After lunch we walked beside Alan as he slowly rode his bicycle back to his dressing room. Here's one actor who never forgets his hard climb upward or his procession through a small cubbyhole dressing room upstairs to one nearer a bath, then one at the end of the hall and finally downstairs to a small one and then bingo—a star room in the Bing Crosby-Bob Hope row.

Sue did the decoration and together they picked up the furniture in Connecticut while Alan was making a hospital tour. A cobbler's bench that cost \$35 and is worth so much more is his pride and joy. The prints, lamps, drapes and wallpaper murals are by far the most tasteful Cal has ever seen, and believe us we've visited practically every star's dressing room on the lot.

Due to the strike there is no help so Alan and Sue keep it spic and span between them. In fact, in everything there is a bond between them so powerful and wonderful it can almost be seen—at least with the heart.

Here's one lad the fans have a right to adore. He'll never let them down.

Observations: Lunch with Jeanne Crain has convinced Cal that here's one actress who remains as unsophisticated, as natural and charming as the day she began. In fact, there's just one change in Jeanne—she grows more beautiful every day. Her simple manner untouched by the driving force of ambition that hardens so many of our

The Picture that may change Your Life!

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controlling the amazing Pidgeon
family (with their \$5,000,000
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A REPUBLIC PICTURE



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But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—an undertone and overtone).

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Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Young favorites out Warner's way—Bob Hutton and Joan Leslie meet for a friendly chat



"Say Ah!" It's pert Buff Cobb with Coast-guardsmen Victor Mature on a Ciro fling



youngsters, is wonderful to behold in this feverish town of Hollywood.

She was the last actress one of our Marine friends had seen before he left for the Pacific and all through those island flying days he remembered her and wondered if she, too, would change, as on screens set up in jungle islands he watched her progress.

She wasn't even working the day we called for a luncheon date, and yet gladly and willingly she gave up her day to meet us. And even remembered the blonde Marine—to his complete astonishment.

He asked about her name. So many of the fellows out there called her Jeannie instead of Jeanne. "I prefer people I like to call me Jeannie," she said. "It sounds homier." Cal noticed she was Jeannie from then on.

And oh yes, we asked her about that reported engagement to actor Paul Brook. It isn't so. She said so herself. And who should know but Jeanne—no, Jeannie—for she likes us, too.

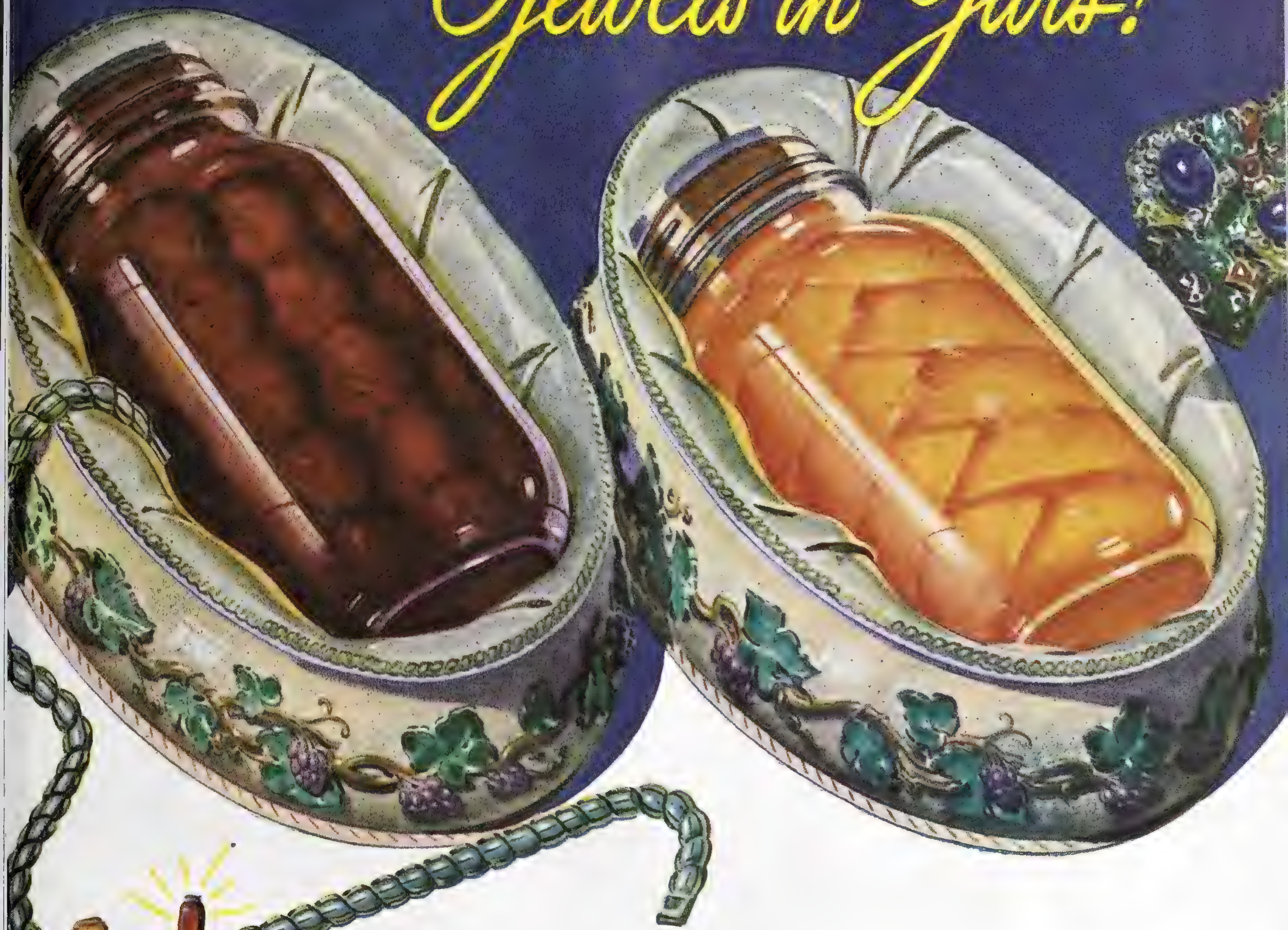
The Music Minded: If you don't think movie glamour pusses—male and female—go for fine classical music every chance they get, then you should have seen the turnout for the concert that Maestro Toscanini conducted at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles. Maria Montez, with Jean Pierre Aumont (who will probably be out of the Army by the time you read this—and back

permanently with his Maria who has been pining for him out loud)—Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles, Lana Turner and Turhan Bey, the Bob Hopes, Jean Hersholt, the Paul Henreids, the Edward Arnolds, Deanna Durbin and F. J., Ingrid Bergman, the Reg Gardiners (you'd have to tie Reggie down to keep him away from *anything* musical) were just a few of the movie music lovers on hand.

The Bogarts Again: Whirling around in one of those revolving-door routines, Cal finally caught up with Lauren Bacall, much prettier than her sulky-mouthed pictures, and much younger and gayer. At least her bright-eyed, youngish laughter gave evidence of her being a happy twenty with no upward looks or pouts or sex about it. Maybe she was thinking of that new house Humphrey had just bought her. And right near the one he and Mayo lived in, too. We stole a quick look at the bracelet on her arm—the one from Bogie inscribed, "If you want anything—just whistle." Well, she wanted that elaborate home and got it, but whether she whistled or not Cal can't say.

Hollywood laughed at that Las Vegas incident when Mayo Methot, there to divorce Bogart, let go one of her wall-ops, received this time by Vic Mature of all people. No one knows what precipitated the fracas, but we can imagine, can't we?

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Delight your family with finer fruits...save sugar, too

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With Mazola's new "stay together" dressing as your theme, harmonize your own piquant variations for delicious fruit, vegetable or sea food salads. Tempt your family with a

symphony of different salads, or serve all three to summer guests.

Keep a big jar of this new "Mazola" dressing fresh and cool in your refrigerator, "ever-ready" for use.

MAZOLA "EVER-READY" FRENCH DRESSING

(The dressing that "stays together")

1 tablespoon dry mustard	1 tablespoon salt	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar
5 teaspoons sugar	2 teaspoons paprika	2 cups Mazola
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	1 egg	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup lemon juice

Combine all dry ingredients, egg, and 3 tablespoons of the vinegar. Beat until well blended. Add Mazola 2 tablespoons at a time until $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola has been added, beating after each addition till Mazola disappears and mixture is

smooth. Add remaining Mazola $\frac{1}{4}$ cup at a time, alternately with lemon juice and vinegar, beating well after each addition. Makes 3 cups. Store in refrigerator, and use "as is" for summer salads, or try these variations:

1 CREAM NECTAR DRESSING for FRUIT SALADS:

Blend well $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup sour cream, 1 tsp. lemon rind, 1 tsp. orange rind and 1 tsp. Red Label Karo or honey. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

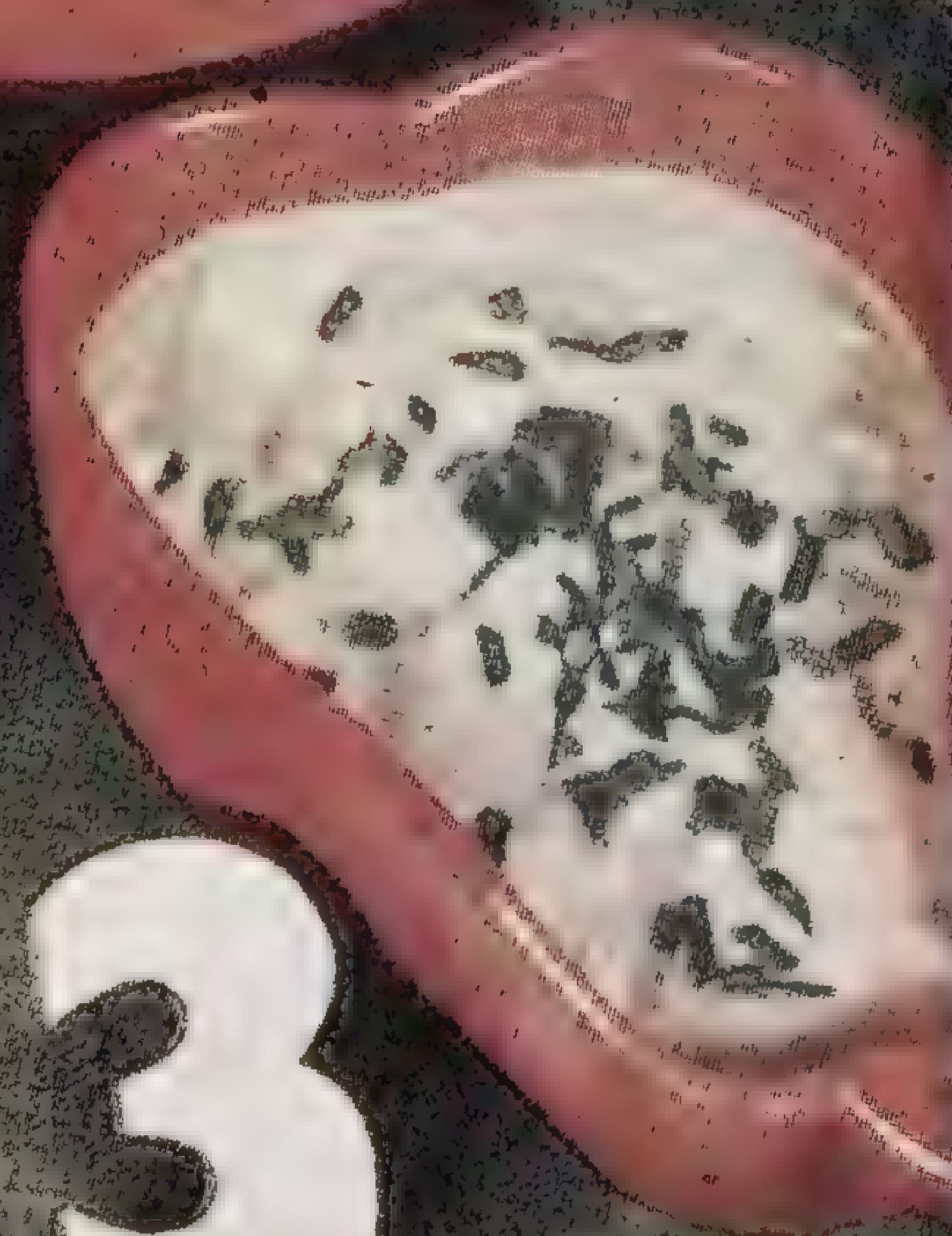
2 "DEEP SOUTH" DRESSING for SEA FOOD SALADS:

Blend 6 tbsps. Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise. Just before serving fold in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup diced avocado. Makes $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups.

3 CHEESE AND CHIVE DRESSING for VEGETABLE SALADS:

Blend well $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and 1 tablespoon chopped chives (or onions). Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

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1

2

3



The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ A Bell For Adano (20th Century-Fox)

A BIG salaam to all concerned for the sincerity and tender quality of this film that made the reading of John Hersey's book an unforgettable experience. The one and only fault is the lack of emphasis placed on the General's violence in contrast to the kindly patience and understanding for the people of Adano by the Major. For in this contrast hinged the balance and plot value of the story. But this is a minor fault, for in almost every other detail the story has been faultlessly reproduced, especially the childlike quality of the people so comprehensible to their "Mr. Major."

As *Major Joppolo*, John Hodiak registers forcefully, giving an upstanding, vigorous (if anything, too vigorous) and vastly appealing performance. If this doesn't advance his stature as an actor nothing will,

for Hodiak really proves his genuine worth in this movie.

Not so definite in her delineation was Gene Tierney as the Italian *Tina*. Yet one catches the sympathetic bond between *Tina* and *Major Joppolo* in each instance.

William Bendix as the Sarge is expertly cast and comes through with a fine performance. Equally good is *Nicolo* as played by Richard Conte, and Glenn Langan (watch for this lad to click) as Navy *Lieut. Livingstone*. Henry Morgan as *Captain Purvis* who unwittingly is the cause of the Major's dismissal is a natural, easy actor. In fact, every member is expertly cast and adds so wonderfully to the story of the city of Adano and its bell.

Your Reviewer Says: The most touching film of the month.



Forceful war drama: John Hodiak and Gene Tierney in "A Bell For Adano"

✓✓ Thrill Of A Romance (M-G-M)

BOY, the kids will love it. With the beautiful figure of Esther Williams to—er—intrigue, and the popularity of Van to enhance, how can it miss?

As musicals go it is actually no great shakes, but again we say who cares? Van is romantic, in love like mad with Esther, who is a young bride deserted by a too-busy husband on her honeymoon, which doesn't seem likely—or does it? Anyway, the settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, dancing and—well, what does one do at resort hotels?

The U.C.L.A. college kids, in Westwood where the picture was previewed, tore down the house over that swimming duet of Van's and Esther's. And when Van

opened his mouth to serenade Esther and Lauritz Melchior's golden voice rolled out—well, great land of Goshen!

Melchior, a handsome man with an even handsomer voice, wends his way all through the story. Frances Gifford is beautiful as the jealous rival, Henry Travers and Spring Byington are Esther's uncle and aunt, and Carleton S. Young too severe as her disappearing bridegroom.

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra get in some hot licks and several tunes, among them "I Should Care." But it's the appeal of Van and Esther that makes the picture a treat the fans will love. You watch to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance is right.



Beautiful splash: Van Johnson, Esther Williams in "Thrill Of A Romance"

✓✓ The Way Ahead (20th Century-Fox)

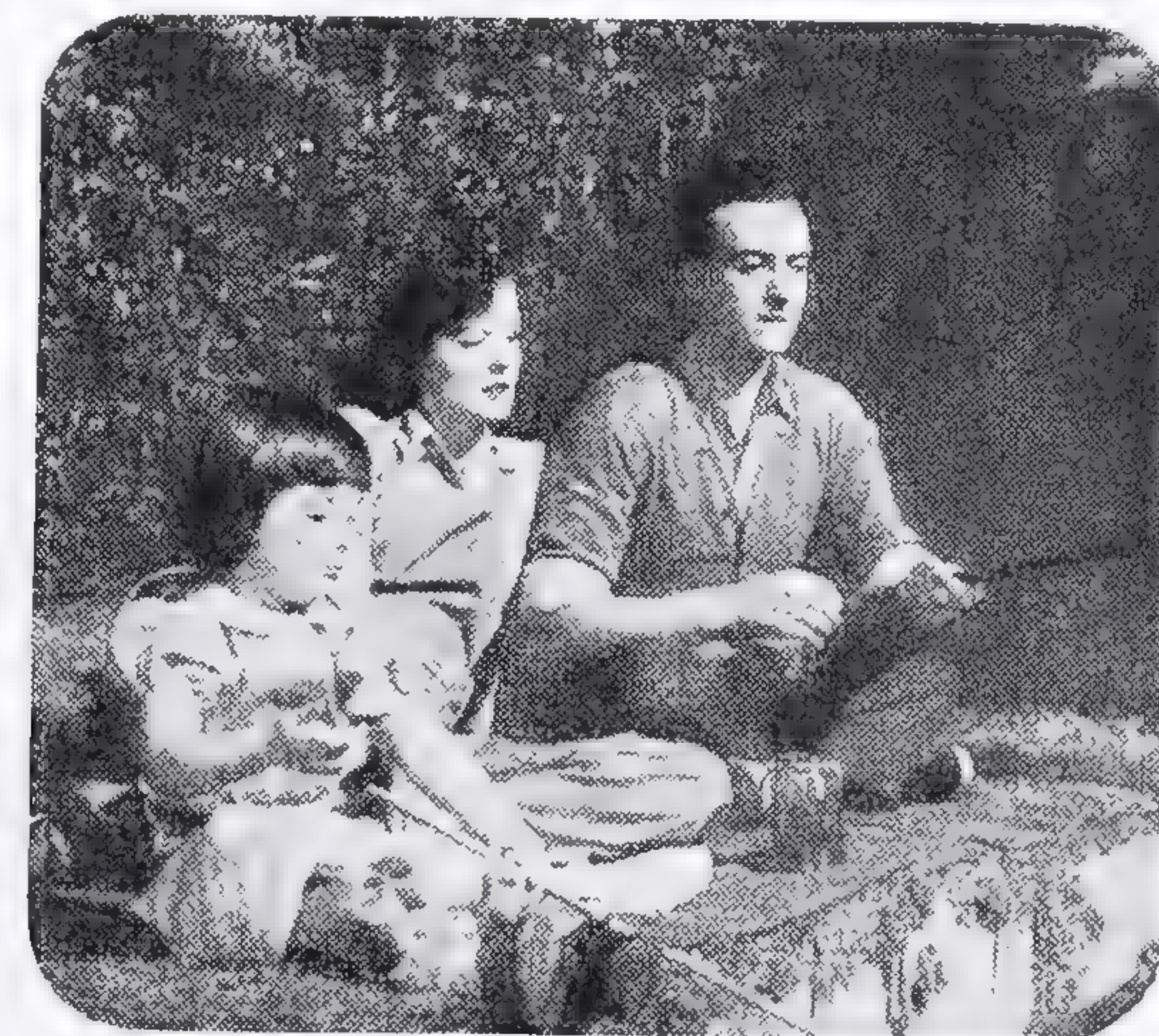
THIS is one of those British pictures which begins as simply and uneventfully as the lives of the people in the story who leave their jobs in shops, garages, boiler-rooms and offices for military training.

Not for one minute, however, is this a dull picture. And, as the men adjust or fail to adjust to their new lives as soldiers in a regiment with great traditions, go home on furloughs and finally see action, it becomes a heart-gripping story.

It would be futile to outline the plot. It is comprised of bits from the lives of

the various men in the regiment and their women and children at home. It would be futile to list the cast for, with the exception of David Niven, the names are unfamiliar to the American public. However, there's not a man or a woman among them who isn't as exasperating and as touching, in turn, as your friends and neighbors. And David Niven, too long absent from our screen, returns to a public that has never forgotten him with a fine sincere performance.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful human document. Don't miss it!



Moment to treasure: David Niven and Penelope Ward in "The Way Ahead"

(Continued on page 112)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 112

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

By Sara Hamilton

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well in
hand

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Box of 100 ... \$5 Box of 20 \$1

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Jimmy Cagney quizzes Sylvia Sidney in "Blood On The Sun"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ **AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE**—Paramount: A gay, rambling story about *Susan*, delightfully played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer, then she becomes a siren to lumberman Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides on solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

✓✓ **BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE**—20th Century-Fox: The scenery, settings, costumes and the star, Betty Grable, are all very pretty in Technicolor, but the story is a silly one. William Gaxton is the star of the show who, despite the fact that his son, Dick Haymes, has stage ambitions, wants him to be a doctor and does everything possible to break up his romance with Betty. The comedy honors go to Phil Silvers. (June)

✓ **BODY SNATCHER, THE**—RKO: A horror number that would scare a totem pole into splinters. Boris Karloff, who snatches bodies for the medical school of Henry Daniell, is horribly wonderful, and Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the young medical student who gets embroiled in the unholy mess. Bela Lugosi adds to the horror and it's all a swell scare 'em show. (May)

✓ **BREWSTER'S MILLIONS**—Small UA: Dennis O'Keefe is out of the Army and all set to marry Helen Walker when he learns he's inherited a million dollars which he must spend in sixty days in order to inherit seven million. Everything he touches multiplies instead of decreases and he has one heck of a time trying to get rid of it. Rochester, Mischa Auer and June Havoc are on the funny side. (June).

CHICAGO KID, THE—Republic: Red Barry believes Otto Kruger railroaded his father into prison, so in order to seek revenge he worms his way into Kruger's firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Lynne Roberts, Kruger's daughter, and finally gets Kruger into a pretty nasty fix. You can take it or leave it alone. (May)

CHINA SKY—RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen promptly tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse, and Philip Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

✓ **CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE** — 20th Century-Fox: This has Michael O'Shea landing in prison when three witnesses testify they saw him wielding

a lethal axe. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as always and Billy Cummings, Trudy Marshall and Ruth Ford bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story. (May)

✓✓ **CLOCK, THE**—M-G-M: Love comes suddenly, tenderly and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, New York secretary. Judy, with nary a song, (Continued on page 22)

Shadow Stage

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Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married . . . but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

• • •

Even when it's only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

(Continued from page 20) comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm and Walker gives a performance of authoritative sincerity. Keenan Wynn shines in his brief scene as a drunk. (June)

✓✓**CORN IS GREEN, THE**—Warners: Etched with splendid characterizations, this is a picture of artistic fulfillment. Newcomer John Dall registers strongly as the Welsh lad who finds learning and inspiration through the aid of Bette Davis; Joan Loring is the cockney who all but ruins Dall's great chance; and Rosalind Ivan, Nigel Bruce and Rhys Williams are beautifully cast. (July)

✓**COUNTER ATTACK**—Columbia: Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters, find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar, and the psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meller fastens and holds the interest. The story, however, comes too late in the march of current events to create more than average interest. (June)

CRIME, INC.—PRC: This is based on the experiences of Martin Mooney, a crime reporter, but it seems to us that gangsters are a bit old hat these days. Tom Neal plays the reporter whose book exposing a crime corporation eventually breaks up the gang and gets the girl in his arms. Martha Tilton sings right through this shooting epic. (May)

✓**DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS**—Rogers-UA: Neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good in spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell, who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her burlesque performer sister, Constance Moore. When Jane discovers the truth, she turns to producer Ralph Bellamy for help. Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers lead the supporting cast. (May)

DILLINGER—Monogram: Lawrence Tierney plays Dillinger in this whitewashed story of the killer, and baddies Eduardo Ciannelli, Marc Lawrence and Elisha Cook Jr. labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force. Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. With Edmund Lowe as a mob leader. (June)

DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Monogram: The *East Side Kids*, including Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall, are here again in their usual type of picture. Gloria Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. carry on whatever romance can leak into the ridiculous plot. Betty Blythe, Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are also around. (May)

✓**EARL CARROLL VANITIES**—Republic: Otto Kruger plays Earl Carroll in this story of a princess, Constance Moore, who wants to sing and dance and marry a commoner as well. Dennis O'Keefe is a skit writer, Alan Mowbray the inebriated prince and Pinky Lee a supposedly funny man. The music is

good and Constance is lovely to look at and listen to. (June)

✓✓**ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE**—RKO: A beautiful story, beautifully told, with Robert Young as the disfigured flier who marries homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire, and they both find themselves healed of disfigurement and ugliness through love. Both Dorothy and Young are wonderful. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. (May)

✓**ESCAPE IN THE DESERT**—Warners: Here's "The Petrified Forest" all over again, except with Nazis this time. Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a motel in the desert when along comes Dutch flyer Philip Dorn, on his way to the coast. Then the escaped Nazis, Helmut Dantine, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schumm arrive on the scene and the shooting begins. (July)

✓**FLAME OF BARBARY COAST**—Republic: John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero, Ann Dvorak the girl, and Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth heavy who gets in their way. But it's the great earthquake and fire that well nigh steals the show. William Frawley, Marc Lawrence, Virginia Grey and Russell Hicks are right there on the Barbary Coast also. (July)

FOG ISLAND—PRC: George Zucco is an ex-convict who broods about his ex-partners whom he suspects railroaded him to prison. So he invites the lot to visit him, and when they arrive panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally they all try to kill each other. No kidding. Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan and Veda Ann Borg are in it too. (May)

✓**FRISCO SAL**—Universal: Susanna Foster comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the Nineties in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan Bey's cafe. She finally gets a job as a singer in the cafe, Turhan falls in love with her, his rival Alan Curtis sets out to get Turhan, and you can take it from there. The whole cast is better than the material provided for them. (May)

G. I. HONEYMOON—Monogram: Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the frustrated groom who can't get together for the honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the groom has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. Frank Jenks in the train sequences is very funny, but you've seen this story before. (May)

✓✓**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**—Warners: Full of action and emotion, and giving you the feeling you're seeing the inside story of some strictly inside events, this war picture is an excellent one. Dennis Morgan at last has the chance he deserves, and Andrea King as his wife, Raymond Massey as General Chennault,

and Alan Hale as the priest all give fine performances. (May)

GREAT FLAMARION, THE—Republic: Erich von Stroheim, oozing menace, is a crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife, Mary Beth Hughes, and gets away with it. Only instead of marrying von Stroheim, Mary Beth leaves for Central America with another man, and you can guess what happens from there on. (July)

HIGH POWERED—Paramount: The same old story of the high-rigger hero, Robert Lowery, who develops fear of high places when his friend is killed in a fall. Phyllis Brooks, who runs a lunch wagon with Mary Treen, is the girl who loves Lowery; Roger Pryor is his boss and Ralph Sanford the sheriff. (June)

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS—Republic: Dale Evans is a radio star who appears in a New York show just to put over the songs of boy friend Brad Taylor. But when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture, mad because he thinks she's played him for a fool. Dale sings well, Al Pearce clowns, and Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too. (July)

✓**HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE**—Warners: A pretty sticky movie that just doesn't come off. Jack Benny is an angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight whereupon the earth will disappear, but he runs into two other celestial angels who got sidetracked, Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander, and finageling cigarette girl Dolores Moran, and never toots that horn. Alexis Smith is Benny's angel girl friend. (July)

✓**HOTEL BERLIN**—Warners: A suspenseful, timely tale, with Helmut Dantine as a member of the German underground, Raymond Massey one of the generals who plotted against Hitler's life, Andrea King the Nazi actress, Faye Emerson the hotel hostess who snitches to the Nazis, and Peter Lorre as a German professor. All the roles are well cast and the performances uniformly good. (June)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal: Basil Rathbone as *Sherlock Holmes* and Nigel Bruce as *Watson* busy themselves this time over the gradual deaths of several elderly gentlemen who have clubbed together in a Scottish manse. Aubrey Mather, Paul Cavanagh and Dennis Hoey get mixed up in this mediocre film too. (June)

✓**IDENTITY UNKNOWN**—Republic: A very good picture, this one, with Richard Arlen as a nerve-frayed GI who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Here he meets Cheryl Walker. Arlen gives a swell performance and Cheryl Walker contributes some fine acting. (July)

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

Headed for the altar...
dearly beloved, joyously happy.
Her lips irresistible... smooth,
invitingly soft, color-perfect with
IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK.
WHIP-TEXT through a secret
process to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.

the
bride
wears

Irresistible raspberry Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

NEW
SWIVEL CASE
10c - 25c. sizes

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Universal: Gloria Jean has to go to work when her father loses his money, so she gets a job singing on the radio. Right away her father gets accused of murder, and Gloria finds herself torn between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone. Edward S. Brophy runs around as a female impersonator and Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way. (July)

✓✓IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD—Warners: For its moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, this film is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield, Mass., plan which is built upon the premise that children know no racial discrimination unless they are taught so by their elders. With John Qualen, Andrea King and Charles Drake. (July)

✓✓IT'S A PLEASURE—International: Nothing new has been added to the plot of the wife who clings to the husband who drinks too much, or to Sonja Henie's brilliant skating achievements, but the picture has charm and some of the loveliest Technicolor imaginable. Michael O'Shea is believable as the man Sonja loves, but Marie McDonald doesn't ring true as the heavy. (May)

✓✓IT'S IN THE BAG—Jack Skirball—UA: An amusingly silly, wholly irresponsible picture. The plot, which concerns itself with Fred Allen's amazing legacy from a murdered uncle, gets in the way of the funny sequences and outlandish goings-on, and it's all strictly madhouse. Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee, Victor Moore, Bill Bendix, Bob Benchley, and Binnie Barnes are all mixed up in the fun. (May)

✓✓KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY—M-G-M: Here's that WAC picture you've been waiting for, with Lana Turner, Susan Peters and Laraine Day a trio of beauties who enlist together, endure together and finally graduate together. Lana plays the wealthy playgirl, Laraine the all-knowing member of the group, and Susan the even-tempered one who tries to keep peace between Lana and Laraine. (May)

LADY CONFESSES, THE—PRC: Mary Beth Hughes, in love with Hugh Beaumont, has a great shock when, after seven years, his wife suddenly appears on the scene, and tells her her marriage to Beaumont will never take place. So when the wife is murdered the lovers are naturally suspected and have a terrible time trying to solve the mystery. It's a fair whodunit. (July)

MAN WHO WALKED ALONE, THE—PRC: David O'Brien is a discharged overseas veteran who thumbs a ride into town with Kay Aldridge. The ride lands them in jail on a stolen car charge, and when they get out they break into a mansion and land back in the hoosegow. Guinn Williams, Ruth Lee and Isobel Randolph help cover the plot territory and it's a good-natured little picture. (May)

✓✓MEDAL FOR BENNY, A—Paramount: J. Carol Naish as the father of *Benny*, the town tough who becomes a hero in the war, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, trusting Mexican of a little California town. Dorothy Lamour is *Benny's* betrothed with whom Arturo de Cordova is in love, and Charles Dingle and Frank McHugh are the pompous citizens ashamed of Naish when honor comes. (July)

✓✓MOLLY AND ME—20th Century-Fox: Gracie Fields, a former actress, becomes recluse Monty Woolley's housekeeper and reunites Woolley and his son, Roddy McDowall, scares his blackmailing wife into obscurity, and helps him to win back his political prestige. The cast, which also includes Reginald Gardiner, Edith Barrett and Natalie Schafer, is too good for the story. (June)

✓✓MURDER, HE SAYS—Paramount: Gags, corn and slapstick pack this silly picture in which Fred MacMurray runs into the weirdest family ever seen in the hillbilly country while searching for a missing co-worker. Marjorie Main, Porter Hall, Jean Heather and Peter Whitney are the weirdies, and Helen Walker is the girl with whom MacMurray falls in love. (July)

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—M-G-M: June Allyson proves her right to stardom as the expectant mother and member of a symphonic orchestra; Margaret O'Brien is June's kid sister; and you'll love Jimmy Durante's clowning. Jose Iturbi is the orchestra leader and pianist and is not only a great musician but a splendid actor. Larry Adler, Marsha Hunt and Marie Wilson deserve bouquets of their own. (June)

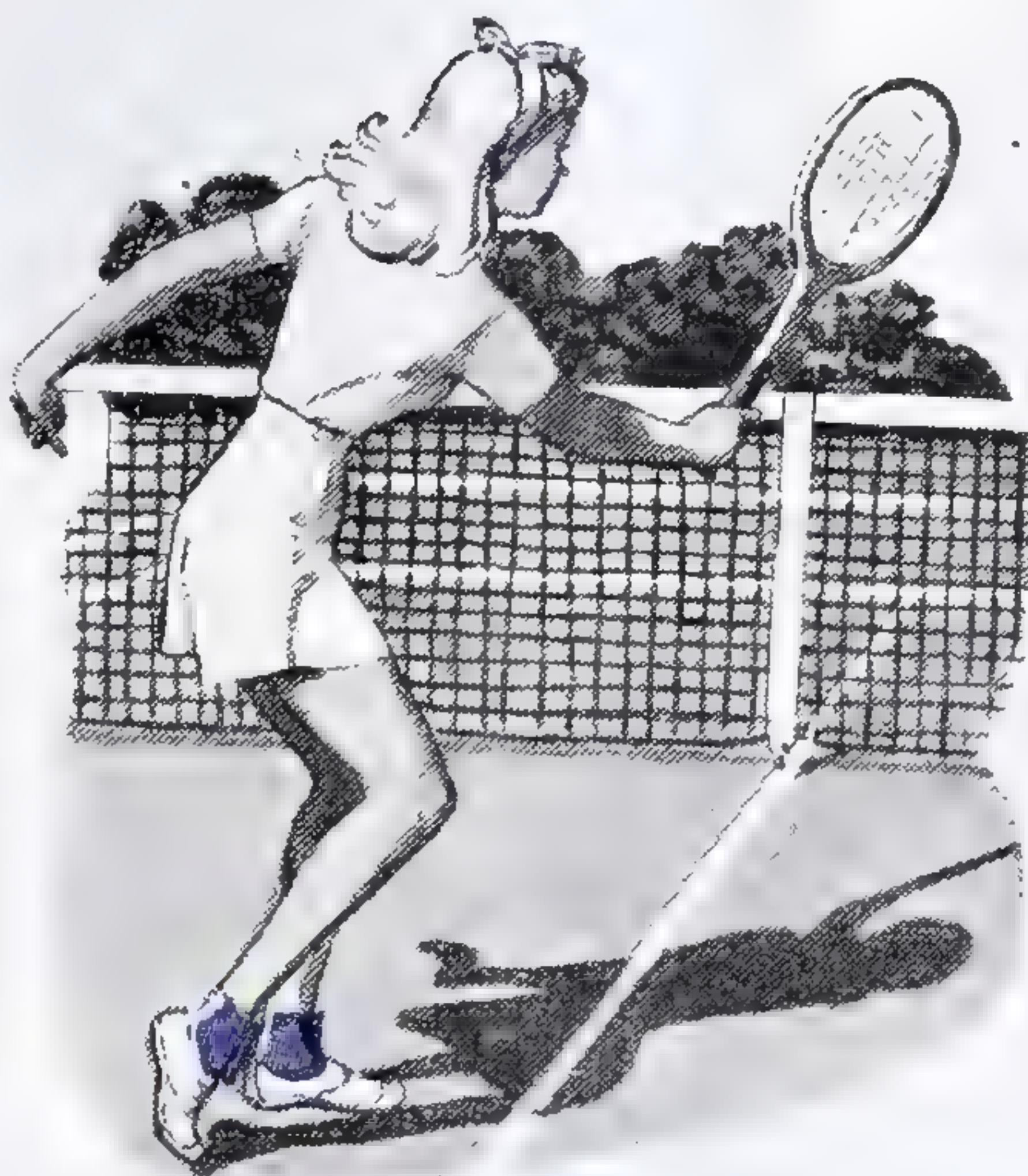
✓✓PATRICK THE GREAT—Universal: Donald O'Connor feigns indifference to a stage role he really wants because his father, Donald Cook, wants it too, in this cozy story about show business. Frances Dee is the girl who loves Cook and Eve Arden is her secretary. Peggy Ryan and O'Connor make the most of the frolicky music and the situations. (July)

✓✓PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE—MGM: Hurd Hatfield plays the beautiful young man whose portrait gradually takes on his complete degradation while he himself remains untouched by age and corruption in this picturization of the famous Oscar Wilde story. Hatfield gives his role a finished coldness, and Lowell Gilmore as the painter, George Sanders as the cynic and Angela Lansbury are excellent. (May)

✓✓PILLOW TO POST—Warners: Cute and funny, with Ida Lupino proving herself a gay comedienne. Lieut. William Prince agrees to register as her husband at a hotel so Ida may find a place to sleep, but then it turns out that his commanding officer, Sydney Greenstreet, lives at the motel too. Stuart Erwin,

(Continued on page 116)

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ Volley
- ☐ Forehand Drive
- ☐ Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ Sally Subdeb
- ☐ Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups... at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines... and you get *plus* protection from that special patented *safety center*!

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- ☐ It's a love at first sight
- ☐ It passes the long-mirror test
- ☐ Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your *daintiness*.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!



A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin at
no extra cost

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCALP ODOR— *Not you?*



You might have scalp odor—and not know it. So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

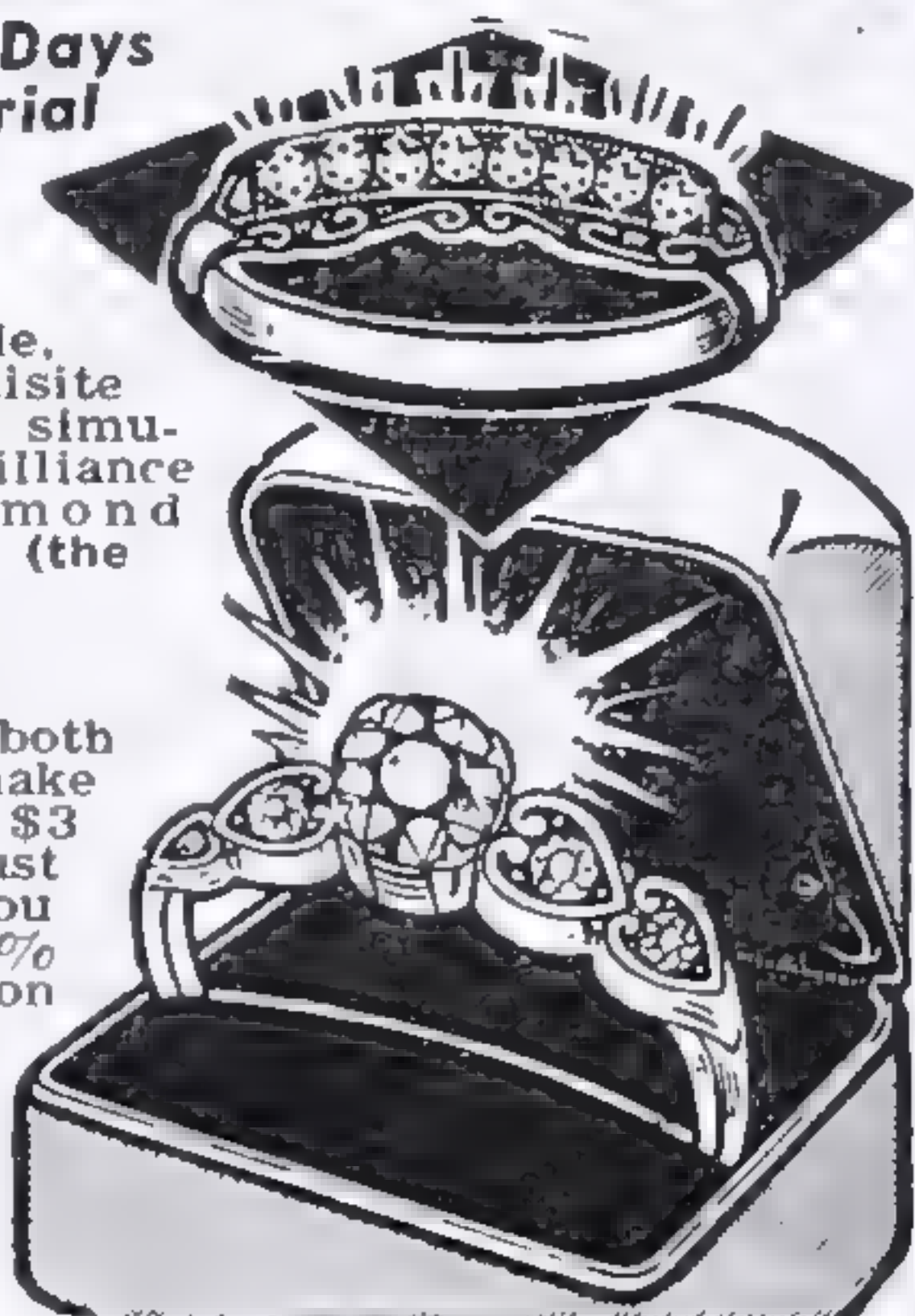


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Introductory offer:—With every order for smart, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include, without extra charge, exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair).

SEND NO MONEY

10 DAYS' TRIAL. We ship both rings in gift box and you make just 2 easy payments of \$3 each, total only \$6. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal Tax to postman on arrival, then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Supply limited. Send name, address, ring size today. EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. T-24, Jefferson, Iowa



Talking Back

Here's your chance to tell the editors what's on your mind and get an honest answer in return



A Forest Hills fan complains at what they did to Dane Clark

THIS is to register a protest against all pictures that turn out to be a dream and particularly against "The Woman In The Window."

I have never seen a picture that turned out to be a dream that I did not think would have been better if it had been a reality. For instance, when the black-mailer was killed and the money and the murdered man's watch was found on him, that would have convinced the public that he was the murderer and, if the friend of Richard Wanley still suspected that Richard was the murderer, he would have kept it under his hat, and no harm would have come of it.

Mrs. George M. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.

Many have shared your disappointment. The ending of J. H. Wallace's book, "Once Off Guard," had the man commit suicide, which is against the Hays Office ruling for pictures. However, Producer Nunnally Johnson had one other idea—to let the suicide proceed, then flash back to the point where

Joan Bennett asks Robinson to her apartment and have him say, "You see, this is what would have happened if I had accepted your invitation." Mr. Johnson would be glad to know if you movie-goers would have preferred this ending. The Editors

REGARDING "Courage Is a Girl Named Susan" by Louella Parsons: It's difficult to believe that Hollywood, the center of celebrities, fashions, gaiety—that make-believe world everyone dreams about—should have one star portray a role which requires no long hours of rehearsals, no lights or cameras, and the only director—the spirit of courage. Yes, Susan Peters has been cast to live, not act, the scenes in the greatest drama of all times—life itself.

In the time to follow, many will be praying for that day of miracles, and with the hope and courage she already possesses, perhaps when the stage is set and the curtains are drawn upwards, Susan Peters will again be walking to higher stardom.

Tressa M. O'Lear, Newton Falls, O.

All of you who have expressed your sympathy and interest in Susan Peters will be happy to hear that she is gaining strength steadily though she still has a long pull ahead of her. The best part of the news is that she will be leaving the hospital as soon as her husband can find a house suited to her needs. The Editors

FOR months I waited for a certain picture to make its appearance. When it finally did come to town I went the very first day and waited on line for hours—not because it was supposed to be a great war picture, or because Raymond Massey and Dennis Morgan were in it, but only because Dane Clark, a marvelous actor and a plain American guy, was to have a part. Then what happens! After waiting almost fifteen minutes before he comes into the picture, he goes up in a plane and dies. Now, tell me is that justice?

If you wish to have your letter considered for this department, write to Talking Back, c/o Photoplay, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Don't think I was the only disappointed one. There were hundreds of girls all around me equally as angry. Their shouts and protests and sighs proved they all were heartbroken.

An outraged fan,
M. Viola, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Our promise to an outraged fan:
Hollywood shall see your complaint about "God Is My Co-Pilot." P. S. to Hollywood: This isn't the only one of its kind we've had. People don't seem to like to have their hopes raised and then dashed. The Editors

I HAVE never been so deeply touched and affected by a motion picture as I was after seeing "The Enchanted Cottage."

It has such a great, deep meaning. If people could only understand that when they are loved and when they love, a man and woman see each other as perfect in every way.

It is my honest contention that if "The Enchanted Cottage" were shown to those boys who have been wounded physically and spiritually, they would know that the women who love them and have waited for them will see no change in them—that they are wanted more than ever before because they have been away so long.

Dorothy Katz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harriet Parsons, daughter of Louella and producer of this most successful picture ever to be done by a woman, shared your belief in the theme so strongly that she braved months of discouragement while the fate of the project wavered back and forth. Now it promises to be one of 1945's biggest pictures. The Editors

MANY had to use wheel chairs to attend, but "Bring On The Girls" filled the Red Cross theater all three showings.

The Shadow Stage, in your movie reviews, listed this movie as full of corn, and only "good."

If this is corn, we love it. It combined comedy, romance and music perfectly and still lightly touched the war angle—which is the way we like it.

Thanks from the Yanks to the producers of "Bring On The Girls" as well as the Red Cross for a grand afternoon of entertainment.

S/Sgt. Robert K. Miller, Camp Atterbury, Ind.

Thanks to a Yank for calling us to account. That's the fun of running an opinion department. Incidentally, we're sure Paramount, who made the picture, will appreciate this Yank's thanks. The Editors

I HAVEN'T seen "Wilson" yet because I don't intend to encourage the high-priced admissions—76c matinees, \$1.10 evenings. The movies used to be a "poor man's entertainment" but not at these modern prices!

I blame the film producers for their senseless extravagances. For example, one studio paid several thousand dollars merely to purchase the title of Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe" and then filmed a revised treatment of that old, old melodrama, "The Barker."

Allotment checks are needed for food and clothing. I don't think these families should stay home. Movies are *not* a luxury. They are necessary as an education, recreation and good morale builder for the entire family. Movie tickets should, therefore, fit their budgets.

Miss Sylvia Grill, New York, N. Y.

Here's a fair bleat which we hasten to pass along to the motion-picture industry. How about it, Hollywood? The Editors



Evening in Paris

**SMOOTH, LUSCIOUSLY
COLORFUL**

Face Powder!

Dreamed up in Paris, "triple color-blended" in America, by a wonderful French process, Evening in Paris is the kind of face powder you've always longed for. Super-fine, super-smooth, in heavenly colors that do gloriously flattering things for your complexion.

Only Evening in Paris, in America, is "triple color-blended" by this French process. Try it, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



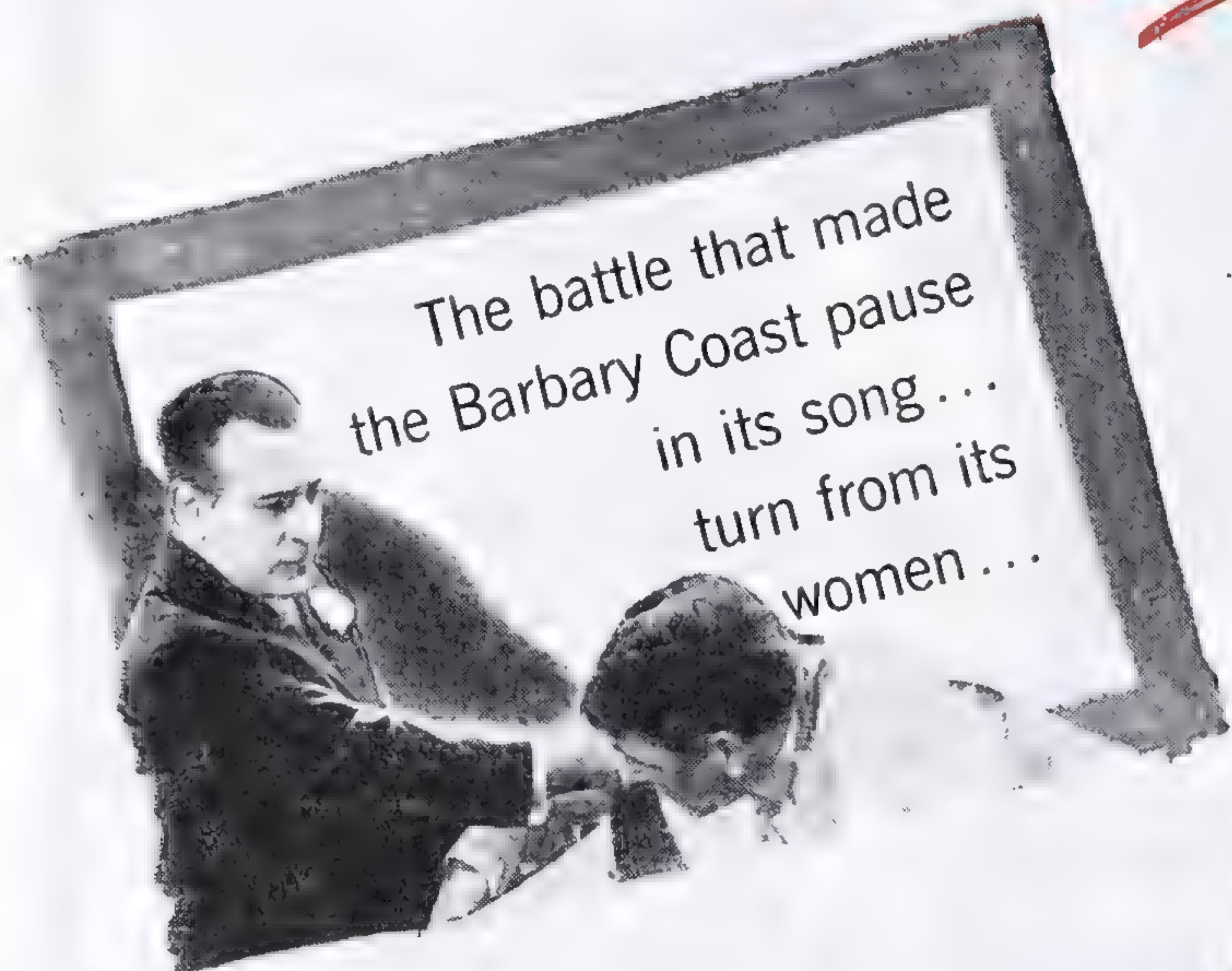
Face Powder \$1.00 • Lipstick 50c
Rouge 50c • Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS

Tune in "Romance and Rhythm," gay and sparkling variety show with Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra — Thursdays, 10:30 P. M., E. W. T., Columbia network.

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It's Dynamite set to music!
AND IT TOPS THEM ALL!



The battle that made
the Barbary Coast pause
in its song...
turn from its
women...



A blue-blood on
the loose... who
came down from
The Hill looking for
a thrill!

George Raft

Joan Bennett

Virvan Blaine

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"



The kind of woman
men fought for...
at the snap of
a garter!



Songs
"I Walked In"
"I Don't Care
Who Knows It"
"Touring
San Francisco"
by Jimmy McHugh
and Harold Adamson

NOB HILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

ALAN "FALSTAFF" REED • PULLY • COLEMAN • BARRIER

B. S.

EMIL

EDGAR

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN

Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine • From a Story by Eleanore Griffen



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

The Lady and the Cameraman

Being the highly romantic
history of Merle
Oberon and Lucien Ballard



Lucien Ballard, artist and adventurer, is a man to stir a woman

by

RUTH WATERBURY



Merle Oberon, whose next picture is "Night In Paradise," with Turhan Bey

WITHIN the hour after she had signed to star in "The Lodger" at Twentieth Century-Fox, Merle Oberon was on the telephone talking to Joan Bennett.

"Tell me about this cameraman, Lucien Ballard," she begged. "I understand you worked with him in 'Wild Geese Calling.' What is he like?"

Joan perfectly understood Merle's concern. All actresses worry when they face working with a strange cameraman, but when one is in the professional beauty class like Oberon, it is particularly important that the camera angles be ravishing.

The exquisite Miss Bennett quickly reassured her friend. "Oh, Ballard's a dream. He's a very real artist and he'll photograph you divinely. You'll adore him." Joan was speaking professionally.

She was also speaking prophetically, but she didn't know it then. Neither did Miss Oberon, who was at that time also the Lady Merle, wife of Sir Alexander Korda, the

wealthy, influential producer.

Today the Lady Merle is no longer. She has renounced the title, the wealth, the influence. By the time you read this, or shortly thereafter, she will be Mrs. Lucien Ballard. But that is getting ahead of the story, which must be told right from the beginning, since the beginning was a romantic bombshell of blockbusting proportions.

They met on the set of "The Lodger" just before the first day's shooting was to begin. Lucien Ballard was there doing the filming because his best friend and most loyal admirer, the very talented John Brahm, was doing the directing.

Merle didn't know this. Merle didn't know that Lucien Ballard is that rarity in Hollywood, a superb technician who works not for the money involved, but when he feels the material offered is extraordinary, something away from the common-

place, something, perhaps, that may be turned into art.

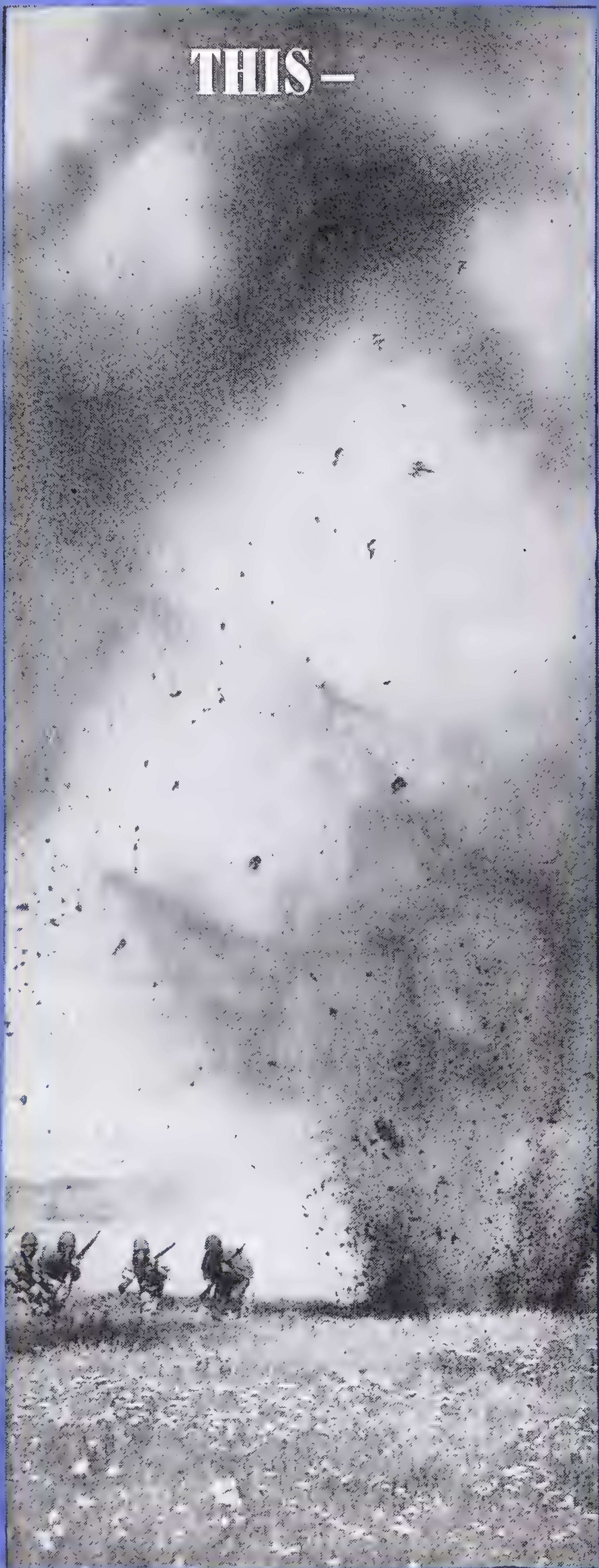
Fortunately, however, John Brahm did know it. Mr. Brahm, being an artist himself, respects such an attitude.

In fact, it was because of Brahm that Ballard was at Twentieth Century-Fox at all. Years previously he had seen Ballard's work in "Craig's Wife," a Rosalind Russell film made at Columbia. He had sought Ballard out then, and has subsequently used him in many of his productions. Being a European, Mr. Brahm had none of the class feeling of Hollywood generally that makes a cameraman merely a workman. Mr. Brahm feels they are artists, and should be treated as such.

He likewise felt, as regards "The Lodger," that despite her physical beauty, Miss Oberon was an artistic actress and should be treated like one. It is (Continued on page 100)

Which do you want —

THIS —



or THIS?



There's a personal challenge here
that you can answer only after
you've read this warm, human
explanation of what happened
at the San Francisco Conference

PEACE IS IN *Your* HANDS

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Van Johnson asks Mrs. St. Johns: "Are they going to get anywhere with it this time?"

Because Photoplay feels that San Francisco will vitally affect your life we asked America's great woman journalist, who is herself a gold-star mother, to go there and make her personal report to you.

The Editors

FROM WHERE I sat in Hollywood the San Francisco Conference looked awfully big. Big and awe-inspiring and weighty with problems beyond my understanding. Even going down to the public library and reading all the reports from Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods did not give me a lot of light.

It was the questions asked me, the fact that questions were asked at all, which gave me a feeling of confidence, an objective in going to San Francisco that was simple and concrete. It was the young people of Hollywood, what we call the kids, the coming generation, who asked questions.

Van Johnson, who is more of an ordinary young American than you would believe possible from the way people carry on about him, a New Englander with a direct clear approach, asked the most pertinent thing of all, the one that had to be answered.

"I hear you're going up to San Francisco," he said when we bumped into each other outside rehearsal hall one afternoon. "Do you think they're going to get anywhere with it this time?" Then, after a moment's thought, he added, "I don't see why not. I don't see how they've got any choice. When you've got to do a thing, you've got to do it, huh?"

Shopping in Beverly Hills one morning, I ran into young Bill Eythe. He mentioned the Conference and I said I was planning to go up just for a few days to see this historical event. Bill said he had gotten very much interested in the idea of a world organization when he played in "Wilson." He couldn't help it, he said. Whether you exactly agreed with Wilson or not or whether the League of Nations was right the way it was, he said, you couldn't help seeing that we'd fumbled the ball that time. We ought to have gotten behind a world organization and made it stick and then this war wouldn't have happened.

"It always makes me feel funny," he said, "to think that if there had been the radio then probably Wilson could have convinced the people. I hope they get somewhere this time. They better!"

When I was on the set one day and went into Angela Lansbury's portable dressing room, she was talking about Anthony Eden. Being British, Angela was particularly interested in Mr. Eden. "I wonder," she said, "how the Americans will feel about him. They're all going up there to start a world organization—and then you think how *British* Anthony Eden is, and how *Russian* Molotov is, and how *American* Stettinius is, and how *Chinese* Dr. Soong is. They agree on the big principles, but—it's hard to say, but they have different customs and they eat different things and speak different languages in more ways than one. . . ."

Of course I knew what she meant.

It was Judy Garland who wanted me to be sure to tell her if, in San Francisco, they felt the—well, the presence and the spirit of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If, being dead, he would somehow maybe be more present there than if he were alive. She couldn't quite, she said with tears in her eyes, get over feeling how sad it was for everybody that he wouldn't be there in person, but she was sure he would somehow be there with his love for humanity and his desire for a world in true brotherhood of man.

And it was young Bob Walker who said he hoped people wouldn't expect too much too quick. Nothing, he said, was built in a day but (Continued on page 81)



BEGINNING

**A vital and significant series
by Frank Sinatra
for young Americans**

HIYA, Kids. . . . Guess I'm a little out of my element in this writing business but I figured here in Photoplay I could talk to two or three million of you at once. In the series of talks I gave at schools a month or two ago I only got to talk to a few thousand of you at best. And I didn't begin to cover the questions you've been asking in your letters lately. Stands to reason I can't answer all of you personally. I'd be an old graybeard before I got through. Besides, most of the time you tell me not to write to you anyway—that getting your problem on paper has helped—and if anyone in your family got my letter you'd get the devil or the horse-laugh.

So many of you write explaining you're not JDs. I know that, Kids. It doesn't make you a juvenile delinquent to go around in bobby socks and sloppy joes, to talk and dance jive, to make an idol of somebody in a band or athletics or public life, to collect autographs, to keep scrap books. It doesn't even make you a JD to stay out late once in a while, or skip school now and then or get chased by the neighborhood cop occasionally. It is stupid, however, to do these things. Because there's always the danger they'll become a habit—habits which may very well turn you into a JD in time—habits which will be anything but assets when you are older.

But I don't have to go on. You know what you do. So you know if you're a JD. Or just a healthy normal American kid. And don't get to thinking, "So I'm a juvenile delinquent, am I? Okay! I'll give them what they expect. I'll have all the fun and let someone else do the worrying!"

Because, I'm telling you, it won't work out that way. It'll work out with you doing worse and worse things and having less and less fun—and ending up caring and worrying plenty. Plenty!

Nobody needs to tell you when you're doing wrong. As I found out a long time ago, we all have some-

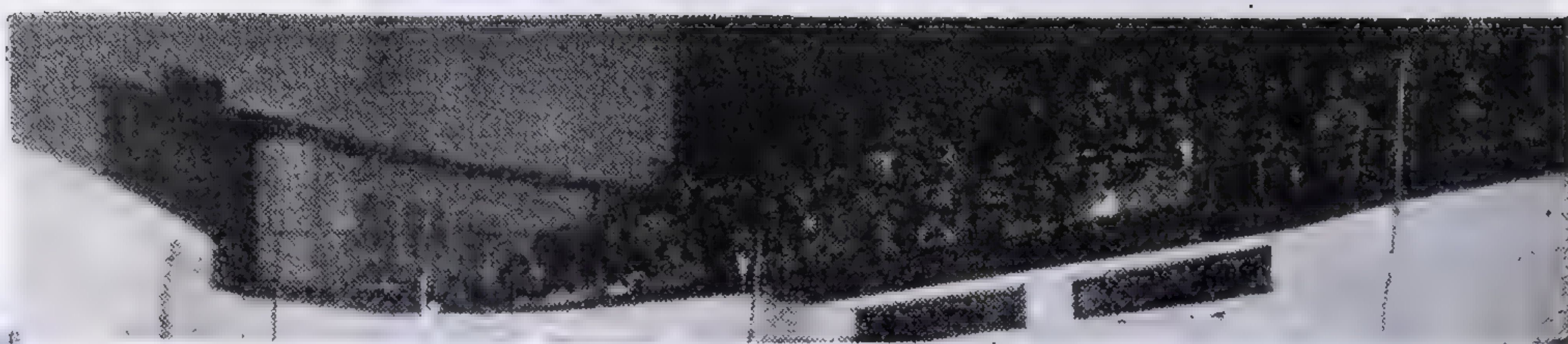
thing inside of us that tries to steer us right. Sometimes we ignore that voice or whatever it is and go ahead anyhow. But this never means we can't still right-about-face. This never means we can't say to ourselves and anyone else whose business it is, "That's not for me! No more!"

I don't mean to go off on any spree of "Dos and Don'ts." I did a lot of things as a kid that were wrong, even had fun doing some of them. And plenty of times when my father gave me a bawling out I went off sulking and said to myself, "There's a lot I could tell my old man—with his old-fashioned ideas." I don't suppose there's ever been a kid who didn't think he knew more than his mother and father.

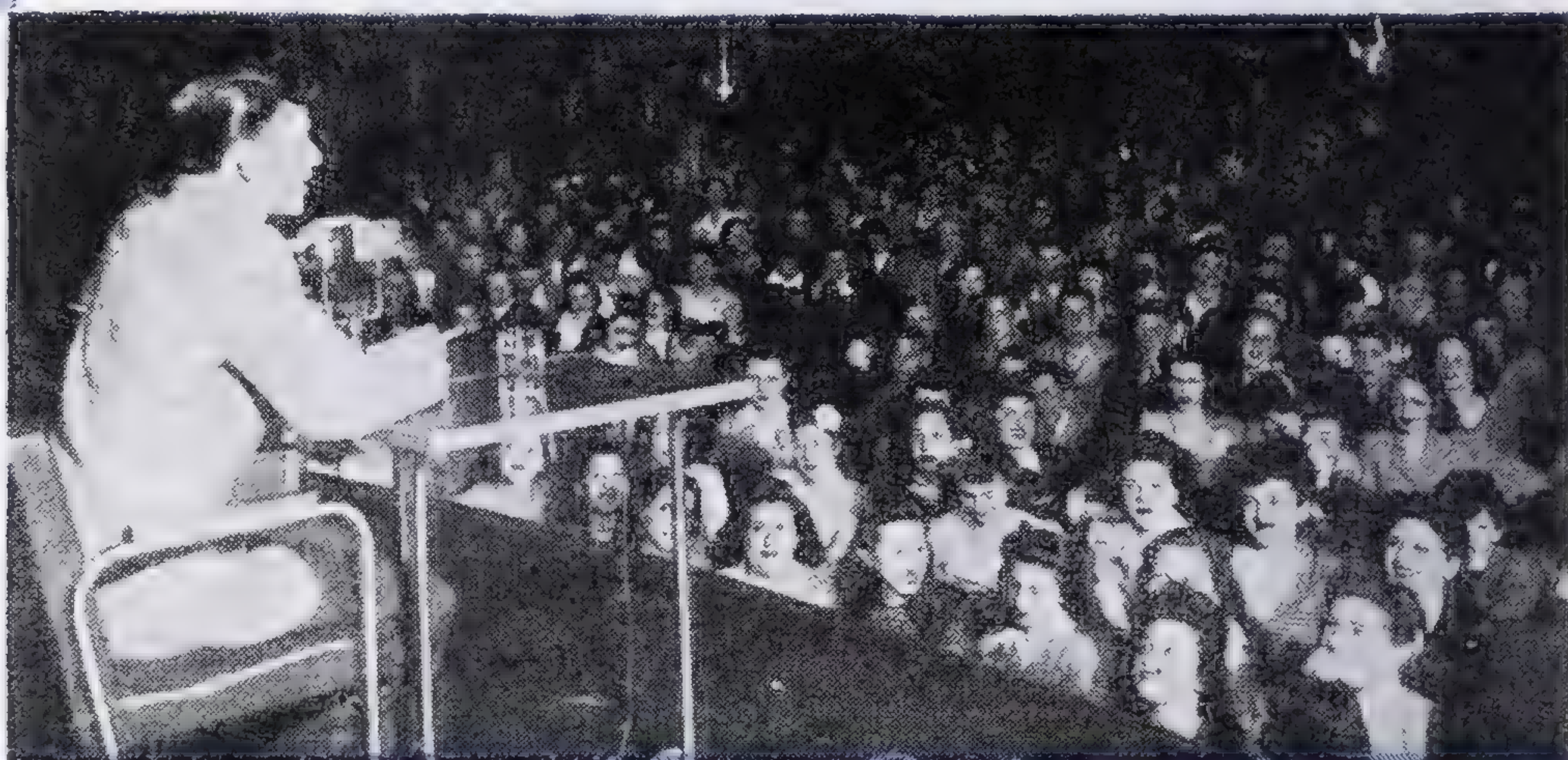
I had a terrific knack for getting into trouble; probably because I hung out with older fellows and, a little tyke anyhow, was always the last guy to get away. . . .

Like the time a bunch of us decided to raid a fruit stand. We waited until it got pretty dark, then struck out across the street. While the old fruit man had his back turned we charged his stand with loud whoops. Then we jumped in and grabbed. Anything we could lay our hands on. Mostly things we couldn't do anything with, it turned out, like spinach or cabbage or potatoes.

When a cop came down the street the other fellows beat it. I knew I didn't have a chance of keeping up



I WANT TO TALK TO



"You'll find you're much surer of getting whatever you want—if you'll go after it in a decent way," says Frank, shown here talking to youthful editors



Frankie, aged six, and his cousin at the Sinatra home in Hoboken

with them so I ducked under the stand. And there I had to stay for about three hours; until twelve o'clock when the cop finally gave up waiting around in case the other fellows came back and the old fruit man closed up and went home.

The moral of all this is that I had

You!

Frankie, who played hooky, got
chased by cops and ran away from
home, knows whereof he speaks

BY FRANK SINATRA



Frankie, rear right, and some of
his gang, on a New Jersey beach

nothing to gain by what I did. The most I would have gotten out of the raid—besides the excitement—was a bunch of spinach which I don't like. If I had been home at the right time, at the dinner hour, I could have had everything I could have stolen from that fruit stand and it

would have all been clean and fresh and well cooked. I also would have escaped the licking I got when I landed home after midnight.

The same thing applies all along the line. You'll find you're much surer of getting whatever you want—and of getting it with less grief—if you'll go after it in a decent, intelligent way. The quicker you learn this the luckier you are. I know I'm right, I have some pretty concrete examples to prove it. . . .

A lot of my old buddies from my old neighborhood, which wasn't exactly an ideal place for kids to grow up, didn't "smarten up," continued to go after things the wrong way. They haven't fared too well. As those buddies of mine became older their motives naturally became more violent and they naturally went out for bigger things. And it all caught up with them. Some of them landed in reform school. One went to jail. I was lucky. I found out in time.

Also, let me tell you, I can't see anything wrong about kids ganging up and wearing special clothes and talking a special way; like you bobby-sockers do. In time of war the kids who're just under the fighting age always do this. I'm not going to sound off or try to be profound—but the best psychologists explain it's because you who are too young to fight or go to work in a defense plant feel unimportant and maybe a little insecure that you band together with

your own kind of clothes and your own kind of lingo. During the last war the kids who did this—and wore pork pie hats and raglan coats and floppy galoshes and flowing hair and injected a lot of new words and phrases into our good old language—were called Finalehoppers. They liked to stick around until the last dance too. It's too bad some of the parents who wring their hands over the bobby-sockers today forget what they did under similar conditions.

As soon as the last war was over, you'll be interested to hear, the Finalehoppers, grown a couple of years older, quit herding together. Just as I believe you bobby-sockers will. . . .

DEAR Frankie," you write me . . .

Then you go on your own way.

One who must be nameless writes: "My sisters continually wear clothes I just washed, took out of the cleaners or bought. I have gotten so exhausted from this that I have quit my job in a five and dime store. Besides never taking me anywhere with them my sisters always say I am trying to get out of a piece of housecleaning when I study. And if I put my book down they say I'm a martyr. My mother will not tell them to stop. I can't cry any more as my tears are all gone. But I can't stand this any more. . . ."

Another letter says: "It seems my mother doesn't want me at all. It's my older (Continued on page 110)

What next for Cary Grant?



Beautiful blonde Betty Hensel whom Cary has been seeing

WHAT goes on with Cary Grant, who cannot talk to a girl without having all the Hollywood tongues start wagging and giving birth to the rumor of a new romance? What's on his mind? Does he plan to re-marry or will he go on by himself, a happy bachelor, sought by all the unattached beauties?

Well, I am going to tell you what I think about Cary's future. But before I start, let me say I can only speculate on his plans. I don't believe even he knows at this writing just how he will steer his course.

Cary, you see, is going through the transition of not knowing exactly what is going to happen in his life. He acts ill at ease when Barbara Hutton's name is mentioned, and he shies like an unbroken colt when any reference is made to Betty Hensel with whom his name has been so often linked.

I have known Cary for many years and he has always been very frank with me. Well do I remember a tea at the Douglas Fairbanks Jr. home with Cary and Barbara two days after they had met, when he was so infatuated he couldn't take his eyes off the slim, graceful, blonde girl who seemed as completely swept off her feet by him as he was by her.

Yet, despite our long-standing friendship, I know that he doesn't want to discuss even with me what finally broke up his marriage to Barbara. Neither does he have any desire to discuss any matrimonial plans that may be simmering in his brain. He was hit hard when Barbara

With the crossroads of his marriage
behind him, will Cary choose the
lone trail or one that leads to romance?

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

and he parted the first time. He was unhappy, too, when they decided to end their marriage the second time, but this time there isn't that desperate unhappiness, that wild desire to explain to Barbara it was all a terrible mistake.

Although I know and he knows that I know much of the inside of why he parted from Barbara Hutton, he becomes very self-conscious when we speak of her. Still I know there is no chance of reconciliation. He has put on the market the Bel Air mansion he had bought when he reconciled with Barbara and he is now looking for a much smaller house. So it's all over.

Still, it's only natural that Cary, who is young, rich and attractive, should find solace elsewhere. His solace—and this is no secret in Hollywood—has been pretty little blonde Betty Hensel, a nonprofessional, who has been madly in love with handsome Cary for a long time.

I have met Cary many times lately at parties. Strangely enough, he seems to go out more socially than he did even when he was married to Barbara Hutton. I saw him tagging it at the Sam Goldwyns; the next night he was very much present at the Reginald Gardiners Russian Easter party, a gay affair that brought out all the best dancers and went on until curfew rang down the curtain.

Cary again was alone, but as I left I saw him sitting in a corner talking quietly to blonde Kay Williams who was once rumored engaged to Clark Gable. If I hadn't known that he had been with Betty Hensel earlier, I might have wondered if he, too, were falling for Kay, who is so gay, so full of life and such fun.

When I met him again the following week, alone at Lady Mendl's dinner, I walked straight up to him and asked, "Are you going to marry Betty Hensel?"

Can you imagine the poised Mr. Grant looking flustered? Well, he did. But his answer came without hesitation. "How can I say what I'll do in the next year? Right now I have no plans. I am still a married man!"

But I know that Cary has been seeing Betty often and that, while they make no public appearances together because of the situation, he has been calling her and seeing her quietly.

Obviously, there can be no plan for another marriage



Above: Cary Grant, whose next picture is Cole Porter's life story "Night And Day." Left: Together in happier days—Barbara and Cary

until Barbara gets her divorce. And so, being a girl quick on my feet, I decided to call Barbara and get all the details. She surprised me by saying she wasn't in a hurry to get her freedom. That, I admit, I hadn't counted on. Her constant and devoted escort these evenings has been good-looking Phil Reed and I had thought she might have some matrimonial plans of her own. Of course, the lady might change her mind at a moment's notice and file suit against Cary—and it may have happened by the time you read this.

Because of what she had said, I asked her, "Are you sure that your hesitation about filing might not be because there's a chance of you and Cary getting together again?"

"No," she said definitely, "there's not a chance of that. It's true that when we first separated Cary telephoned me every few days—but I haven't heard from him in a month."

Undoubtedly with Betty Hensel in mind Barbara hastened to add, "It would be very unfair to Cary to say that a third person broke up our home. Our separation was not brought about because I was in love with another man or because Cary was tired of me and was courting another woman."

"We had reached a point where we were quarreling. I suppose incompatibility is as good a word as any. What happens in marriage when husband and wife suddenly realize they are happier apart and that they are no longer interested in the same things? It wasn't my fault; it wasn't his fault; and I know that as long as we live we shall both respect and like each other."

Cary told me practically the same thing in one of the few talks we have had together. He is always insistent that I never write anything that in any way reflects on Barbara.

"I was always faithful," he told me, "while we were married and I had no interest in any other woman."

From the beginning of their romance and, later, their marriage, Cary knew that he and Barbara moved in different worlds. He knew she hated the limelight and he also knew that, being an actor, he couldn't

dodge it. That was a problem that faced them from the moment they met. But it was not the *only* one. Sometimes outsiders can see more clearly than the principals what is wrong with a marriage. Cary and Barbara sincerely tried to make a go of it—but the chief fault was that they *did* come from different worlds.

Barbara, although American-born,

celebrities, restricting her guests to those who are her personal friends.

Cary, on the other hand, likes everybody. He is very popular with the crew on his movie sets and loves to entertain the gang at his home. In the beginning, I know that Barbara tried to adapt herself to Cary's ideas. But the girl who was raised in Europe, who was once a princess

and later a countess, just wasn't happy when the talk was of prize fights or the latest scores on the baseball games. I remember one time when I dined at Barbara's most of the guests spoke French. That wasn't Cary's idea of a good time. No, it doesn't take a psychiatrist to see what made the marriage of the Grants go on the rocks.

Several times during his career in Hollywood, I have heard Cary accused of being a hoarder of his pennies. But I have never found him that way. When you have been broke and hungry, as Cary had been in his early life in England and later as a Coney Island stilt-walker, you learn the hard way to have an honest respect for a dollar and what it will buy.

Barbara, I'm sure, would be the first to back me up that money was not the actual cause of their parting. I remember how delighted she was when Cary sent his valet to the wedding reception of her maid and chauffeur with an envelope containing a large check. Barbara had given her two servants, who had been with her many years, a large reception to which their friends were invited. The servants of many of Hollywood's most important people had the pleasure of being served by the gracious lady herself, who not only passed the sandwiches and champagne, but did the dishes after the soiree.

I talked to Barbara the next day and she giggled when she said,

"My maid and I now have the same names—she is Mrs. Harry Leach and I am Mrs. Archie Leach." There was no snobbish annoyance on Barbara's part, but a marvelous sense of humor over the situation. I tell this to point out that the little Woolworth heiress isn't all stuffed shirt and that she enjoys a laugh and wants so much to have fun, (Continued on page 106)

DON'T BE A SENDING STATION

For the Enemy

YOUR MEN are beginning to stream back from Europe across this country to the Pacific. As you can see, the opportunity for leaks in vital information will be increased a hundredfold.

Remember, Jap agents in this country aren't necessarily Japs. That chap on the subway—that woman at the party—neither was a Jap but you can't be sure either wasn't working for Tokyo. And, what's more, Nazi intelligence personnel working in this country will undoubtedly be transferred to Japan's payroll. They aren't Japs either.

Here are some actual facts from official files:

A Chief Petty Officer's wife couldn't resist the temptation to talk about her husband's ship—a new, fast and valuable type of tanker. Now the tanker is missing—and the husband. Through devious ways the enemy heard—and acted.

A soldier on leave told in detail how he escaped from the enemy. The enemy heard. The friendly natives who had helped the soldier were tortured and killed. A valuable escape route was closed forever.

The Pacific is wide—but the distance from Japan to America is only the turn of a knob on a radio short-wave set.

Silence saves lives!

has been accustomed to the European way of living. Cary, with all his movie glamour, is just a "guy"—a good guy who likes to go to the fights, see his old cronies, relax and tell a few good stories. Where Cary likes to laugh, Barbara is serious-minded, conservative and afraid of people. She has the Continental idea of entertaining titled people and



Kathryn Grayson

Definition of a dream boat: Kathryn Grayson, appearing in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"

Ingrid as the young
doctor in "Spellbound"

A kaleidoscopic view
of a gifted American—Swedish-
born Ingrid Bergman

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



Portrait of INGRID



Another Ingrid—as the lovely nun
in "The Bells Of St. Mary's"

SHE is currently addicted to singing "Don't Fence Me In" if no one is within earshot.

She does not smoke.

She is very fond of d'OKA cheese, a rather strong variety made by the Trappist monks of Quebec.

She wants to go overseas at the earliest opportunity to entertain the troops.

She seldom buys hats and when she does, she rarely wears them.

She can outwalk anyone in Hollywood in speed and distance.

Her name is Ingrid Bergman.

She is partial to daiquiris, is five feet eight-and-a-half inches tall, and is congenitally unable to loaf or engage in meaningless social activities.

She would like someday to play opposite Ronald Colman, George Sanders, Cary Grant, now that she has realized her ambition to work with Bing Crosby.

She was born in Stockholm.

She doesn't like wearing ornaments in her hair.

At the last Academy Awards function she was so benumbed by her own tenseness that she did not hear her name called. It was David O. Selznick, sitting next to her, who

screamed, "That's you, Ingrid! You've won! You've won!"

Her only superstition is walking under ladders, and she was married in Stockholm in 1937 to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a brain surgeon now attached to Los Angeles General Hospital. She is meticulously punctual.

She has never seen a prizefight.

She dislikes breakfast in bed and admits an embarrassingly bad memory for faces.

She wore dental braces at the age of fifteen, has a six-year-old daughter named Pia, and has no patience with conversationalists who love the sound of their own voices.

Her first act on arriving in New York last fall was to visit Hamburger Heaven and top it with a chocolate sundae at Schrafft's.

She never wears earrings.

She has never worn French heels.

She rarely dreams in her sleep, wakes up easily and has never met Greta Garbo, although the two of them worked at the same studio at the same time. She never uses nail polish.

She has no temperament but she has more temper than at first meets the eye. (Continued on page 69)

Ingrid Bergman



Academy Lady, Ingrid Bergman, as a vibrant brunette for "Saratoga Trunk"

Along Came Cooper

BY
NUNNALLY JOHNSON

who adapted the screen
play for
"Along Came Jones"



Hero in the typically Western manner—Gary Cooper, star and producer of International's "Along Came Jones"

Mr. Cooper takes a subtle bit of ribbing from his friend, Mr. Johnson, the noted author

UNTIL Gary Cooper came along, nobody in Hollywood had ever thought of a tall producer. The very notion had the ring of a paradox, like a gloomy fat girl, or a comedian who smokes cigarettes. Production talent in the movies seemed to come in indirect ratio to a man's height, and there was indeed a time, some years ago, when the heads of all the major studios in town could have assembled and shaken hands under a bridge table.

Once, in those days, in a studio where the practice obviously was carried to extremes, Joel Sayre was outlining a story to a producer when suddenly, galvanized by one of Mr. Sayre's improvisations, the little fellow jumped from his chair and, to Mr. Sayre's astonishment, apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Sayre had to lean over the desk to find his man pacing excitedly up and down around the level of the second drawer. Mr. Sayre believes this to be one of the few instances on record of a man's being shorter on his feet than when he was seated.

But time and suffering have, of course, mellowed the town, and this prejudice against inches has gradually waned. Today there are producers functioning even in the top brackets who can scarcely be distinguished from natural men. But even these must lift up their eyes when Producer Gary Cooper enters the room, for he was from the very start the biggest man in his new field.

The duties of a producer, long or short, are the same. He must find a story likely to be of interest to at least half the people in the United States. He must manage its conversation into a screen play which tells that story without wasting time about it. He must cast this screen play with actors and actresses or reasonable facsimiles. He must engage a director, a cameraman and a small army of technical experts. And, too, no great harm is done if he can also show a little dough.

Mr. Cooper's choice of a story was a good-humored and exciting Western novel by Alan LeMay, whose title for the screen became "Along Came Jones." (Every two or three years the smell of the purple sage gets into Mr. Cooper's nostrils and nothing will do but he must break out his old boots and saddle and gallop down the short cut to head 'em off at Eagle Pass, so this choice could scarcely be described as unexpected.) And in the natural course of events he had flashed his greenbacks and signed up Loretta Young, a Western-type leading lady, among her other accomplishments; Bill Demarest, a local rough

diamond, and Dan Duryea, a villain from 'way back, to enact the anecdote, and Stuart Heisler to direct it.

So far, it was a breeze. In fact, the only problem at all during these preparations, the selection of a male star to play the part of *Melody Jones* and snuggle up to Miss Young in the last ten feet of film, was quickly resolved through an unexpected and happy inspiration. The script called for a very tall, handsome, outdoor type, with a quiet, forceful personality and an ability to ride and make love convincingly, and elaborate plans for a nationwide search for such an actor had hardly been drawn up when somebody in the company (Mr. Cooper) pointed out that the producer himself came pretty near fitting that description—a neat and hugely satisfactory solution to what threatened at first to be a long, tedious

and expensive operation. It is ideas like this that mark the alert, on-his-toes type of producer.

BUT it was when production actually reached the stages, with gun and camera shooting simultaneously, that Mr. Cooper really showed his mettle, and under the most trying of circumstances. Ordinarily a producer's chief problem, once his project is in work, is to conceal his dismay, ignorance, chagrin, horror, bewilderment, astonishment, indecision, despair, uncertainty and general all-around helplessness in the face of the darndest succession of situations that could possibly arise in the life of an honest, respectable, Godfearing, businessman. Many producers manage this with a cigar, that most insouciant of hand-props, but Mr. Cooper, a cigarette

smoker, hadn't even this pathetic device to wave around confidently, and even the most loyal of his associates shook their heads sadly when they reflected on his defenselessness—until that first acid test.

That day the designer brought Mr. Cooper his sketches for Miss Young's wardrobe, a series of garments suited to a simple ranch maid. A man of few words—of none, if he can get away with it—Mr. Cooper was about to initial the drawings when he remembered the obligations of his new role.

"How much?" he asked.

"They'll average \$175 apiece," the designer replied.

After some thought: "Supposed to be cheap store dresses, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kind that cost about \$7.50?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't we just go (Continued on page 96)



Along come comments—the author, Nunnally Johnson, gives star-executive Gary Cooper some deadpan kidding



Proof that Tom's not a bachelor any more:
New wife Chris does some collar-inspecting



Solitaire portrait of the star of "Hold High The Torch," nicknamed Bud

DOUBLE

Tom asks the questions and Tom answers!

Thus—this double-exposure of Mr. Drake



Mr. Drake tries a piano solo while Mrs. D. kibitzes

HEY! How did I get into this? Anybody who takes on the job of interviewing himself is strictly in line for the award on double talk. It's easy to duck when someone who doesn't know you as well as you know yourself starts asking questions. But this business of talking to yourself can be awkward—as well as screwy. Besides, where do you begin?

These white shoes might do for a springboard. They seem to be the most outstanding thing about me. . . .

For the record—they're my favorite shoes. Rain or shine, winter or summer, I wear them. A hangover from prep school where all the boys had them.

Funny thing about these shoes. When I first arrived on the M-G-M lot a writer warned me about them. "For Heaven's sake, get those shoes off and keep them off," he said. "Everybody will think you're out of a job and down on your luck—and that won't get you anywhere. Not here, it won't."



Tom will tell you Chris was his dream girl nine years before they eloped

TALK

BY *Tom Drake*

There was nothing wrong with his advice but I didn't take it. And the next thing I knew everybody was saying, "Tom Drake must be terribly wealthy. Otherwise he wouldn't dare wear shoes like that."

Brother! I'm really interviewing myself!

That shoe anecdote explains the rumor that I'm worth five million dollars. If anybody ever had left me all those pieces of eight it's a cinch I wouldn't have them now. Money burns holes in my pocket. Always did. The only thing that saves me, now that I'm making dough regularly, is War Bonds. A big chunk goes into them every week. That way I never see it.

Speaking of money, some people have a gift for it, I think. They know its worth, how to hold on to it, how to make it go far . . . Well, that gift skipped me completely. Put a few dollars in my pocket and I start going places. That's how I first landed in Hollywood, actually. I was twenty-one, (Continued on page 90)



A happy post-war gesture—Tom gets the car ready for that non-rationing spin



Tom's trip to the incinerator—evidence of home influence



This is how Turhan Bey gets them



Skolsky bows to the wizard tactics of Betty Hutton's gin rummy playing

That's Hollywood

I LIKE to hear Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes or Andy Russell sing a song as much as the next guy, but they sing so slowly that I want to give them a shove and hurry them to the next word of the lyric . . . Of all the actresses in the film colony, I believe that Betty Hutton is the best gin player. Anyway, she's tough for me, and Binnie Barnes is my special pigeon . . . I never see Peter Lawford, even when he is with a girl, that he isn't on his way to a telephone to call another girl . . . Burgess Meredith, I know, still fancies himself as a sort of Peter Pan, for since he has become a producer he has had special photographs of himself taken in rompers and captioned, "Boy Producer" . . . Hollywood may be the cinema capital of the world, but it lacks a movie theater of the class and distinction of the Music Hall in New York. It has Grauman's Chinese, famous but outmoded, and slightly outworn. They should build a new theater around those footprints. It was Tom Jenks who remarked that a certain picture at the Chinese was so bad, the foot-

prints walked out of the forecourt.

I don't know why it is but I don't know of any actress who looks better in a sweater than Lana Turner. They seem to go together. And that goes for Jane Russell, who certainly puts up a good front . . . I am always amused by Peter Lorre's answer to the question, "What are you doing at the studio?" for Peter replies, "I'm making faces." This is his personal opinion of his screen acting . . . I don't believe that Danny Kaye is the great clown Danny Kaye believes he is. I judge comedians by Charlie Chaplin's sage valuation of them: "If what you're doing is funny, don't be funny doing it."

* * *

I finally understand why Fred MacMurray is such an oddity in Hollywood. He is the most normal of all the actors. This is indeed odd in a town where no one is normal . . . It's a great act that Turhan Bey has, off the screen I mean, for he never greets a damsel without kissing her hand . . . I am completely fascinated by Van Johnson who is sincerely bewildered by his sudden

success. I have watched Van, mobbed by autograph hunters outside of Metro, suddenly turn and leave them to trail Clark Gable into the studio. For Clark is Van's idea of an actor. When he sees Gable, he reverts to type and becomes a movie fan. . . .

* * *

I don't want to give the impression that it is only the actors and actresses who have the idiosyncrasies, for the picture makers have them also. You have yet to see a Warner picture in which an actor or actress yawns. Jack Warner won't allow any performer to yawn in a picture, for Warner claims that if a performer on the screen yawns, the audience will yawn. Perhaps he has something there . . . And there is never any beer on the menu at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, for when Winfield Sheehan was running the studio he wouldn't allow anyone to drink beer for lunch. Sheehan claimed that no one can or wants to work after drinking beer. And that is one thing Darryl Zanuck didn't change when he took over the

Take that special town, put Skolsky on

the beat and you get a spicy foretaste

of what's cooking on the front burners

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

For You



Peter Lawford has his own telephone technique

DRAWINGS BY VALENTY

studio . . . Hal Wallis has his own theory about making movies and has said to people: "Give me six weeks too much on any scenario and I promise to ruin it" . . . David Selznick, who makes the longest pictures of any producer, has his own theory about this. He says: "A picture can be as long as it is good."

* * *

I think that Claire Trevor is one of the sexiest gals on the screen, although she hasn't got the rep for it. But as far as I am concerned she's got the voice and the frame for it . . . I don't know of any picture in cinema history that has had the Oscar set-up that "The Bells Of St. Mary's" has. The leading lady, Ingrid Bergman, and the leading man, Bing Crosby, won the Awards for the best performances by an actress and an actor. The picture is directed by Leo McCarey, who got the Award for "Going My Way." It could be sold as the Oscar picture . . . No actress arriving in town created the furor that Kathleen Winsor did. Everyone wanted to take a gander at the girl who wrote "Forever

Amber." And they had to ask her if she had modeled her heroine after herself.

* * *

I have often wondered if, around the house, Harry James has said to Betty Grable, "Oh, stop acting like a pin-up picture of yourself" . . . I don't go for the plain actresses, but instead, am fascinated by the exotic Gene Tierney who has distinctive qualities. She sends me . . . I prefer Hollywood to New York, but I must admit in all honesty, that often in talking and writing about Hollywood, I compare it to New York. That part of Wilshire Boulevard known as the "Miracle Mile" reminds me of Fifth Avenue, and Hollywood Boulevard can now be compared to Broadway, for it is crowded, cheap and Coney Islandish . . . I have yet to get excited about an ice skater, and that is why Sonja Henie has failed to thrill me, even in Technicolor yet . . . While, to be perfectly frank about it, Katharine Hepburn can merely appear on the screen and I am alerted . . . I like Dorothy (Continued on page 93)



It's Burgess Meredith, the self-styled "Boy Producer"



Fink

Gentle Swashbuckler

As modern as Macy's basement where he clerked—as old fashioned as the rapier he mastered in Budapest—this Cornel Wilde

By Helen Louise Walker

ORNATE is the word for Cornel Wilde. Not that he intends to be like that, you understand. The man can't help it. It is simply that he has innate qualities of dash, excitement and color which make you think instantly of the tales of the Arabian Nights, King Arthur's Round Table and kindred romantic subjects. He has all the temperament to go with this lavish exterior, too. His life has been adventurous, even hazardous, against exactly the sort of backgrounds you would expect of such a man. He has won fame, fortune and fair lady partly because of his skill with the rapier—though we hasten to add no blood has been spilled to date.

And what happens when you meet this fascinating character, now that he is settled in Hollywood? He exchanges recipes with you. That's what happens. And he tells you about his family and his dog and the garden he nearly had. He shows you Victorian antiques and he reminisces about the period during which he sold toys in Macy's basement. He admits to having painted "a few things" and it turns out that they are good. He writes, too. . . .

Today he finds himself in the most soul-satisfying situation he could possibly have imagined back in those earlier, turbulent days when he was impulsively wooing and winning the beautiful girl who is now his wife. She was Patricia Knight, you remember, and he first glimpsed her in an elevator. She was doing pretty well with her own career when Cornel set out in pursuit of her. He sees no reason now, he says, why she should not resume that career.

It has been a wonderful adventure for Wilde and his

honey-haired, brown-eyed Pat, settling (with two-year-old Wendy) into their Hollywood home after the years on the road, years of defeat and worry, illness and frustration. Even Hollywood wasn't kind to them at first. They simply couldn't believe that Cornel would really get the part of Chopin in "A Song To Remember." But he did. And that led to the roles in "A Thousand And One Nights," "Leave Her To Heaven," "Captain From Castile" and now "The Bandit Of Sherwood Forest." Not bad!

They live in the most astonishing house. At first glimpse it looks like a miniature Moorish castle . . . all turrets and round things sticking out like minarets and leaded windows. But when you enter this Oriental, stucco concoction, instead of sunken black marble pools and gilded walls, you find a gentle atmosphere of early American domesticity. Fine English and early American furniture, many of the pieces collectors' items. Bright chintzes, displaying morning glories and geraniums, polished brass and copper bowls . . . all as gay and simple and cozy as a Christmas card. The contrast is startling. But it fits Cornel, who is a man of contrasts.

There you meet Baby Wendy, who is a chubby, gurgling small edition of her beautiful mother except (her father says) for one thing. She is a "little girl ham." She adores to have her picture taken and she brings all the eyelashes and dimples into play at the mere sight of a camera. Not so the dog, a French poodle named Punch. He is as photogenic as the rest of the family but is given to wide yawns when anyone tries to photograph him. He is a spoiled pooch if ever there (Continued on page 103)



This is where his heart is—Cornel at home with pretty wife Pat and their small daughter, Wendy

Cornel's an expert with bow and arrow. Maybe Pat will be too!



Cornel, not Pat, is the sandwich-making genius of the family





Rare moment of relaxation for a dynamic woman—Bette Davis, now a producer as well as a star for Warner Brothers



Talk between troupers—Dane Clark exchanges scuttlebutt with Bette Davis, star of Warner's "A Stolen Life"



Glenn Ford, back to pictures, with producer-star Bette

Glance WITH VERVE

A woman's life is rich and full as

lived by the shy but sure Bette Davis

By Elliot Paul



Note Tibby's dog basket by Bette's streamlined trailer dressing room

AFTER lunching with Bette Davis, I had the impression that she learned as much or more about me than I did about her. She has that way of sensing what another person is interested in and drawing him out.

Her own range of topics of conversation is wide, indeed. We talked about the difficulties of filming the life stories of great men in any line; about life's being too short, and the marvelous new Russian experiments on a serum that will enable folks to live longer, up to two or three hundred years. When she found out that the new Russian medicine would arrest the aging process at whatever age the patient had reached, she said:

"For a woman, the ideal age would be about thirty-five. Thirty-five to forty. By that time she knows enough so that her face is interesting, not like a magazine cover."

"And for a man? How old is a man at his best?" she was asked.

"Between forty-eight and fifty-five years," she replied, without hesitation.

"Think what a wonderful inspiration it will be to an actress to know that after she has studied and worked fifty years to learn her trade, instead of being discarded, her looks and energy will be preserved and can be used to the best advantage another century or more," she went on.

She was wearing a picture hat and dress to match of a

warm dove gray, tinged with blue. It was one of her costumes from "A Stolen Life" and looked as becoming off-scene as it will on the screen. In tune with her personality, it was warm and feminine without being droopy. To me, it looked poetic.

I can attest to the fact that her appetite is sound.

"Corned beef hash with an egg," she said to the waitress in the Warner Brothers' Green Room.

When I indicated the words "clam chowder" on the menu she smiled, her eyes sparkled. She understood exactly what I meant, since on the Pacific coast a substance which is sold for "clam chowder" is made from a tough kind of cockles, usually sprinkled with sand, in a medium of canned tomatoes and a sort of paperhanger's paste.

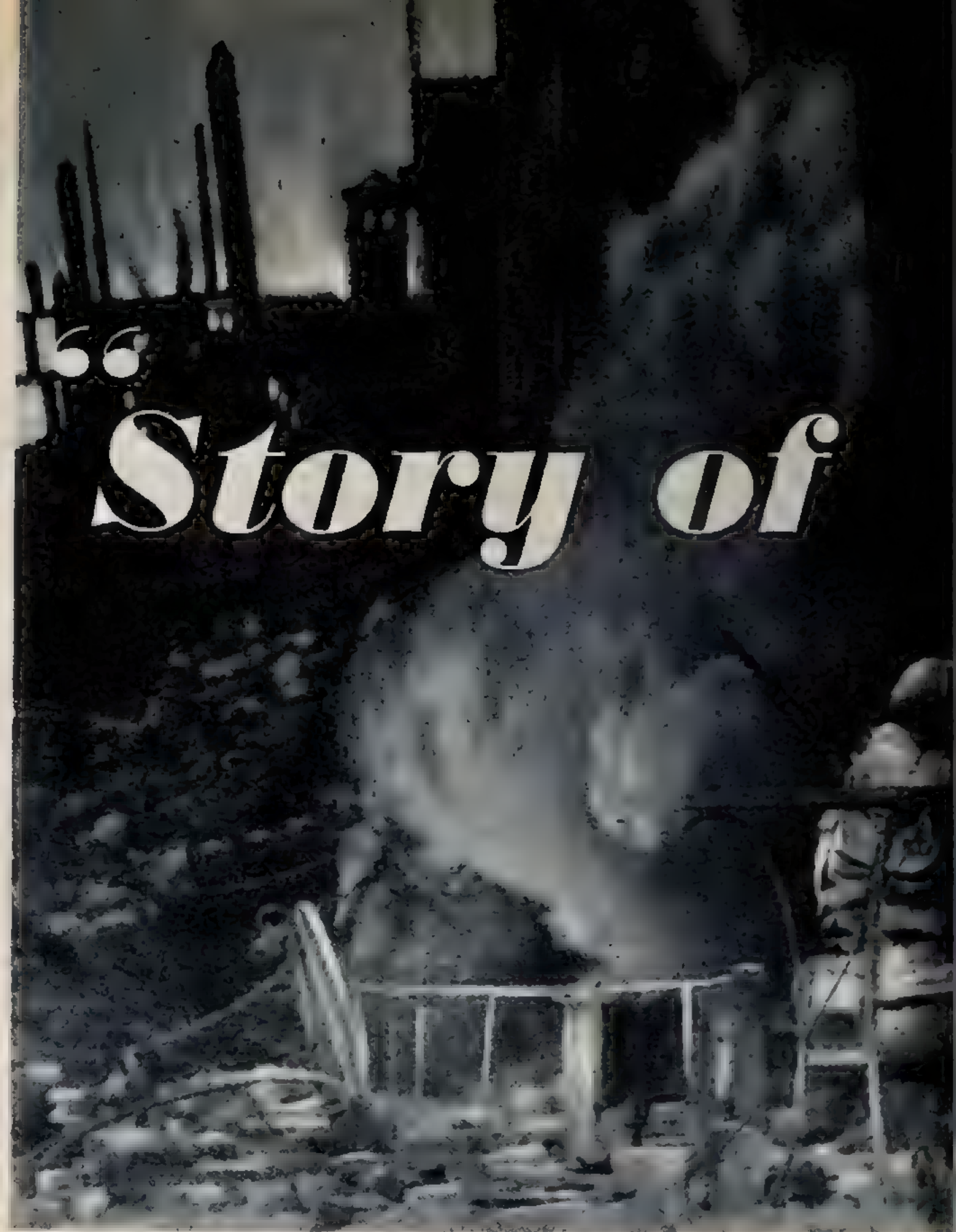
MISS DAVIS has not only won the position of "first lady" of the screen as an actress, but at last has been granted another and, to her, a more satisfying ambition. She has been made a producer, and is producing a picture today in which she is starring. The name of the story is "A Stolen Life." The setting is Provincetown, Massachusetts, rendezvous of painters, writers and intellectuals on Cape Cod which she knows so well.

Time was when a producer became one because he was not adapted to writing, directing (Continued on page 107)

ERNIE PYLE'S *Story of*



Ernie Pyle, America's best-loved overseas correspondent who gave his life at Ie



FOREWORD: The editors of Photoplay asked me to novelize Ernie Pyle's "The Story of G.I. Joe," on which film I served as technical director following my return from the Philippines where I was a war correspondent attached to Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

But the only way this great film could be novelized would be to requote to you the brilliantly written columns my dear friend wrote from day to day throughout the North African and Italian campaigns.

So I am simply telling the story of his picture, leaving in as much as possible of the actual wordage written by Ernie Pyle. Where I haven't his own words to place before you, I have written my own as nearly as I possibly could in the manner in which I know, from many years of close association with him, the late great Ernie Pyle would have written them.

This is the story of "The Story of G.I. Joe."

George Lait

THERE is one, six feet four long, lying in the tent. Another is just an average-sized guy. Then in comes a shorty, a stranger. His teeth are clapping with the cold.

Oh yes, it can get dirty cold at night in North Africa, and this is one of those nights, with the huge silver globe of a full moon hanging like an icy sun in the star-spangled sky.

A moon like that makes it almost bright as day and in this eerie light, almost as far as the eye can see, stretches a line of trucks, tanks, jeeps, armored cars and all the other wheeled and tracked paraphernalia of desert war.

The column is stationary. Along both sides of this stream of vehicles, pup tents have been erected. Against the sides of these mechanized monsters crude canvas shelters hang. And



Warnicki is ordered on his last Italian patrol by Capt. Walker

Ernie Pyle stood side by side with our fighting men.

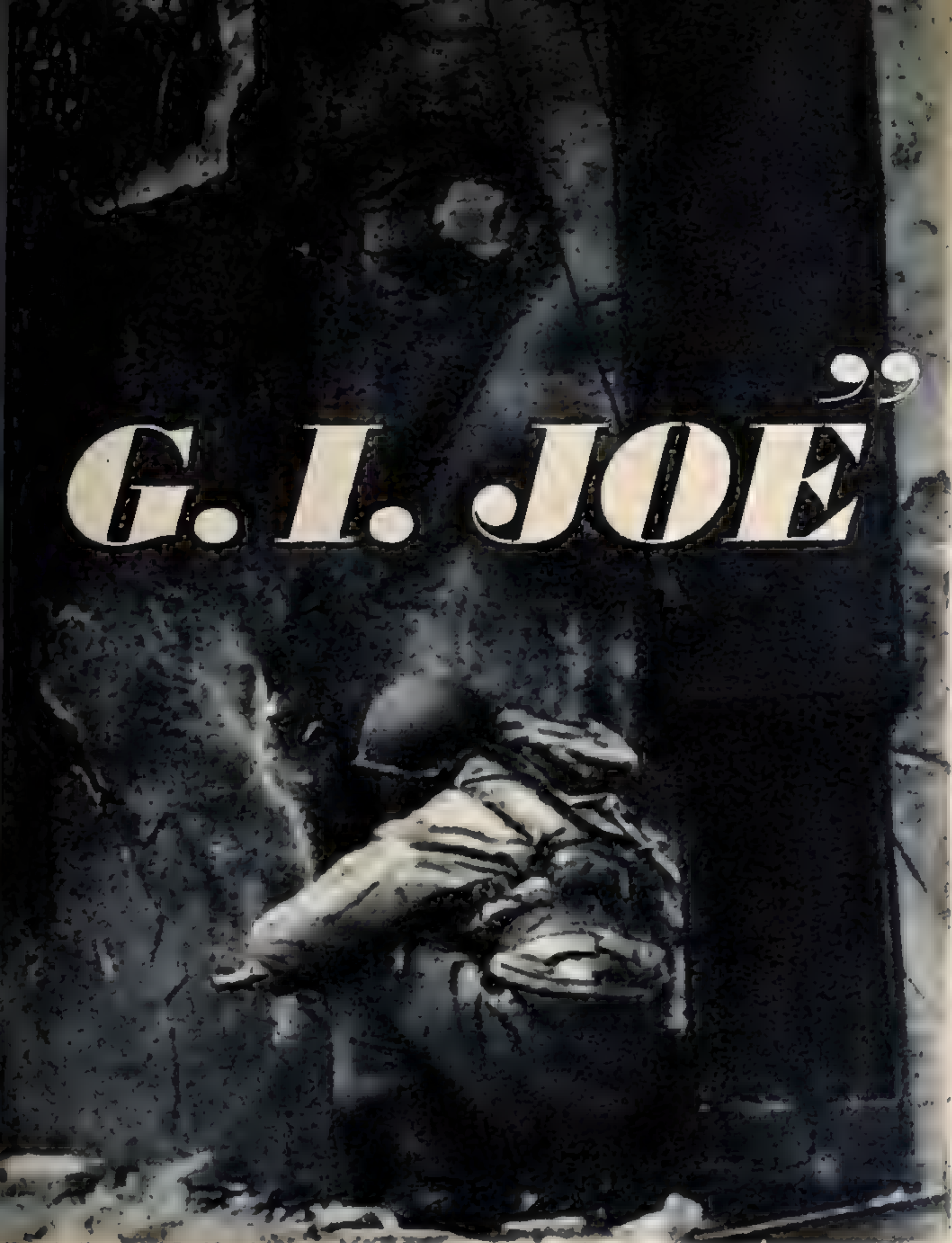
G. I. JOE

Ernie Pyle lives with us again in this heart-moving story of the days he marched with the men he loved so well, our G.I. Joes

Story of the film told by

GEORGE LAIT

Noted Foreign Correspondent



makeshift beds of blankets and sand occupy the space under nearly every truck or gun carriage.

Everywhere are the G.I.s, some wide awake, some half asleep, others snoring sonorously and contentedly, perhaps dreaming of better times, better beds, food and dames.

In the poorly-pitched, faded khaki pup tent Murphy is stretched out, all that six feet and four inches of him, tousled head sticking out of one end of the meagre canvas shelter, size twelve feet poking out of the other.

Beside him is young Mew, off an Ohio farm, naive and wondering what the hell it's all about.

Murph can't sleep and he's griping—he'd been washed out of the Air Force because they just don't make planes big enough to fit a mug his size.

"I'll cut my Betty Grables off," he mutters with determination. "Without legs they won't want me in the Infantry and I'll be short enough to make the Air Corps."

Mew shrugs, but he's worried, puzzled and, way down inside, somewhat scared.

"Murph," he says timidly, "hear we're getting into the real thing tomorrow."

In the next tiny tent, Sgt. Warnicki, husky ex-coal miner sits cleaning a tommy gun with the care and gentle consideration a mother would give her first-born. Lopez, a Mexican from Arizona, hums a South of the Rio Grande love song.

"Whattya theenk I oughta bring Maria an' th' leetle hombre when I go back, Sarge?" asks Lopez, breaking off in the middle of a romantic strain.

"When you get back?" says Warnicki. "You mean if you get back."

There are three in the next tent—Dondaro, Gawky and the most (Continued on page 64)



Burgess Meredith who plays Ernie Pyle in the Cowan film, "The Story of G. I. Joe"



Murphy and his Red Cross bride start married life in a G.I. truck

We can at least get behind them with War Bonds!



*Dana Andrews gives some
hot tips on how to play*

SUMMER

1 Oh, what a beautiful morning! And Dana starts it with a shower. He's a summer bachelor here, living alone in a little house at Malibu Lake. Two whole months of it—during the shooting of Lewis Milestone's "A Walk In The Sun" in which he stars. Don't confuse Malibu Lake with Malibu Beach—the Lake is cupped in the California inland mountains. The rest of the company lives at Malibu Lake Club



2 Breakfast for the Lone Ranger! And the gentleman knows just how it's done. So on goes the coffee—a good beginning for a man-sized breakfast. He does most of his own cooking (not bad, girls!)—punctuating the week's menu with an occasional dinner with the rest of the gang at the Club

3 Monarch of all he surveys—well, for two months, anyway. Note the screened-in porch of his domain. There's a living room, bedroom and kitchen. He may have had a swim in the lake—brave man—if it wasn't too all-fired cold. You'll see no scars from the accident he had in which he smashed up his car, but not himself. If he wants to go to town, he has to depend on his thumb



SOLITAIRE

6 End of a day—and where's your pipe, Mr. Andrews? Our bachelor finds the fireplace, with a friendly fire in it, just the place to relax. Good time, too, for those random man-thoughts. Like to drop in on him, girls? There might be soft music for background—provided by the whispering of a mountain breeze. But don't get us wrong—Dana's really a happily married man with three sturdy heirs!



4 Embryo author at work? Dana's always had a hankering to write. No hunt and peck typing for him either. He's mastered the touch system—without benefit of going to school to learn it. Time was when he wrote scads of short stories, but he didn't like any of his literary efforts—in fact, not one of them ever found its way to the market



5 Natural-born naturalist: Dana faithfully feeds bread to the birds every day. Bachelor Andrews does just about what he wants to—that is, when he isn't dog-tired from the strenuous battle scenes they have been shooting for the picture. Or when evenings aren't consumed with rush story conferences.

Scrapbook on *Diana*

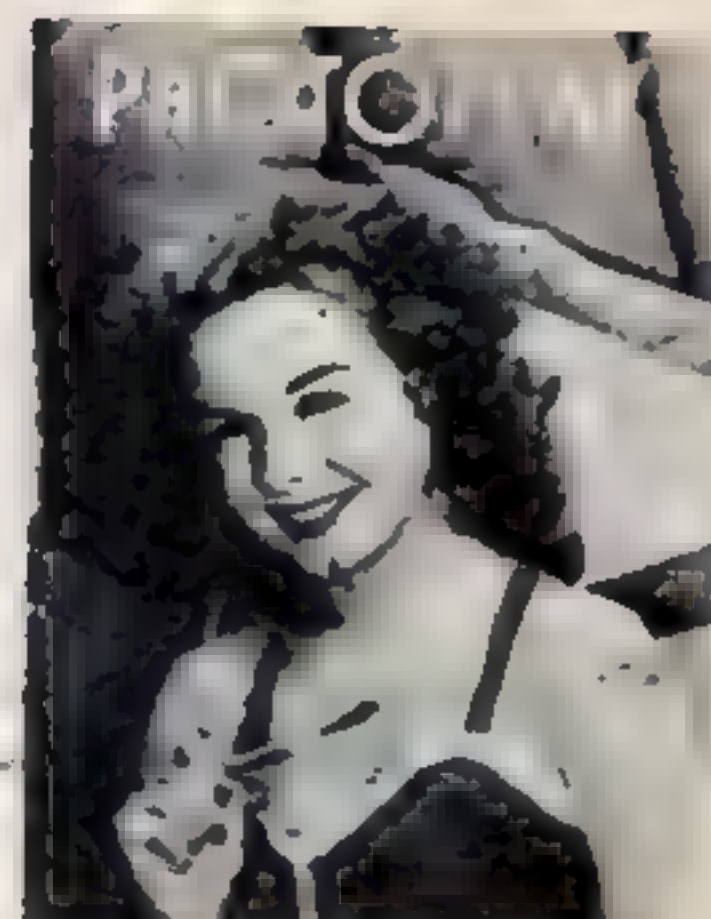


Diana, dainty star of Paramount's "Out Of This World," smiles a greeting from her sun porch

Add up this gay data and you'll have

a happy total on an intriguing miss—

our cover girl—Diana Lynn



COVER GIRL

Personal History: Eighteen years ago she was born in Los Angeles, California, as Dolly Loehr. At six, she was a famous concert pianist; at thirteen, her brilliant piano playing led her right into a Paramount acting contract.

What she sings in the shower: The complete score of "Oklahoma" and every song Deanna Durbin ever sang. "In the shower, I become Deanna in my own ears!" says Diana with a grin.

What she wears: To the salt mines with suits—she likes feminine silk frocks with tight waists and full skirts; in black (for dates), and otherwise in blue, white and red. With dainty hats to match everything.

What she doesn't wear: The color purple; any shade of nail polish; gloves and costume jewelry. (She owns all but the purple, but they're always covered with dust!)

The book she's telling everyone "You must read!": "The Razor's Edge," by Somerset Maugham.

Parties she likes to give: None at all! The girl who has given concerts to thousands is afraid to ask six people to her home—for fear they won't have a good time!

Best girl friends: They are three: Actresses Gail Russell and Mona Freeman, and school-day friend Lois Hunt.

The comics she reads before facing the day: "Blondie," "Prince Valiant," "Jiggs" and "Terry and the Pirates."

What kind of a wife she'll be: "Awful!" says she with a laugh, "unless the man I marry likes things a little whimsical!" By this she means that she cannot cook, she



The sailboat can't go to sea till peace, but Gail Russell teaches Diana nautical tricks between work in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

never puts things away, she's absent-minded—and she's going to stay that way! She's not a bit interested in the mechanics of running a house.

What kind of a husband she'd like: He has to be intelligent, humorous, a few years older than she, and completely competent in whatever he does—though she doesn't care what his work may be. He'll also have to be sympathetic to her acting career, because that is part of her for the rest of her life.

What she'll be doing in twenty years: She'll be acting on stage or screen, with her better half and three little images sitting in the front row!

Her only fault that drives her mother wild: Her habit of losing keys, scarves, and movie scripts—she mislays five scripts per picture.

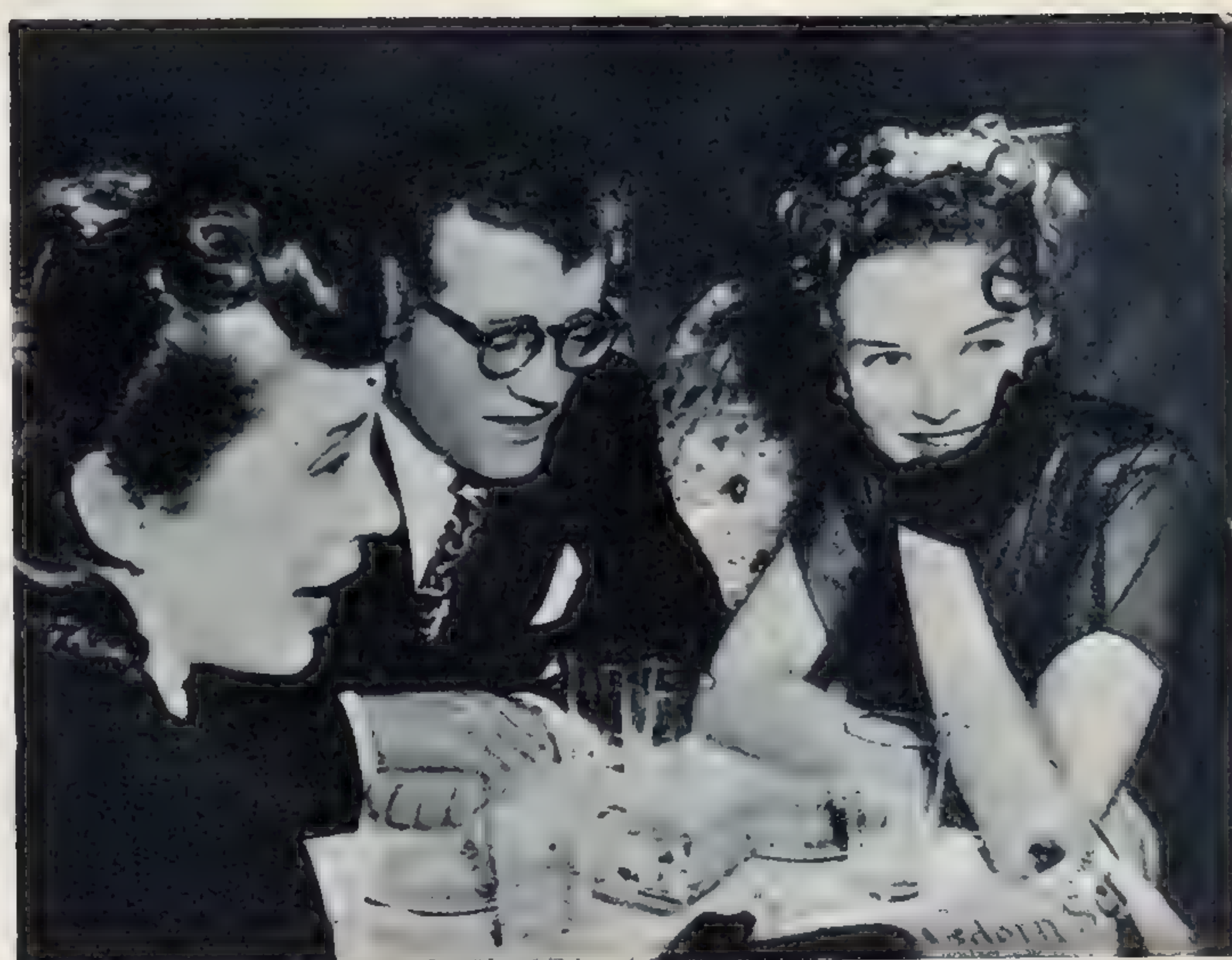
Her only fault that drives her father wild: Her ability to leave her room looking as if a typhoon had struck it. Once a week her father goes quietly into her room and tosses all the offending articles into a pyramid in the center of the rug; then Diana comes home, finds this silent reproof, and silently sets about putting everything neatly away. Not a word is said on either side!

The men in her diary: They cover page after page—but the standouts are Robert Walker (whom she met when a writer brought him to her home after Bob had said he thought she was the most attractive girl in town), Paramount writer Stanley Roberts, Columbia contract player Loren Tindall, novelist Richard Sale.

Who lives under the same roof with her: Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Loehr—each accomplished in their own right, Mrs. Loehr as a prominent piano teacher, Mr. Loehr as the executive of an oil (Continued on page 94)



No suits in Diana's closet—just frocks and frills with dainty hats to match



Fun at Mocambo: Diana is escorted by Bob Walker, and Gail Russell joins them for the merry-making

THE GIRL

With Two Lives

Faye Emerson, who bridged the gap from
Chicago back yards to Hollywood front lines



Gamine de luxe: Faye Emerson in "Nobody Lives Forever"

BY DOROTHY DEERE

THE way to tell a story is to begin at the beginning. But what do you do if there are two beginnings? That's what makes this particular story a little difficult, because Faye Emerson is two people who "began" some fifteen years apart.

For current purposes there is the Faye Emerson who arrived in the public consciousness with all the dash, velocity and along the general route traveled by a Roman candle. A blonde actress with big eyes who, practically unknown a year ago, suddenly hit the screen, hit stardom and hit world headlines as the bride of a Roosevelt, all in record-breaking time.

Before that, however, there was Margaret Faye Emerson, or "Peggy" for weekdays, who used to play with the kids in our apartment house yard in Chicago, a long time ago. A skinny, big-eyed tomboy, with a kind of gallant disdain of little girls who wore curls and whose stockings never twisted, and a desperate desire to be accepted into the back-yard fraternity of her brothers and their freckle-faced chums.

Somewhere in between these two, Peggy and Faye, there should be a moral or perhaps a great Americanism, about how you never know but what the little girl next door may grow up to be a movie star, or marry a president's son or even both. So far as Peggy is concerned, we are more encouraged by the fact that she grew up at all, because the last clear picture we have of her she was walking the narrow banister of a third-story porch and seemed destined to hit nothing but the concrete a breathless distance below.

Of deeper significance to this saga of Hollywood success is that except for a nice filling-out in all the most attractive places, the Faye of today, who won her spurs in "Hotel Berlin" and "The Very Thought Of You," is very little changed from the tomboy Peggy of fifteen years back. The subtleties which turn a kid you never picked as especially "pretty" into a beautiful woman, have all occurred, of course. The nose once snub is now provocative instead, the freckles are gone and the dimples now inescapable because they have more space in which to dimple. The eyes are deeper and the mouth fuller, but essentially it's the same face. There isn't another just like it on the screen—and it was certainly the only one of its kind in that back yard.

A recent conversation we had went back to those back-yard days. Those hectic games of Run Sheep Run on summer evenings. And whatever happened to Georgie, whose wonderful (Continued on page 97)

THE MAN

With Two Countries

Arturo de Cordova, the Mexican Clark Gable
who has become America's Latin-of-the-hour

BY HARRIET EATON

TO thousands of American movie-goers Arturo de Cordova means Mystery Man. All you know of him is that he's been Mexico's biggest romantic star for ten years and that he's gone out with some of Hollywood's most glittering women. The rest has been up to your imagination so far—and you've imagined everything that Mystery Man implies: Melting brown eyes, strumming guitars, boldly colored clothes, women draped on tiger skin rugs. You've imagined him as being a domestic version of the dashing pirate in "Frenchman's Creek," as the ingratiating Mexican in "A Medal For Benny." And you won't be much closer to the real man when you see him as the colorful rodeo gambler in "Incendiary Blonde," his best picture so far.

What is he really like, this thoroughly provocative Mexican mystery?

All right, then.

You were quite right about his melting brown eyes, his rumpled, wavy brown hair, and that certain something that makes women turn to water inside. He definitely has sex appeal. But the charming part is that he hardly seems to know it himself—it goes with him effortlessly. There's no striking of poses, no exotic kissing of ladies' hands, no profile held up casually for you to admire. Arturo de Cordova is an astoundingly natural guy—which explains why men like him just as well as those hordes of women.

For further details, he is five feet eleven, he weighs 155 pounds, and he's thirty-seven years old. He's also, by chance, extremely lonely. He lives by himself in San Fernando Valley in a two-room white bungalow. He eats all his meals out because his by-the-day housekeeper is not too clever over a stove. And five nights out of six, his evenings never vary: He walks out his front door, crosses the street, and enters the front door of Charlie Foy's night club. Here his good friend Mr. Foy greets him—they met only because of Arturo's loneliness and proximity—and the two sit down to dinner. After dinner, they usually repair to the back room for a gin rummy game with comedian Joe Frisco; and very late at night, when it's too late for Arturo to be anything but sleepy, he walks back across the street and into his house and so to bed. You can plainly see that glamour is left out of his life right now.

His taste in food is as American as if he had been brought up in Iowa. He favors Southern fried chicken; or ham and eggs; or (Continued on page 86)



Mexican mystery: Arturo de Cordova of "Incendiary Blonde"

What Should I Do?

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Last year I was stationed near an exclusive girls' college, so I was invited—with a lot of other G.I.s—to their junior prom. My partner turned out to be a charming individual. This was only the second time I had seen her and my first date with her, but several days later I received a very passionate letter, asking me not to leave until I had seen her.

This wasn't possible, as I shipped out and spent the next eleven months jumping from airfield to airfield. All this time the letters changed from "Dear Al" to "Dearest Al" to "Darling Al" and then to "Dearest darling!" Perhaps I should have nipped this in the bud, but I'll admit that I was flattered to receive such missives.

This girl's grandmother lived in my home town, and I had promised to drop in to visit when I was home on furlough. When I arrived at Granny's (I hope this doesn't sound like Little Red Riding Hood) I wasn't in the house two minutes before I met a storm of questions about my nationality, my religion, what I was going to do after the war and whether I could support a wife.

Well, I was really shocked. I stopped writing right then, but fast. However, her letters kept pouring in and several telephone calls, too. Finally I went to see her and—in a frenzy to get rid of her—told her I was engaged to another girl. Wow—what a scene. Hysterics and tears. A few days later, her roommate wrote saying that June had not eaten or slept since I broke the news.

Now I do want to be rid of this emotional girl, but I'd like to let her down easy. I don't want to cause her illness. Do you have any suggestions for a poor G.I. who really let himself in for something by doing absolutely nothing?

Corporal Al V.

Dear Corp. V:

Hmm—nothing, the man says, absolutely nothing!

A man who can write as interesting and entertaining a letter as you wrote to me gives me the impression that his conversation with a carton of sugar from a girl's college might be smoother than a general's desk. Are you quite sure that you didn't tell Miss Impressionable that you found her dancing divine, her perfume irresistible, her eyes terrific and the ensemble something worth being pinned up over a lonely soldier's bunk?

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Very well, very well—I believe you.

First of all, you shouldn't have told your hysterical little friend that you were engaged, when actually you were not. This should give you Lesson One in *How To Win Friends And Discourage Hysterics*: Never tell one girl that she has been dispossessed by another until you are ready to marry. That's a Sunday punch.

Simply tell the girl that you like her (if you do) but that you think she should have more pride than to behave like that! Tell her that in your opinion she is making a spectacle of herself . . . then get out of range.

It is very easy to discourage a girl, even a romantic, temperamental, hysterical type. Be kind, be courteous, but be very, very cold, analytical and intellectual. And never believe too quickly the confidences of a girl's roommate—they may have been inspired by the gal herself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and I cry myself to sleep night after night because people make fun of me: I have buck teeth. I never go out with boys because they never ask me, and when I go to girl parties I worry myself sick thinking that someone will make fun of me. Even my sister, who is considered pretty, ridicules me.

Can you help me, Miss Colbert, to overcome my fear of being made fun of?

Frona T.

Dear Miss T:

The easiest solution is to have your teeth straightened. Seventeen is not too advanced an age at which to have this corrective work done; in fact, I have a good friend who had her teeth straightened when she was in her late twenties. The wearing of bands was uncomfortable and unattractive, but the result was worth it. If orthodontia is impossible in your case (but I can't think of a reason) your second means of overcoming the handicap is the use of psychology. There is in Hollywood at present a brilliantly successful girl named Cass Daley—of whom you undoubtedly know. Miss Daley has refused to have her teeth straightened because she is convinced that much of her success is due to the fact that she has capitalized on what you describe as a handicap. She is a comedienne, and she finds that her appearance enhances her gift for making people laugh.

Whether you have your teeth straightened or not, you should come to the realization that appearance has never yet stopped a girl from doing what she wanted to do if she had charm, ambition, an eagerness to study and the ability to see her weaknesses and laugh about them before anyone else had the chance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now only a little past nineteen, so I actually have my life before me, but sometimes I feel as if it is all past. You see, I met Bill when I was only fifteen. Although he was five years older than me, we fell honestly in love.

When I was a little over sixteen Bill had won his wings and we were married. Both our parents approved because I've always been steady and old for my years, and Bill was the salt of the earth. For a year we traveled from airfield to airfield while Bill took his training.

That year together was wonderful. We danced and bowled and had fun in general, or we stayed at home and read and talked. And then, a week before he was to go overseas, he crashed in his P-38 and . . . well, I guess I can't tell you about it, except to say that he never had a chance.

That has been nearly a year ago, but I can't snap out of it. There is no use trying to describe a loss like that, because the words haven't been made.



YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

I've tried to be a good soldier about it, but I've lost the very reason for living. I don't mean to be a self-pitying, silly droop, and I've tried to find other interests. I work, I've made new friends, I've even had dates for the past three months. But I compare everyone with Bill and no one will ever measure up.

I know that no one can help me but myself, but how do I go about that?

Mrs. Bill B.

Dear Mrs. B:

Your problem is that of thousands of sweethearts, wives and mothers all over the world. It is a problem so great that I feel totally inadequate and humble before the need to mention it in this column.

A new life must be started and the way to make a new beginning is to face the fact that a change has come and to find, gradually, happiness in simple things.

Grief is a disease; it has its onset in violence, followed by a long period of struggle toward recovery. Sometimes it leaves a permanent scar.

But the important fact is that the struggle toward recovery must take place. First by a deliberate turning toward pleasure in native things; then by vast application of time. You can't hurry such a recovery; it must develop naturally. The natural powers of return to normal enjoyment are greater in some personalities than in others. Perhaps, in your case, it will require two, three or even five years to learn to face the future with eagerness for new experience.

Men, I sometimes think, handle this emotional disorder better than women do. Men are able to seal off chambers

of the heart, with all fidelity to memory but without damage to themselves, and to marry again successfully. They avoid comparisons; they refuse to live in the past. They feel that while life is within them, it is to be lived. And that is what you must tell yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and happily married. My husband is overseas, so I'm living with my parents and working in a drugstore.

Now enters the problem. There is a boy named Jerry, aged sixteen, who worked in the same drugstore for a time. His mother passed away some time ago, and as he happens to be the exact age of my younger brother, I took pity on him and advised him on his girl problems, on clothing and on personality problems. He had a car, so every night he would drive me home—which was nice. I would sit in one corner, he in the other, and at the door it would be a quick "Thank you and good night."

Yet, after he quit the drugstore for a better job, he continued to pick me up each night when I had finished work, and gradually he let me know that he was in love with me! He knows that I adore my husband and that I consider him a mere friend, but that doesn't stop the moonstruck look from coming into his eyes.

I have refused time and again to be taken home by him, but he only seems hurt and arrives on time the next night. I know how it can be, to love someone who doesn't love you, so I don't want to be too harsh with Junior, but this is getting embarrassing. Please tell me is there anything I can do?

Mrs. Willa R.

Dear Mrs. R:

The theme of puppy love is the oldest and the cutest story the stage knows. If you want to enjoy the present situation instead of having gooseflesh over it, you might re-read Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." It will afford you a good deal of merriment, even if some of the laughs merge from the downward corner of your mouth.

As your brother is the same age as your moonstruck swain, why don't you enlist his aid? Persuade him to introduce "Junior" to some cute girl. If "Junior" already knows all the local talent, perhaps your brother can cook up a foursome that will interest the lovelorn.

If this doesn't work you may have to be drastic with him. Call him "child" at every opportunity, and refer to him as if he were in swaddling clothes. Tell him how mature and dependable your husband is, how witty, how intelligent—in short how totally superior to all other males on earth. There is one thing no man, however young or aged, can long endure: The sincere and enthusiastic praise of another man. Don't worry about hurting your gallant's feelings; at his age love wounds heal overnight.

Claudette Colbert

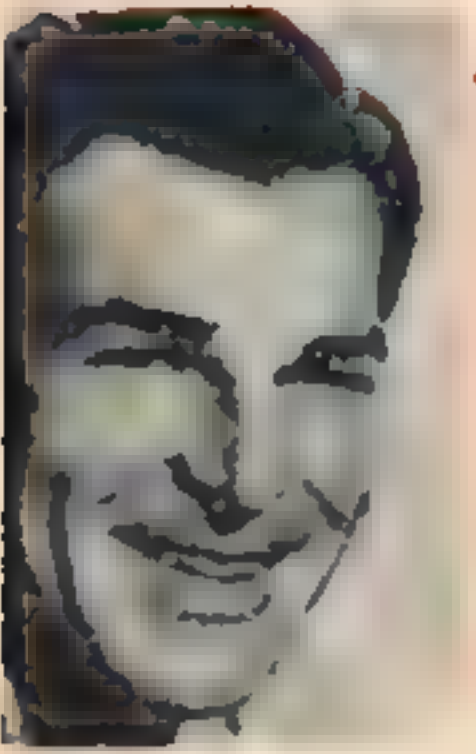
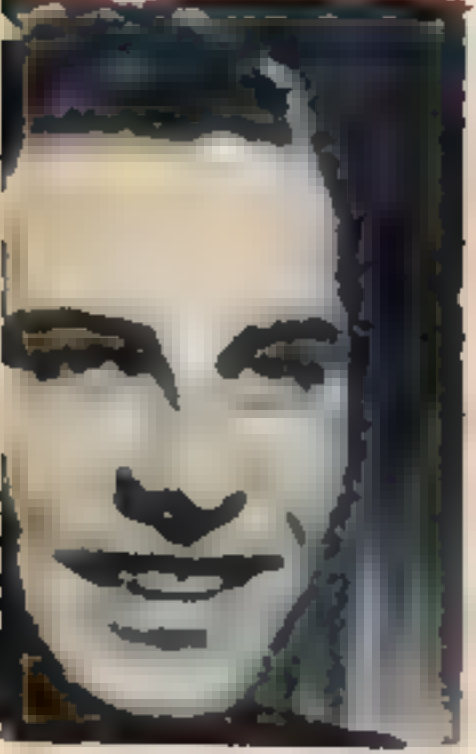

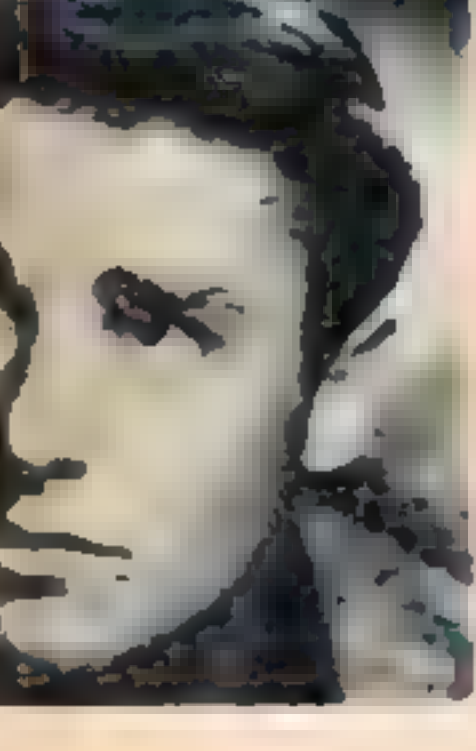





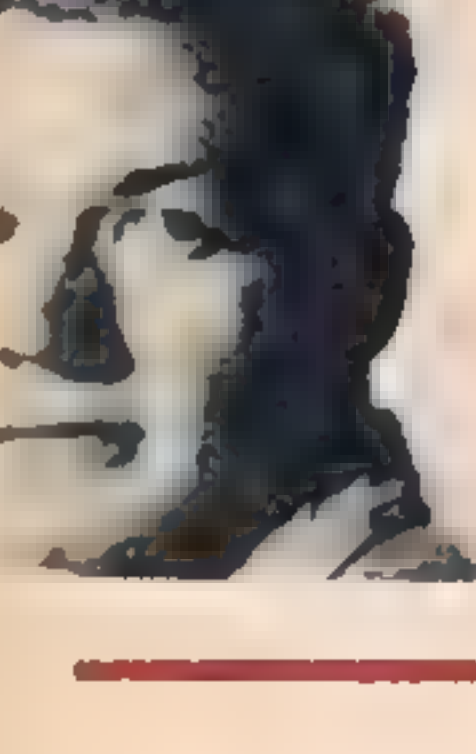
Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and a miserable 4F. All services refused me as fast as I applied. I have rheumatic heart disease.

My family was one of the founders of our town, so naturally whatever we do seems to be noticed. I have a brother and about seven cousins in the service. I am working ten to twelve hours a day in a war plant, (Continued on page 85)

BACHELOR

Our Bachelor Sweepstakes come to a photofinish with all the dope on ten more eligibles

	Height	Eyes	Hair	Favorite Dates	Popularity with Men	Popularity with Girls	Bad Habits
	Rod Cameron 6' 4" Weight 195 lbs.	Light Brown	Brown	At the bridge table or in front of the phonograph with a handful of music-loving friends	Most popular—men always like an easy, quiet type who's a real man	In short, sister, you drop dead at sight of him!	That silence! Often fails to impress people, as he just won't make the effort to talk
	John Hodiak 6' Weight 180 lbs.	Hazel	Brown	With a good book, a good collection of records, or movies, or his close friends	Exceptionally well liked—he's so manly	Exceedingly—he's so manly! Besides which, he has a rare quality in Hollywood—sincerity	No one has found any yet
	Van Johnson 6' 2" Weight 185 lbs.	Blue	Red	Going to every party and night club—but quietly, and only with the Keenan Wynns	Men like him all right. Nothing sensational, though—they leave that to the women	Mothers sigh for him, daughters cry for him	Can't talk about anything but Van's career
	Peter Lawford 6' Weight 160 lbs.	Blue	Light Brown	Night - club - hopping, and noisy, gregarious parties	Well liked among the small group of men who are his friends, such as Mickey Rooney, otherwise not	Yes . . . but he's not a smash hit	Just lately he's become a publicity hound
	Victor Mature 6' 2½" Weight 198 lbs.	Brown	Brown	The sound of a night club band attracts him like the Pied Piper. Also the flare of flash-light bulbs	Strange men take an instant hatred to him; once they know him, they like him	Women of all brain sizes and dress sizes are bowled over in rows!	His mad passion for seeing his name in print
	Lon McCallister 5' 6" Weight 130 lbs.	Blue	Brown	At his desk writing short stories or charting boat voyages!	Yes; they all call him "son" and mean it	Yes, especially the hobby-socks. They all want to bake him cookies and knit him sweaters	Getting up late
	Kevin O'Shea 6' 1" Weight 170 lbs.	Brown	Brown	Cooking in his own kitchen, keeping time to classical music from his phonograph. Also, movies	No. They don't feel close to him	Girls like him like a brother. Old ladies coo happily over him	He admits he's too fussy about details
	Eddie Ryan 6' 1" Weight 170 lbs.	Blue	Sandy Brown	Friends gathered at someone's house. He only likes night clubs for 30 minutes, once a week	Yes; it's his simplicity that does it. He's had a tough struggle up to now, and he doesn't put on airs	Yes—because he's considerate and right after that he's witty!	Blushing—due to an unnecessary inferiority complex
	Charles Russell 5' 10" Weight 145 lbs.	Blue	Brown	Badminton, movies, making his own movies, bowling—anything but night clubs. He has a phobia about them	Thoroughly well liked, though they all feel like young Eddie's dad	They're entranced by his dimples . . . and by his hilarious mimicry, which doesn't go with dimples at all!	Seems flawless
	Bill Williams 6' Weight 190 lbs.	Light Brown	Curly Blond	At an ice-skating rink or in a swimming pool. No night clubs—he worked in too many	Uh-huh	Super	He won't dress up for anybody—even when he should. Ties, for instance, are out!

SCORE CARD

Check them off, girls. You should be able to find the makings of your dream man here

Physique	Vanity	Clothes Sense	Athletic Prowess	How He Talks	Dancing Ability	Favorite Type of Girl	
Couldn't be improved an inch in any direction!	No; and a shot of vanity might do him some good	Informal, but spotless—with every tie matching every shirt!	Expert horseman, and tough enough to ride for hours because once he was a sand-hog	When he talks, he's the encyclopedia on music, books, Canada or bridge. Good, too!	There are no flies on him on the dance floor	He looks for brains first, for music-loving second and, third, for a tall and lovely creature to go with same	
Superb muscles ripple in every direction!	Ambitious, but not vain in the least	Casual sports clothes in quiet good taste	Excels at bowling, swimming, golf, tennis, badminton; likes lonely walks best of all	Direct, serious talker on every subject but particularly music and books	Nothing to rave about—he's never paid much attention to dancing	She's five feet three, with a lovely figure she loves music, books, her home and dozens of children	
Fine and dandy	Indeed yes. But it should simmer down with time	Tweedy, loose-fitting and good	Swimming, alone	Not too good. Liable to sit silently and let others struggle to make things go	He cuts a wicked rug—and rumbas out of this world!	He's not sure, because he hasn't met her yet. But she'll be chic looking and interested in the world of acting	
It'll do	Well, yes, he is. Let's face it	Excellent in "high-styled" suits—one of best-dressed men about town	Injured right arm limits him to walking	Speechless unless Europe is mentioned—then becomes vivid, fascinating narrator of his own adventures and observations there	When you say, "Superlative dancer," you mean P. Lawford	He takes them all out, likes them all—and doesn't yet know what will make him fall in love	
Magnificent—he looks best in the shower!	No one acts more vain—but we suspect it's just an act!	In civilian life, the broadest pin-stripes and most flapping lapels in Hollywood	Is tops at every sport he tries—but usually is too busy to try!	Here is one of best conversationalists in Hollywood—varied, well-informed, bright, alert	Very, very good	Small, dainty, sophisticated, beautifully dressed—and intelligent and humorous! Happy landing!	
Good in the stripping manner	Not an ounce of vanity in his whole system	Doesn't really care. Neat, but no clothes-horse in civilian life	Sailing boats and walking with his Great Dane	Great at serious talk, lost in light patter	Adequate, but with traces of dancing-school training	Since he doesn't plan on marrying until 1952, he hasn't given her much thought. But his pet for now is Jeanne Crain	
Wonderful. He even has good legs—a male rarity!	He's not vain	Meticulous dresser in casual clothes	Quite good at the swimming pool, bowling alley and tennis court	Because of so much reading, he talks well on any subject	He gets the gold star	Who knows? Hasn't seen her yet in Hollywood—but keeps writing a Mystery Girl in Chicago	
Very good	Not so you'd notice it	Bow ties and nice sports clothes, expensive and well chosen	No longer athletic. Twice broken nose soured him on hockey and football	Good talker on any subject—mainly because he likes people and enjoys meeting new ones	He only rises to his feet for a rumba—at which he's tops	Someone who's understanding, attractive, and who'll give him confidence in himself. Where is she? He hasn't met her yet!	
Okay	No—mirrors hold no fascination for him	Dresses like a 20-year-old bank president—except for one loud touch, like a tie or socks	He could play miniature golf or badminton all day long. Sometimes does!	Entertaining, full of unusual and funny opinions on every topic	He's light on your feet! Not so hot, in short	She's kindly, homely, friendly, easy-going and non-professional, and he's dying to be introduced!	
What's a new word for splendid?	No; on the contrary he's ingenuous and boyish	Even his best girl says, "He's a sweater boy!" That says it, too!	One of the fanciest skaters in Hollywood—but wears dungarees above the ice-skates! Also	If you like to talk you'd think him a superb conversationalist, because he likes to listen!	He's good at 'em all, in tap-shoes, brogues, or evening pumps	A girl who's not spoiled; who's a brunette, who's humorous—and who's ambitious for a career. Calling all Hollywood!	

Ella Raines, below with husband Major Kenneth Trout, had a tough lesson—but Ella learns fast



Lisl Henreid, above with Paul, will tell you that Hollywood sometimes is a difficult school for wives

Talk is a trouble-maker, a heart-breaker and a bank-account-deflator, teaching the stars that "Silence is Golden"

When the stars

TALK'S cheap, they say. But is it? Certainly Hollywood does not think so. The stars have learned through headaches and heartaches and financial distress that talk can cost dearly.

Humphrey Bogart, for instance, when he was newly enthralled of Lauren Bacall, couldn't resist talking about her. Understandably enough. But injudiciously, nevertheless. The reporter to whom he talked printed what he said. Mayo Methot, who was Mrs. Bogart at the time, read it; and the final settlement in her divorce agreement with Bogie was considerably larger than it might well have been had he suffered from laryngitis instead of talkevitis.

Actually, there's no time when it's harder to hold your tongue than when you're in love. However, the

Bogie incident to the contrary, girls are more given to romantic confidences than men.

For instance, Hollywood is convinced Kay Williams might be Mrs. Clark Gable right now if she hadn't talked too freely about her dates with Clark; whereupon Gable, who had been very attracted to her, departed for points east and was seen in New York and Palm Beach with Dolly O'Brien; fabulous for the magnetism she has for gentlemen and, consequently, a serious rival in any affair of the heart.

Also, not so many years ago, Cary Grant showed Phyllis Brooks a great deal of attention. Until Phyllis, making a film in London, announced she and Cary soon would be married. Shortly thereafter their engagement was broken. If there's one thing that

scares off the male—before marriage—it is, apparently, the idea that already he is ball-and-chained.

In any man and girl relationship the less said the better—no doubt about it. . . . For Martha O'Driscoll remains married to Commander Richard Adams because he, reacting to her free speech about his less desirable qualities, refuses to allow a divorce, at least until after the war. And so long as he remains in service she cannot proceed in any court without his permission. As Martha knows now, a silent wife makes a free wife sometimes.

The mention of talk as one of the main causes of heart trouble brings us to Ella Raines. Ella, in Hollywood under contract to Howard Hawks and Charles Boyer, was coached by Charles regularly. In an interview



John Carroll learned to think twice—then hold his tongue



BY

Fearless

talked out of turn

she told how the great Charles handled love scenes. The interview was read—it would be—by the flying colleagues of Ella's husband, Major Kenneth Trout. They thought it a great joke. But the Major didn't. Ella did some tall explaining—but fast—for her marriage is very important to her.

Too often it is the mother of a star who ruins everything because she has too much to say. One Hollywood mama wrote finis to her daughter's career when she told the studio she would not put her daughter on any such diet as they recommended, that it was ridiculous to say her daughter was too heavy, that everyone remarked upon her beauty. Unfortunately, the general public wasn't so enthralled with the girl's beauty that the studio had to put up with any

such maternal didoes. When option time came around her contract was not renewed.

Occasionally it is the husbands and wives of the stars who talk out of turn—the way Lisl Henreid did when she announced that a certain amount of freedom should be accorded married couples and that she, for one, wouldn't be either excited or jealous if she should walk into a restaurant and find her husband lunching with an attractive woman.

Paul's studio was promptly deluged with letters from women's clubs deploring "talk that will undermine the typical American home." Other letters indignantly took Lisl to task for planting such broadminded ideas in the minds of American husbands. And one radio commentator devoted several minutes of his popular

broadcast denouncing Lisl for foisting European notions upon our innocent citizenry.

Whatever Lisl and Paul really think now, they carefully uphold the sanctity of the home in all public utterances. It's quieter and safer this way.

Here's a case where the old adage, "Silence is golden," applied literally. Ask John Carroll. John learned to think twice and then not talk at all some time ago when he complained bitterly to a newspaper man that Metro was paying him only three hundred dollars a week. When this item appeared in print John was called to the front office, reprimanded for his public complaints and informed that the bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars for which he had been slated would be withheld.



Greer Garson, guest star on the Bergen-McCarthy radio show, with Ray Noble, Edgar and Charlie—does her talking out of turn in a stimulating manner

Twenty-five thousand dollars! Count it! John got the money eventually but not until he had spent a long unhappy time believing he had forever lost it.

Some stars believe an unleashed tongue commands attention. Constance Bennett, for one. Probably because Connie's an exhibitionist and exhibitionists believe talking out of turn to be their special prerogative. Salient among the times Connie has opened her mouth to put her dainty little foot into it is the notorious occasion when she bawled out a reporter as the stupidest scribe in town. The reporter's revenge was brief—but sweet. She described Connie—in print—as “an aging flapper of 1919.” Ouch!

GREER GARSON, Photoplay's Gold Medal Winner for 1944, talks out of turn too; but always impishly and always with a certain finesse.

Greer's studio is inclined to stress the great dignity she possesses in both her public and her private life. She is, after all, their prestige star. Every now and then, however, Greer gets bored with being “the great lady.” Then, since she isn't permitted to kick up her heels on the screen, she kicks up her heels figuratively by writing letters or poems or wires—which are just a bit on the flashy side—to columnists. Invariably her communications are printed—for she is both brilliant and witty.

Remember the big stocking peddler who told a Broadway columnist that Greer was knock-kneed and padded her legs for pictures? Did Greer ignore this in a beautiful dignified way? She did not! She promptly wrote the columnist who had printed the item that it was a slander, that she had beautiful legs, “never had had any complaints,” and that she was willing to prove with a public demonstration that she did not pad her stockings. All of which made the front pages of many newspapers—even with the war on.

“Why,” wailed her studio bosses, “do you do it?”

Greer also told a writer recently that she was tired of playing in period pictures, that she'd like to hop into a sweater, that she'd rather be a bust than a bustle any day. Again the studio shuddered. And again she giggled.

Everyone in Hollywood remembers the mess an actor—who shall be nameless because he has taken punishment enough—got into when he sounded off about what horrible frights the girls at his university looked in the morning. This actor's studio received thousands of letters denouncing him as a disloyal So-and-So. Whereupon his wife, wishing to rescue him, declared he was correct, that she had been one of his college mates and that the girls at the university in question were eyesores in the morning. She didn't help him, however; she only added

fuel to a fire already blazing dangerously insofar as his career was concerned.

Hollywood's a funny place, or maybe all places are the same. Anyway, criticize Hollywood long enough and loud enough and you are ostracized—until you prove your loyalty and fraternity all over again. As Sylvia Sidney, among countless others, could tell you. . . .

Several years ago Sylvia Sidney, reigning in the studios, antagonized many who worked with her, including most of her bosses. She had an ungracious way of taking everything for granted and constantly telling the press how she disliked everything associated with pictures.

Before too long Sylvia found herself heading toward New York minus any contract requiring her to return to the studios. Defiantly she declared she was interested only in the theater. But on Broadway, where her theatrical ventures were not too successful, she found far less money and fame than Hollywood had bestowed upon her.

Sylvia isn't stupid. She has come back to Hollywood, humble and gracious and this, added to the fact that she was always a good actress, is at last giving her a chance to prove her right to stardom again.

Even Bob Hope—past master at saying the right thing at the right time and, what is more, being funny about it—found himself in difficulties recently for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and to the wrong people. To be specific, presiding as Master of Ceremonies at the Academy Awards, Bob told the press photographers in attendance to get out.

The fact that this wasn't like Bob only made it worse. The photographers, who have always thought of Bob as their special friend, were doubly affronted. Everyone tried to remind them that Bob was overtired, that he had been doing more than any other three men, that it wasn't fair to damn a guy who worked the way Bob has, fourteen and fifteen hours a day seven days a week, for free, to entertain service men in camps, hospitals and overseas, to sell War Bonds, to do anything and everything his country asked him to do. After all, Bob did no more than snap—once. The way big business men, with far less provocation, snap every day of their lives. But this one lapse threatened to be costly. No movie star—not even a Bob Hope—can afford to be banned by the news photographers. Finally Bob, who is a big enough guy to say “I'm sorry,” threw a party for the lens boys, who are regular guys too. And all was forgiven.

No indeed! Talk isn't cheap! Ask Hollywood!

THE END

Major and M
of Stonybro
announ
of daughter

Later! **HIS ORDERS RECEIVED**
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller
Service Orders brought a quick change of
wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as
for so many engaged couples right now.

*Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
U.S.M.C.R.*



COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.



PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

SHE IS VERY YOUNG and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with more luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This *double* creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."



You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of *both* hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

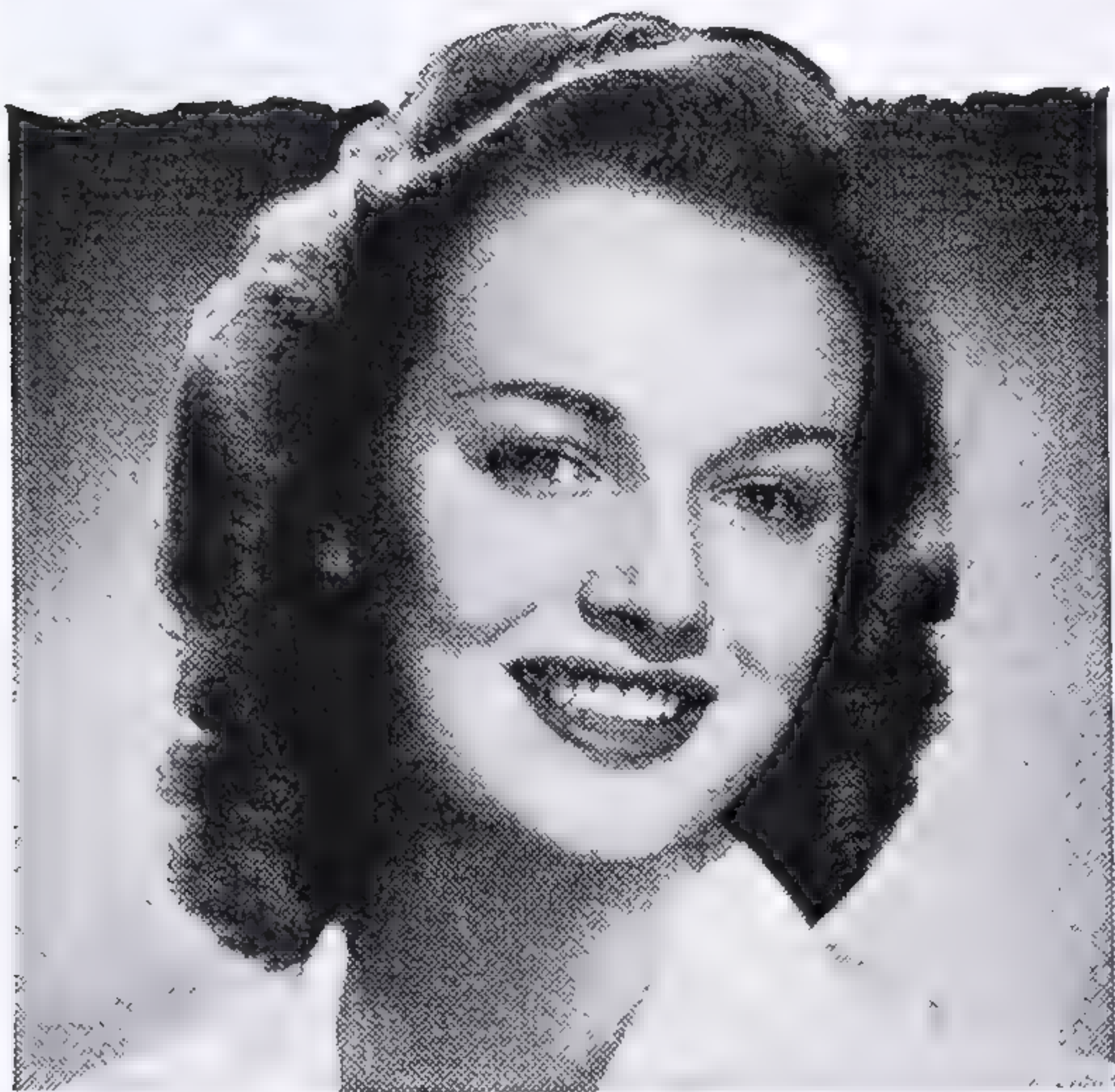


HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

*Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Edward Montagu
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Howe
Miss Evelyn Byrd La Prade*

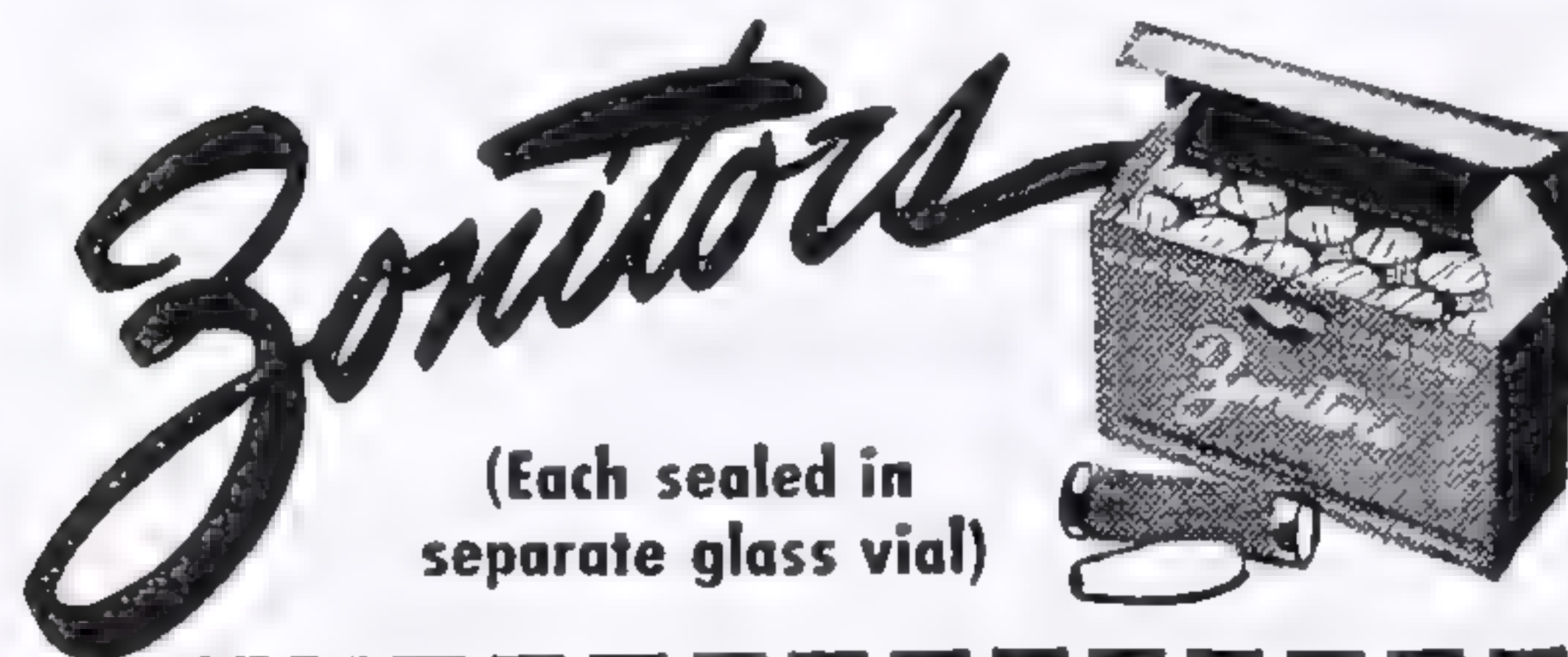
One of the greatest
advancements in
Intimate Feminine
Hygiene
ever discovered!



**You Can Now Enjoy Hours
of Continuous Medication**

Here is a blessing for you exacting women who have long desired an easier, daintier, and more convenient method of intimate feminine cleanliness—ZONITORS.

1. Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which offer an easier, daintier and more convenient method.
2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.
3. When inserted—Zonitors quickly begin to release their powerful germicidal qualities. Yet they're not the type which quickly melt away.
4. Zonitors are especially made to afford continuous medication and they keep on releasing their precious properties for hours.
5. Zonitors immediately kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE—Zonitors kill all reachable living germs and keep them from multiplying.
6. Zonitors destroy offending odor.
7. They never leave any sticky residue. Buy today—any drugstore.



(Each sealed in
separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept 9829-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 49) disreputable looking puppy in North Africa, where frowzy, lousy puppies abound.

Dondaro is telling Gawky off.

"If you had to sneak something out of that village, why'nt you at least snatch something in skirts, instead of this mutt. You're a dope, Gawky, a revolving dope, which means a dope from any angle."

Gawky smiles as the little mongrel licks a sloppy canine kiss across his new soldier-master's stubbled face.

"I'm gonna call him Ayrab, Dondaro," says Gawky. "Got him in an Ayrab village. He's gonna grow up to—"

That's when the meek little shrimp, bald except for a fringe of gray hair that shows around the edges of his knitted G.I. cap, pokes his head in.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he says. "I'm a war correspondent. Ernie Pyle. Can I find some place to sleep here?"

Dondaro points to a nearby jeep. "There's your bedroom, waitin' for you, pop. Crawl under."

As Pyle sleepily undoes his bedroll, Dondaro pipes:

"Jeez, pop, why wasn't you born a beautiful dame? Or even an ugly one?"

Pyle is too tired to hear. As he slips off into the deep sleep of exhaustion, the last thing he catches is Dondaro, seemingly far away, saying:

"Tonight, my boys, I dream—but in Technicolor!"

At dawn, the roar of hundreds of motors fills the air. There is stir and activity as drivers warm their motors, the G.I.s dismantle and pack camp, noncoms and officers move briskly about, hurrying up the men. Jeeps rattle and run here and there like sheep dogs herding a flock. The G.I.s pile into trucks, Ayrab sticking close to Gawky's.

This is all new to Pyle. He's bewildered by all the hustle and hullabaloo around him, of which he is no part. But there's a truck nearby loaded. At the tail-gate stands Lieut. Walker.

Demurely the middle-aged reporter approaches. Before he can put a question, Walker notices Pyle's armband.

"Correspondent, huh?" asks Walker brusquely. "Want to get up to the front?"

Ernie hasn't time to reply. Walker boosts him into the big truck and walks away. The truck lurches and rumbles along the rutty desert track. The G.I.s have heard of war correspondents, but this is the first live one they've seen.

"Got a cigarette?" Dondaro asks. Pyle produces a pack.

It's passed around, and by the time it gets back to Ernie there isn't a smoke left.

"What you say your name was?" Dondaro asks.

"Pyle—Ernie Pyle."

"Never heard of you."

A plane engine roars, truck brakes screech as the convoy jams to a halt. The men pile helter-skelter out and slam face-down in the sand, dispersed as widely as they can in the seconds they have before the Stuka hoarses overhead, its ma-

chine guns chattering a tune of death. Then, it's all over. Cursing, the G.I.s scramble back into the truck. Not all of them, though. Sprawled face-down in the sand lies Gawky, his pup cuddled under a limp, outflung arm. Lieut. Walker slides his hand under Gawky's chest. No sign of life. He picks up the whimpering Ayrab, hands the pooch to Warnicki.

"Okay, fellas, get going—"

Then, looking back at Gawky sprawled there in the road: "Medics'll take care of him. Get on."

The convoy rumbles away. Ernie takes out his notebook and writes:

"The first death, I suppose, is always the worst. There will be many, many more. . . ."

After an all-day and all-night drive, the convoy lurches to a halt. Rain pours. The dull, thudding boom of distant guns merges into the artillery thunder. The desert is a boundless sea of thick, sticky mud, churned to a knee-deep paste by the thousands of wheels and tracks.

"Well, Mr. Pyle, this is the end of the line," says Lieut. Walker. "We're liable to run into a little trouble from here on. There's a couple of jeeps going back, if you . . ."

"Mind if I go all the way?" cuts in Ernie.

"Well, it's your funeral."

The G.I.s hear this all. Here's a bird—an old bird—who doesn't have to go up forward. But he's going up with them. Hey, the old guy's got guts!

There's a new respect in their eyes as they watch this undersized, overaged war correspondent clod through the mud with them. There's respect in their tone when they speak to him as they pull up for a breather. In one of these brief rest periods, Ernie Pyle again takes out his notebook and scribbles:

"To me all the war in the world

seemed to be borne by the few thousand front-line soldiers here . . . destined merely by chance to suffer and maybe die for the rest of us. . . ."

THE fierce battle of Kasserine Pass saw Dondaro, Lieut. Walker, Warnicki, and Lopez, and Mew—and Pyle—in the thick. Ernie wrote:

" . . . It was battle without let-up, day after day, night after night. There were hundreds of separate engagements over hundreds of square miles . . . and it was not only the men who were involved . . . it was homes and farms and plain people who were in the midst of war and never realized it."

It was a sad and costly defeat for the Americans at first, and Pyle, soon a veteran but never a hardened one, continued:

"All afternoon, men kept coming around the hill and advancing eventually over the horizon. It was one long, tired line of antlike men. There was agony in your heart. . . ."

But North Africa finally was finished. We won at last. Many had died—many G.I. Joes,"—and (Continued on page 66)

"STUFF
LIKE
THAT THERE"

... doesn't come
along very often

1. There are 65 million females in the United States, but only one of them sings like Betty Hutton. No one paid any attention to her, as a recording artist, until *Capitol* anticipated her talents and went out on the limb to present her for the first time — on wax.



Billy Butterfield Benny Carter The King Cole Trio Dennis Day
The Great Gildersleeve Betty Hutton Johnnie Johnston Stan Kenton Johnny Mercer
Ella Mae Morse Margaret O'Brien Harry Owens Tex Ritter The Pied Pipers Andy Russell
Bobby Sherwood Freddie Slack Jo Stafford Martha Tilton Paul Weston

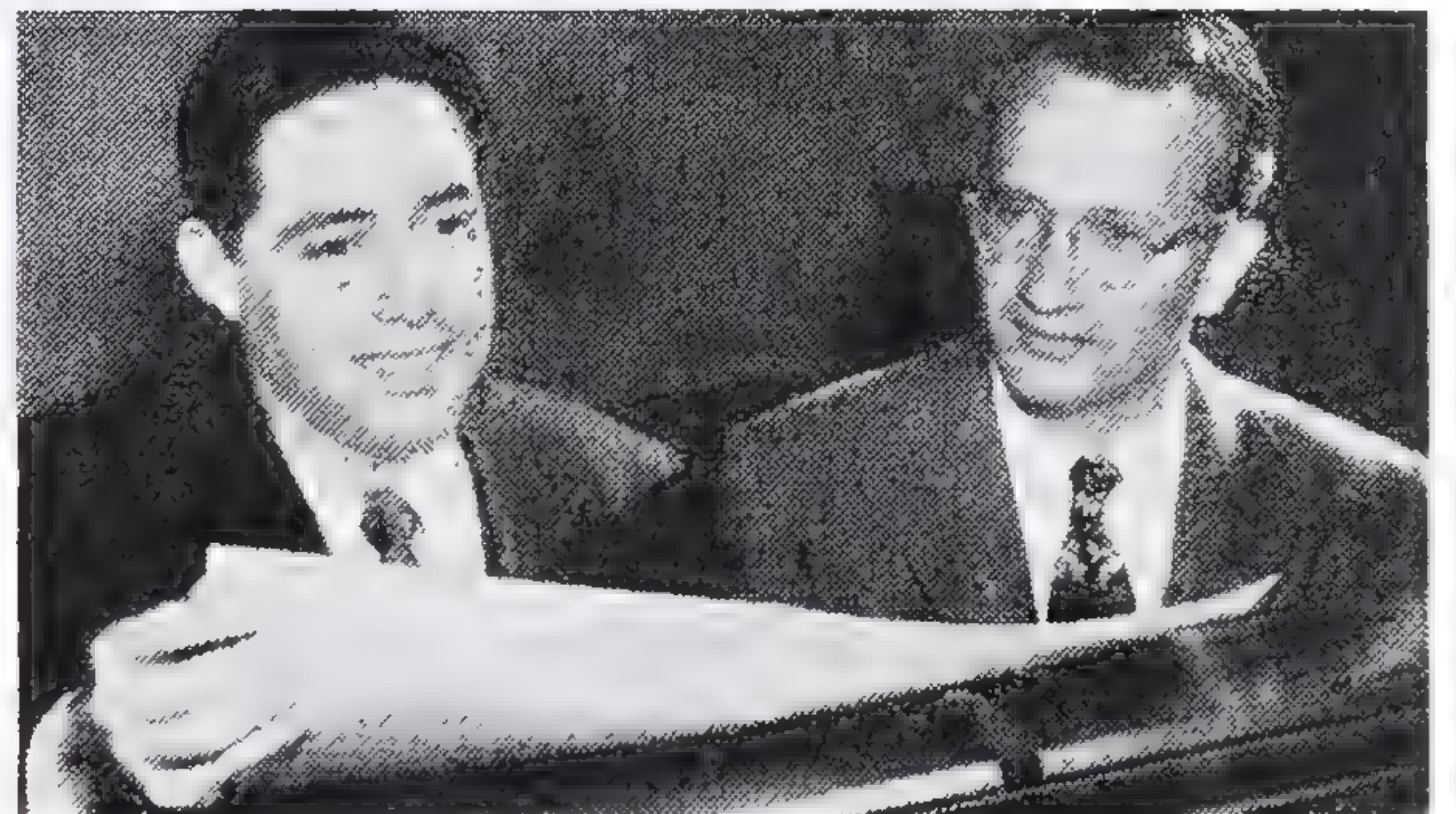
23 SMASH HITS IN 3 YEARS

Ac-cen-tchu-ate The Positive ★ The Trolley Song ★ I'll Walk Alone ★ G I Jive ★ Candy ★
Dream ★ I Should Care ★ Amor ★ Strip Polka ★ Cow Cow Boogie ★ Mr. Five by Five ★ Swinging
on a Star ★ I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City ★ I Dream of You ★ Besame Mucho ★ Straighten
Up and Fly Right ★ Shoo-Shoo Baby ★ His Rocking Horse Ran Away ★ And Her Tears
Flowed Like Wine ★ Long Ago and Far Away ★ Elks' Parade ★ That Old Black Magic ★ My Ideal

CAPITOL RECORDS • SUNSET AND VINE • HOLLYWOOD 28

Betty Hutton

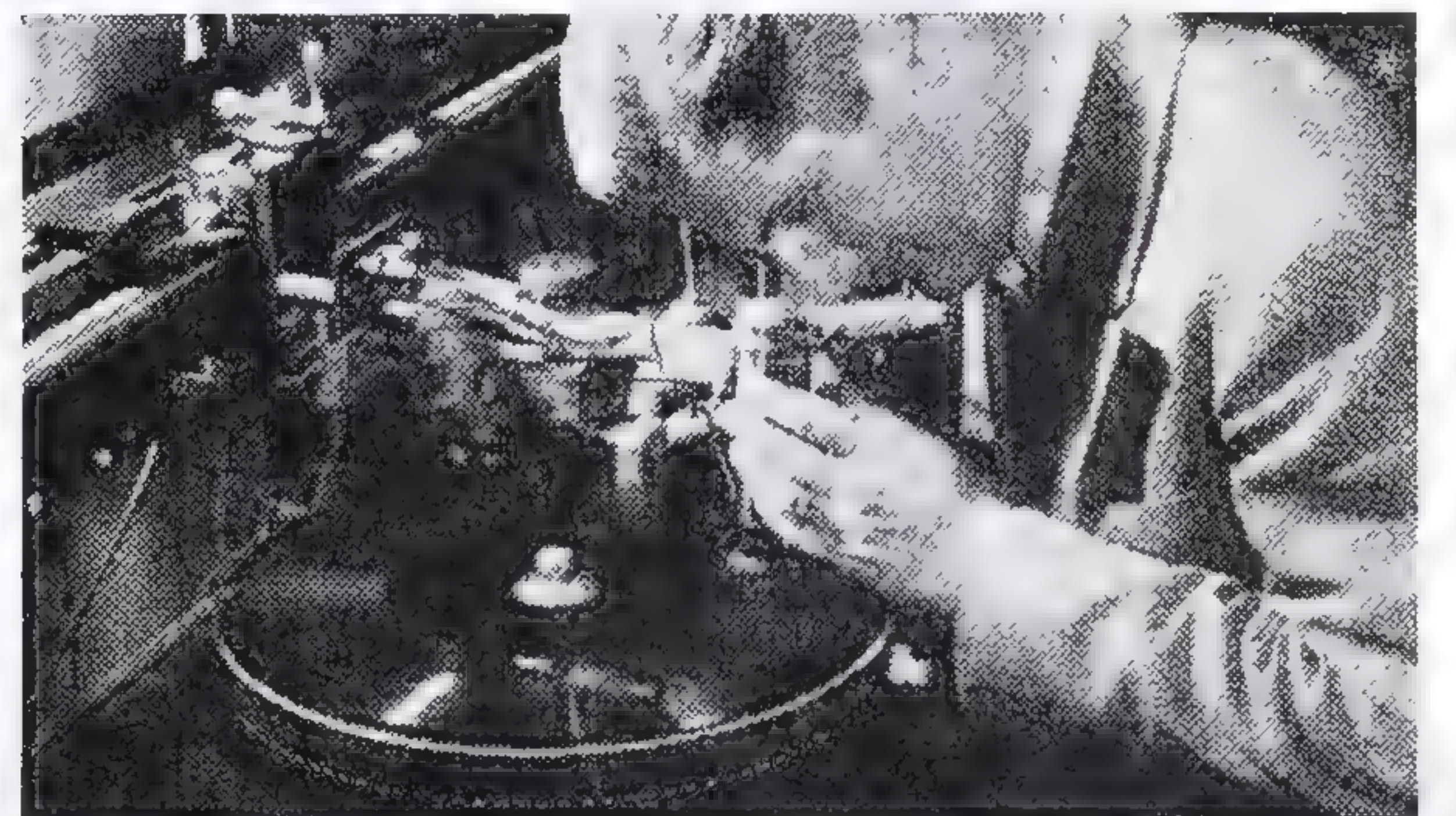
starring in Paramount's "Incendiary Blonde"



2. Results were spectacular — but no more so than some of *Capitol's* other accomplishments. This young company is only 3 years old. Yet it has lined up more new talent than all other record companies combined. Andy Russell (left) and Paul Weston are just two in addition to Hutton. Others at left below.



3. One of the reasons for *Capitol's* success is the fact that the company is located in Hollywood — talent pool of the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Johnny Mercer, *Capitol's* president, and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of the board. These two have an uncanny knack for spotting talent and matching it with proper tunes.



4. Another reason is the technical skill of *Capitol's* recording engineers. You can demonstrate this yourself by playing several different makes of records at the same volume on a phonograph. The *Capitol* records will sound stronger and clearer.

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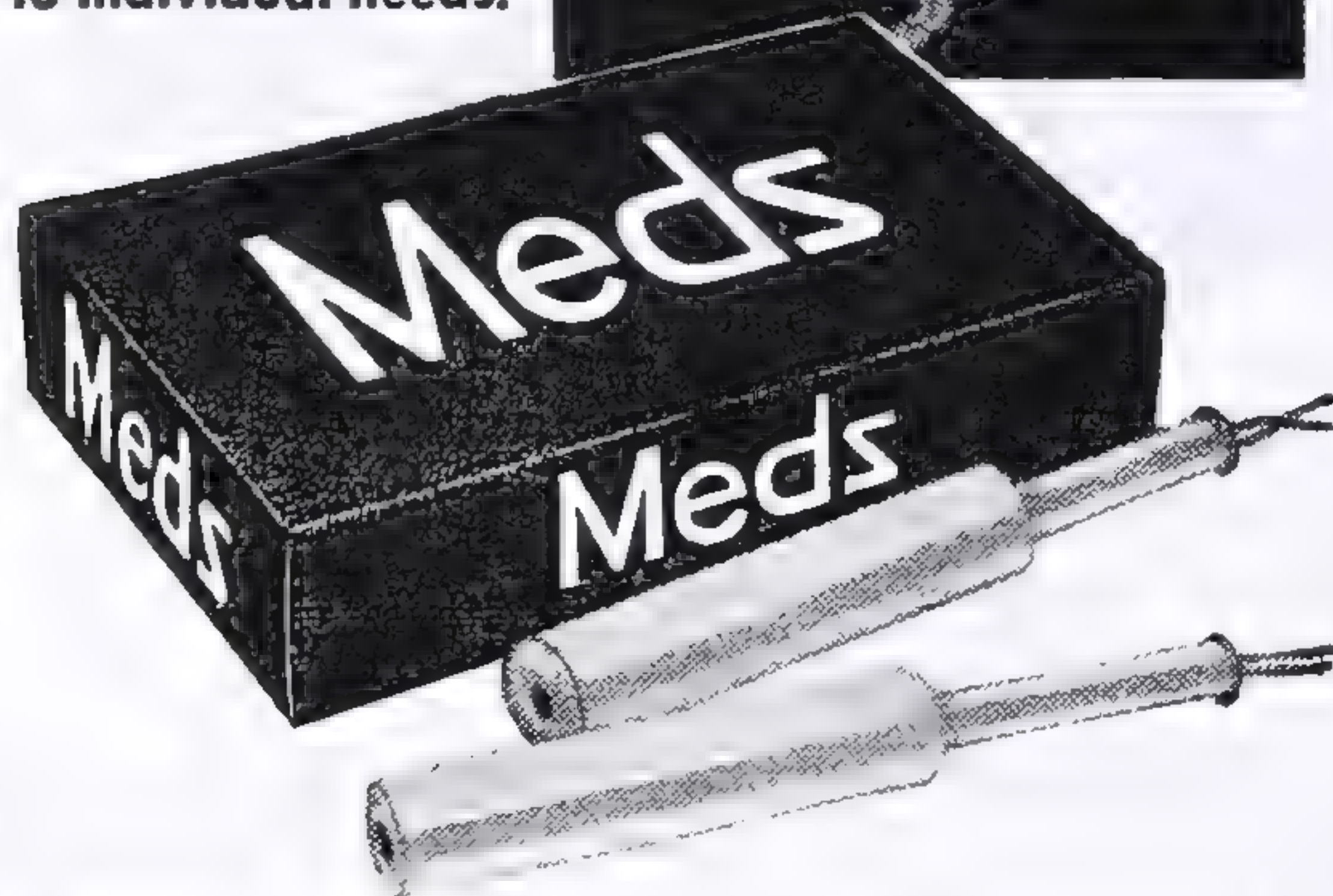
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(Continued from page 64) Pyle saw them die. Sicily was invaded and conquered, and many more G.I.s cemented the victory with their life blood. Pyle watched them there, too.

However, Ernie saw humor as well as pathos with his G. I. friends. Like the time he acted as best man for Murph when the doughfoot married Red. She was his fiancée back home in the States—joined the Red Cross just to get across the briny. And through some queer quirk of fate she finally caught up with her guy.

Murph hadn't had much sleep, and his face was patched up with adhesive tape where he'd hacked himself trying to scrape off a two-week beard with a borrowed cheese-knife razor.

But Red was pretty as the proverbial picture, on Ernie's arm as they came down the aisle of the battered little church. Pyle could never forget this, the strangest wedding he'd ever covered as a reporter or attended as a best man.

Because just as the preacher was saying: "Those whom God hath joined together . . ." the screech of an approaching shell was heard and the chaplain hurried up the last couple of words which made it official for Red and Murph:

" . . . let no man put asunder **HIT THE DIRT!**"

When the dust and smoke had settled and it was ascertained nobody'd been hurt, Pyle heard Murph say to Red:

"Take more than that to put us asunder, baby."

Now it is Italy. Not the sunny Italy of travel posters, but the cold, muddy, rainy Italy of war. In a bomb-shattered farmhouse transformed into a command post Ernie sits listening to a signal corps telephone operator speaking almost frantically into the field telephone:

"CP to Walker—CP to Walker—CP to Walker."

A shell-burst close by makes the shell of a house vibrate. Ernie, the telephone operator and a couple of others in the room duck to keep the dust, shaken from what's left of the roof, out of their eyes. Ayrab, the pup, whimpers.

"That's gettin' too close," mutters the op.

But he picks up his monotonous "CP to Walker—CP to Walker" again.

Col. Hunt walks over to the signal corpsman, but he needn't ask whether contact has been made with Walker's outfit. The op is still calling "CP to Walker—CP to Walker."

"That's that," the Colonel mutters to Ernie, or to no one. "Our flanks are gone, center's smashed. What we've left is spread too thin. Nothing between them and us but Walker, with less than a company—"

Another shellburst rocks the shanty, and into the room staggers Walker, mud-caked, unshaven, gaunt with weariness, his uniform tattered.

"How's it going, Walker?" the Colonel asks eagerly.

Walker's reply is slow—a tired drawl.

"We—we're holding all right, sir. But our phone's dead. Just came back to see if there was any—any change in our plans—or—or what . . ."

"No," says the Colonel thoughtfully. "No change yet. Better stick here for a while, though. Pretty heavy out there. Get a couple minutes—"

But Walker's tired eyes have spotted Ernie.

"Hi, Ernie," he murmurs quietly.

"Hi, Bill."

Ernie moves, makes room for Walker beside him, on the floor. The door is flung open. Warnicki lunges in bleeding badly from a cheek wound, his eyes glazed, his speech thick from shock.

"Lieutenant Walker," he pants, and though Walker has jumped to his side, the Sergeant's glassy eyes see nothing and he mumbles on, "Lieutenant Walker—gotta find Lieutenant Walker—"

Slowly the wounded man's eyes come into focus, recognize his lieutenant.

"Never s-s-saw anything like it, sir," he mutters and throws his arms around Walker for support. Walker lowers him gently down on the floor.

"Th-their heavy t-t-tanks, sir, t-they overran us. Point blank t-they gave it to us, sir. Hadda get out—hadda get out,

sir. Got some of t-the men behind the h-hill. Did t-the best I could, sir—"

"That settles it," Col. Hunt says wearily. Then to the operator:

"Tell 'em we're pulling out. Positions untenable. Tell 'em I'll try to bring what's left of us back to the line."

Through all this, Ernie sits unnoticed, noticing.

The officers help Warnicki to his feet, practically carry him through the door into the darkness. The op is shouting at someone on the other end of the line:

"But, nuts to you, sir. That's Col. Hunt's orders!"

He throws down his phone, starts out.

"C'mon, you," he calls to Ernie.

Pyle rises slowly, turns and looks toward a figure lying in a shadowed corner.

"Hadn't we better wake him—tell him we're going?"

"Hell," says the op, "he's been layin' there dead for two days."

In the darkness, as Walker and the Colonel help Warnicki between them, and exhausted, bearded G.I.s stumble before and behind them, Ernie Pyle trudges with the retreat, muttering the words he was to write the next day:

"Here was the pattern of defeat . . . shocked, silent men wandering back down the hill from battle . . . days and nights they had fought hard, eaten little, washed none, slept hardly at all . . . they were young men, but they looked middle-aged, old . . . in their eyes was no hatred, no excitement, no despair . . . just the simple expression of being there, as if they had been doing nothing else but this all their lives . . . they were just guys from Broadway . . . and from Main Street . . . but you wouldn't remember them . . . they



Warnicki, with Ayrab the pup, never gives up trying to hear the recording from home of his little son's voice

were too far away now. . . ."

Even in Italy, during a war, the sun must shine sometimes, and mail must come from home.

Warnicki got a miniature phonograph record from home.

"It's got Junior's voice on it," he tells them. "I ain't never heard him talk, but I got it here—on a record."

Young Mew's mail has brought him his Army insurance papers to fill out. But he has no family, nobody to designate for that \$10,000 Uncle Sam will pay if he gets it. So he puts in the names of the other guys in the outfit, Ernie Pyle's among them.

Walker—now a captain—calls his men into formation and they move toward San Vittorio, where the Hun is entrenched and waiting. They're all vets now, and this is just another town to take.

Pyle marches with them—at Walker's side. He is as much one of them as any G.I. And if he's proud of his adopted outfit, well, they are pretty proud of pop.

BUT San Vittorio is tough. The Krauts fight fanatically. Furious street battles. Walker and his men are the machine-like killers that battle-hardened soldiers become when they've learned their lessons on death's doorsteps. Grimly they go about their job of killing. Dead Jerries lie crumpled, looking silly, which sudden death does to the human frame. To Yanks, too.

In San Vittorio the gunfire dwindles and finally ceases. The little shell-pocked village is quiet (except for an occasional sniper's shot) and Walker and his G.I.s and hundreds of others like them smile again, and smoke, and look at their wounds—and bury their dead.

During the ensuing few weeks the G.I.s transform San Vittorio. They get a chance to wash and eat hot grub and shave. Dondaro, the wolf of Brooklyn, busies himself setting up a local address book. Warnicki combs every house for a phonograph—he has yet to hear Junior's baby voice. G.I.s get a bath—and a de-lousing.

But this can't last. They expect the order, and it comes:

"We're movin' up again."

Once more Walker and his G.I.s are on the march. They run into German artillery fire from a monastery, turned into an observation post. Walker and his men would storm it, but Hq has ordered that religious buildings mustn't be banged up.

So the men—and Pyle—dig deeper fox-holes and sit, and swear. They curse the monastery. They curse the Germans. Most of all, they curse the anonymous brass hat who ordered them to spare that observation post.

Days pass, in despair, rain, mud, patrols and casualties.

Murph is killed. Mew, Lopez, Gawky—all the old bunch are gone. Except for Walker, Dondaro, Warnicki, Pyle—and Ayrab, the pup—they're all come-latelies.

Pyle is flabbergasted when he learns his reports won him the Pulitzer Prize. Fine, but it doesn't bring back the Mews, the Murphys, the Gawks. . . .

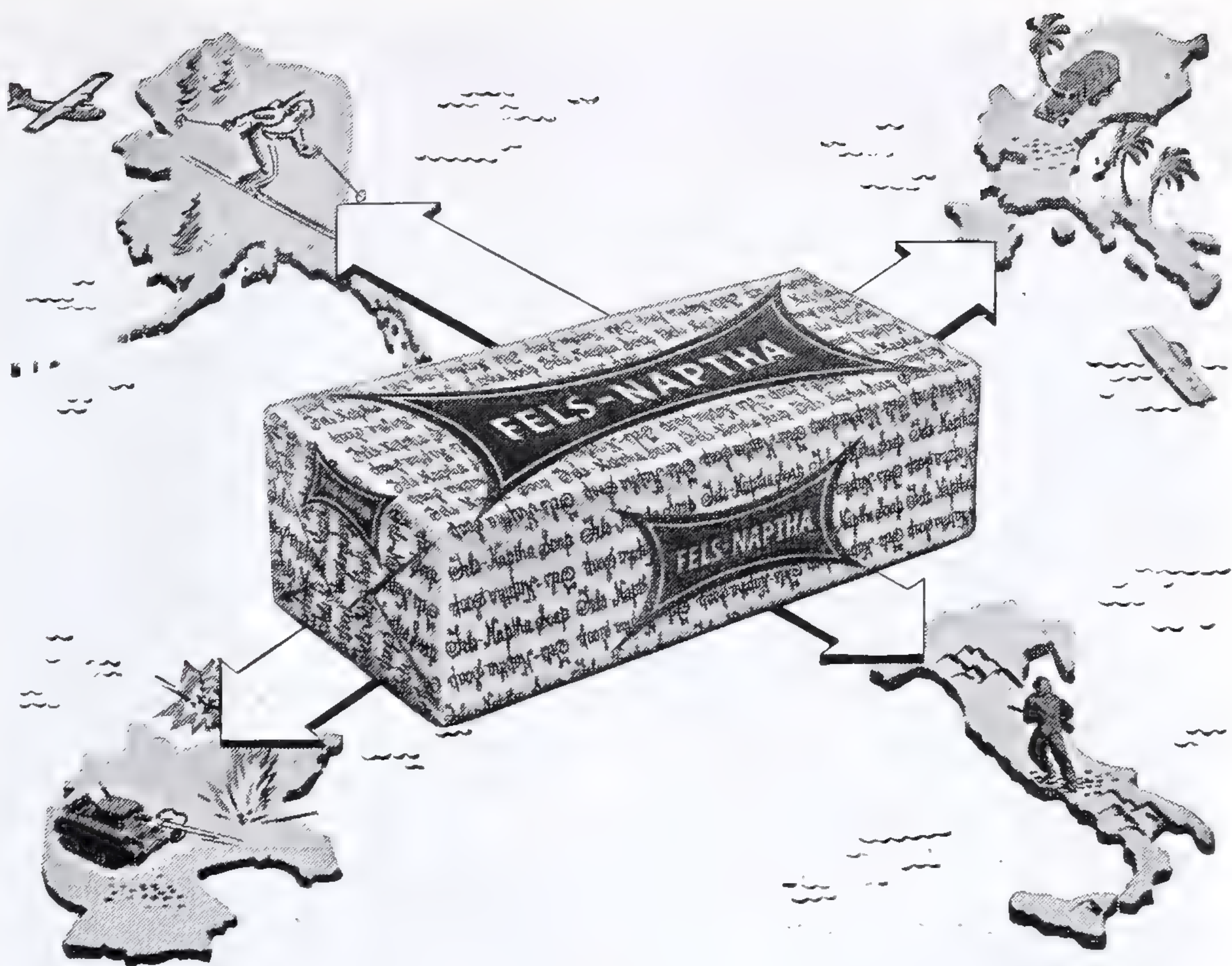
Over a bottle of fiery Italian liquor, in a candle-lit dugout, Walker and Ernie spend Christmas night. Bearded, tired, mud-covered.

"You're not the only writer in this outfit," Walker tells Pyle. "I've been writing, too. Putting new names in, crossing out old names. Jones, Peterson, McCarthy, Spidofsky, Cohen, Smith—'Dear Mrs. Smith, your son died bravely today.'"

He gulps another swig.

"You need sleep, Bill," Pyle tells him.

"Sounds like W. C. Fields's cure for insomnia," laughs Walker bitterly, "Get lots of sleep."



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

The candle flickers. Walker fights to keep his eyes open.

"Names and addresses . . . names. And hills to be taken. You'd be amazed at the number of hills still to be taken. Patrols, patrols, patrols. . . ."

He looks up at Pyle.

"Ernie, tell me, why in hell don't you go home?"

"I've often asked myself," says Pyle, looking into his tin cup.

"Ernie. If only we could create something good out of all this energy and all these men . . ." Walker's voice trails off. "They're the best, Ernie. The best."

Ernie stares silently, turns and smiles. The captain has dropped off into the heavy sleep of exhaustion. Pyle swallows a deep slug, leans back against the earthen wall of the dugout, and to himself:

"I know. It's a world the other world'll never know. Even the Air Force; up there you approach death differently—well-fed, clean-shaven. If that's any comfort. But the G.I. He lives so miserably, and dies so miserably, you just . . ."

He leans over, pinches out the candle. It's pitch dark now inside the dugout—on Christmas night.

MOST G.I.s won't believe it, but even GHQ red tape sometimes gets untangled. The order to spare the monastery is killed. The Air Force has orders to blast it. Clouds of bombers fill the sky, the silver wings aglisten in the sun, the white American star clear even to the cheering G.I.s on the ground.

They whistle and shout as bombloads crash down and the monastery blows up in a monster cloud of smoke, dust, mortar, rock and bits of green-gray uniforms.

But there still are some Krauts dug in where bombs can't reach and under cover of the air bombardment patrols are out to mop up. One patrol, led by Sgt. Warnicki, has been out too long—ought've been back an hour ago. A fog has settled down. Maybe they're lost.

Walker paces the hillside outside his dugout, glances nervously at the watch on his wrist. Suddenly he hears something through the fog. Ayrab's ears go up.

It's Warnicki, a great leaden mud-caked figure, trudging like an automaton through the mist.

"Tough time gettin' back, sir," Warnicki reports tonelessly.

Walker motions him into the dugout. Warnicki slumps in a corner, sits silently a moment. Ayrab leaps into his lap and licks his sweat-stained face.

Dondaro asks: "What kept you?"

Warnicki snaps a fierce "Shut up!" and reaches for a battered old phonograph. Habitually, as he'd done so often before, his clumsy fingers fumble at the lever. It's never worked before, but the Sergeant never gave up. Miraculously, a sound emerges, a sweet, childish treble:

"Hello, daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy . . ."

The big, calloused, mud-caked hand trembles.

"Hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy. . . ."

The giant frame of the huge sergeant stiffens. Tears spurt to his eyes. His breath comes in short, tortured gasps. He can endure no more.

"I'll kill 'em," he screams. "I'll kill 'em, the sons o' Krauts. Every dirty one of 'em I'll kill. Damn them! If it wasn't for them, I'd be home with my kid. The dirty—"

He lurches toward the door, screaming: "I'll kill—I'll kill—"

Walker, Dondaro and a couple of G.I.s grapple with him. Walker drives a swift, short punch to Warnicki's unshaven chin. He struggles, screaming profanely. But

the blow was on the button. He slumps to the ground, muttering like a gibbering idiot: "Hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy. . . ."

Madness, too, is part of war. The madness of a comrade. The medics take care of Warnicki. Walker and his G.I.s have unfinished business.

Now it's Cassino!

That battle was long and furious. Blood—German and American—ran red in the gutters of that little Italian town. The details of that battle belong in the glorious pages of history, in sagas of the G.I. yet to be written. But, in time, those of the enemy not killed were routed.

Ernie Pyle trudges up a muddy lane, seeking his outfit, asks, "Is this the 18th Infantry? Company C?"

"What's left of it, pal," he's told.

Ernie looks over the begrimed, exhausted doughfeet lying about. They're dead beat, but there's a sparkle of victory in their eyes.

Not many left, but a few "Hi Ernies" are shouted out to welcome pop, who weaves on his feet.

Up a nearby road, long columns of fresh troops move briskly forward. They haven't seen battle yet, but they soon will. They're marching toward Rome.

From the top of a little hill comes another line of G.I.s. Coming back.

Some limp; others help wounded buddies to limp. Some lead tiny pack-mules, heavily laden. The mule back burdens are bodies, lashed belly down across the saddles. Stiffened legs stick out awkwardly, arms hang and drag in the mud.

The beasts are led toward a deserted cowshed alongside the road. The fresh troops still march—toward Rome.

A G.I. recognizes a soldier leading a mule. Ayrab runs forward to greet them. "It's Dondaro!"

He looks half-dead, himself. Pyle and the G.I.s reach the cowshed as Dondaro, gently and silently, unlashes the body, slides it down. For a moment the dead man is stood on his feet. In the dim light of evening, he looks like only a sick man leaning against a tired man.

"It's the Cap'n," mutters someone. "Cap'n Walker!"

Dondaro tenderly lays the body on the ground, in the shadows, then silently sits down beside it.

Slowly the G.I.s walk toward their Captain's body. A few yards away they halt.

One G.I. steps forward, looks closely, bites his lips.

"God damn it!" He explodes.

A second soldier moves closer.

"God damn it to hell!"

An officer steps up, speaks to Walker as though he were alive:

"Too bad, old man."

A fuzzy-cheeked youngster:

"I—I—I sure am sorry—sir."

It is a gripping, heart-rending scene that Ernie Pyle watches, this farewell of the G.I.s to their skipper, their friend.

It is nearly dark now. The G.I.s walk slowly away.

Dondaro reaches out and takes his Captain's dead hand in his, stares into the lifeless face a long time. He utters no word.

Finally he puts the dead hand down and reaches over gently to straighten out the points of the Captain's shirt collar.

Pyle can't take any more. He turns and walks off in the dusk.

Along the road, fresh troops still file past. Ernie walks wearily to the edge of the road. For a moment he looks back over his shoulder, into the shadows.

Then, drawing himself together, he steps into the road—alongside the marching G.I.s. He falls into their shambling routemarch gait—up the road toward Rome.

THE END



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Dr. MERRICK'S SULFADENE

Portrait of Ingrid

(Continued from page 36) Ingrid Bergman is wrapped up in her husband's medical career and firmly believes his work to be far more important and lasting than hers. She values most in him his understanding, consideration and humor. She was an only child and her father was a painter-photographer.

She drinks lots of coffee. She has never had the measles and is always feeling sorry for the loser in any kind of sports contest. She has never had a chauffeur.

She doesn't believe in fortunetellers, prefers a hot tub to a shower, and can pack her luggage quicker than any woman you know.

She has moved from the apartment she occupied for several years into her own home in Beverly Hills, an English country house type. She calls it "a barn" because it is mostly a huge, vaulted living room which combines a den and dining room.

She hates "pokey" people.

She uses four fingers when typing, doesn't like to waltz and firmly believes environment more important than heredity. She likes riding in subways.

The day after the Academy Awards she arrived on the set of "The Bells Of St. Mary's" to find that the crew had arranged an old red carpet scattered with withered prop flowers. It led to a throne on which were three canvas chairs. A moment later Bing Crosby arrived and, joined by their director, Leo McCarey, the three Academy Award winners tasted a well-deserved victory.

She is always eager to try out strange dishes and drinks indigenous to wherever she happens to be. She likes writing long letters to people she is fond of. She dresses simply, preferring smartly cut materials minus frills or drapery.

She has no jealousy in her nature.

Her first American picture was a remake of her Swedish starring film, "Intermezzo." She carefully plans any task confronting her and then rushes pell-mell to get it done.

She was born on the top floor of an old-fashioned apartment house.

She cannot excuse stupidity.

HER eyes are blue-gray, she speaks Swedish, German, English and a smattering of French. Her complexion is the constant wonder of those who meet her. She has never worn a strapless evening gown.

She has no hobbies, plays the piano fairly well and weighs 130 pounds.

Her mother died when she was two years old. She is a devoted follower of "The Little King" comic strip, has never been called by a pet name and, although she doesn't care for beer, never visits Minneapolis but has to have a mug of dark culmbacher at Schiek's.

She is determined that someday she will do Joan of Arc on the screen.

She constantly has to guard her diet because she has an overwhelming weakness for eating anything and everything. She was asked on her recent trip to New York why she wanted to see Mae West's show and her answer was: "I want to see if there's anything I can learn from her. It may come in handy sometime."

She still manages to move about in public places without being recognized and refuses to identify herself in order to gain special attentions. She does not play chess, checkers or backgammon.

She periodically experiments with modern hair-does but inevitably reverts to the same simple style. She seldom goes to the opera but when she does her favorite is "Carmen." She is still amazed at the



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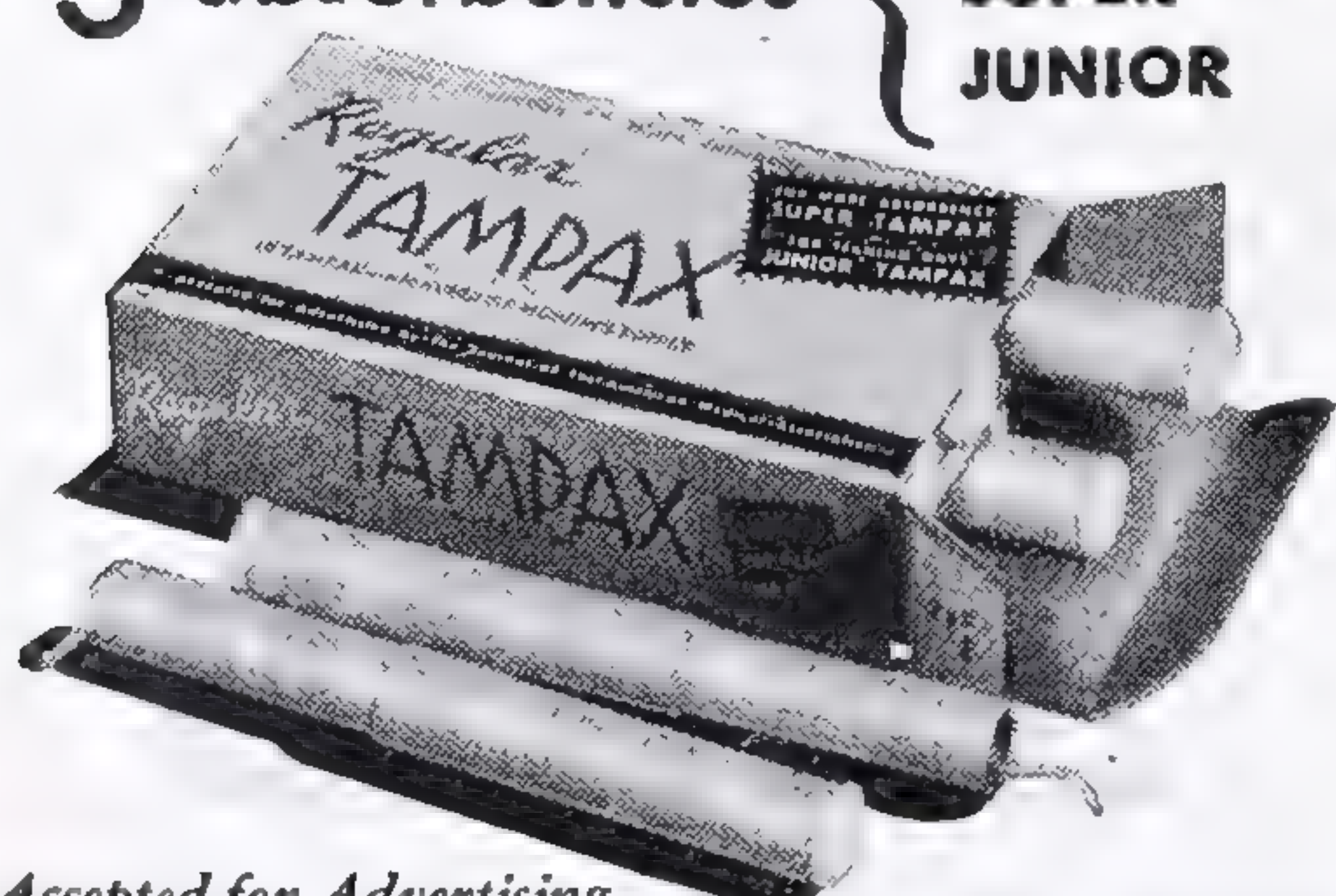
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SUPER
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opulence of American movies.

She likes caviar, snow and fast-tempo Latin-American music.

She is a great admirer of Elisabeth Bergner, Paul Robeson and John Steinbeck. She is adding to a silver charm bracelet mementoes which are associated with vivid incidents.

Ingrid Bergman hates formalities at the dinner table and would infinitely rather do the serving herself.

Her husband Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom, who makes elaborate plans to outwit press photographers so far as he is concerned, arrived at the Academy Awards during intermission and was so excited about Ingrid's winning that his hand, which she held, went alternately hot and cold.

She prefers scarves to hats, is adept on skis, and avers that the most beautiful building she has ever seen was the little white church in the northern Swedish town of Stode, situated on the banks of a turbulent river, in which she was married.

She hates to make decisions.

She has recently learned how to play gin rummy and already exhibits the symptoms of a murderous player. She likes Bob Hope, Information Please and Fifth Avenue.

She never budgets herself, requires about seven hours' sleep and is an excellent horsewoman.

Her outstanding characteristics are humility, adaptability, humor and determination. She seldom eats onions and doesn't like fishing because she thinks the fish suffer.

Ingrid Bergman's bookkeeping is so bad that her bank balance never comes out right.

Her hair is the color of clover honey. Her usual breakfast consists of coffee and bran muffins. She can take a bath and make a complete wardrobe change within fifteen minutes.

She once shied from personal appearances but she has acquired such self-assurance that Washington went on record that she was one of the most effective personalities to go on camp or Bond tours. She is an omnivorous reader.

She never enjoys horse races because she's always feeling sorry for the horses. Ingrid dances a first-rate rumba and tango.

She is a good cook, and disliked school because she couldn't wait until she grew old enough to become an actress. She pre-

fers paintings of people to still lifes or landscapes.

She likes to shop for groceries.

She avoids political arguments, is an honorary sergeant of the Queen's Own Rifles Regiment of Canada, and she saw fourteen plays and two movies in eleven days in New York.

She makes it a professional policy to steer clear of straight leading lady roles, ever seeking off-beat characterizations.

She is an excellent swimmer. She likes a fireplace in her bedroom, and is not systematic due to her aversion to living according to plan.

She attended a celebrated school for girls in Stockholm, majoring in languages.

SHE maintains voluminous scrapbooks in which she pastes unfavorable reviews opposite favorable ones. "Good for me to remember them," she says.

She is a good listener and likes American sandwiches because she likes to hold what she eats.

Her forbears, she says, were a stubborn, hardy race, and she nurtures a very special remembrance of a little inn on the Grand Corniche at Juan-les-Pins in Southern France.

She enjoys walking in rain or shine. Her daughter Pia's name is derived from the first initials of her husband's given name, Peter Aron, and Ingrid. Her most treasured possession is a floppy leopard doll which her husband gave her on the first Christmas she knew him, eleven years ago.

She is forever turning out lights when stopping at a hotel, an economic habit going back to her childhood.

Her relatives discouraged her acting ambitions. She seldom eats Swedish dishes because of her curiosity to try out other national concoctions.

She drives herself and always keeps beside her a man's old battered straw hat which she wears to keep her hair from blowing.

Ingrid Bergman's uncommon frankness and simplicity are the keys to her charm. She spent Christmas and New Year's of 1943 away from her family entertaining the troops in remote regions of Alaska.

She has a certain modified fatalism but firmly believes that people pretty much cut the pattern of their own lives.

THE END

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So charged with excitement . . . vibrantly alive . . . It's like throwing a switch that veils your skin with bewitching warmth and richness. And because it's full of depth, loaded with color, shadows seem to disappear, eyes light up. Your face takes on a fascinating finish. Maybe, you do have a powder you've used for years, but it's just possible this Revlon color will do more for you . . . After all it is "Sheer Dynamite" . . .

Texture, cling, fragrance, of course,
but the real difference in
Face Powder is

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OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Diminutive star of "The Well-Groomed Bride," a Paramount production, is the picture of grace in black and white — the spiciest costume ever. It has that alluring, almost accidental elegance every girl wants — a slim-hipped tunic in satin striped taffeta worn over a stem of a skirt. Designed by Adele Simpson




PHOTOPLAY'S
FIRST RUN FASHIONS

A black and white photograph of actress Olivia de Havilland. She is wearing a short-sleeved, knee-length dress with horizontal stripes. The dress features a V-neckline and a large bow at the waist. She is also wearing large, dark, circular earrings. Her hair is styled in a short, dark bob. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape.

STAR AND STRIPES . . .

Dramatic as a flag unfurled . . . freeing neck, arms, a portion of midriff for coolness and charm. Flirtatious with bows . . . it's Olivia de Havilland's midsummer formula for flattery from five o'clock on (she just adds black gloves, and goes). A Troy Stix design in pink and black Everfast cotton



If your  is
Young and Gay...

... or even if it isn't and you wish it were ...

... or if, perish the thought, his heart isn't as romantic as it could and should be ...

... let us suggest a touch of the Tyrol. For you'll be lovelier in a gray felt weskit (Tyrolean for waistcoat) trimmed with green felt and fastened with silver buttons—and a matching hat that was just made for skylarking ... and a matching bag as the finishing touch!

Or use any one of these three gifts from the Tyrol to accent that old dress that you have to wear even though it gets you down.

There's no end to the happy combinations this weskit, hat and bag suggest. ...

The weskit is wonderful over a long-sleeved blouse and can be worn with either a skirt or slacks. The hat and bag will give a dark suit new life.

WeskitAround \$7.00
(Sizes 7-15 and 10-16)

HatAround \$4.00

BagAround \$4.00

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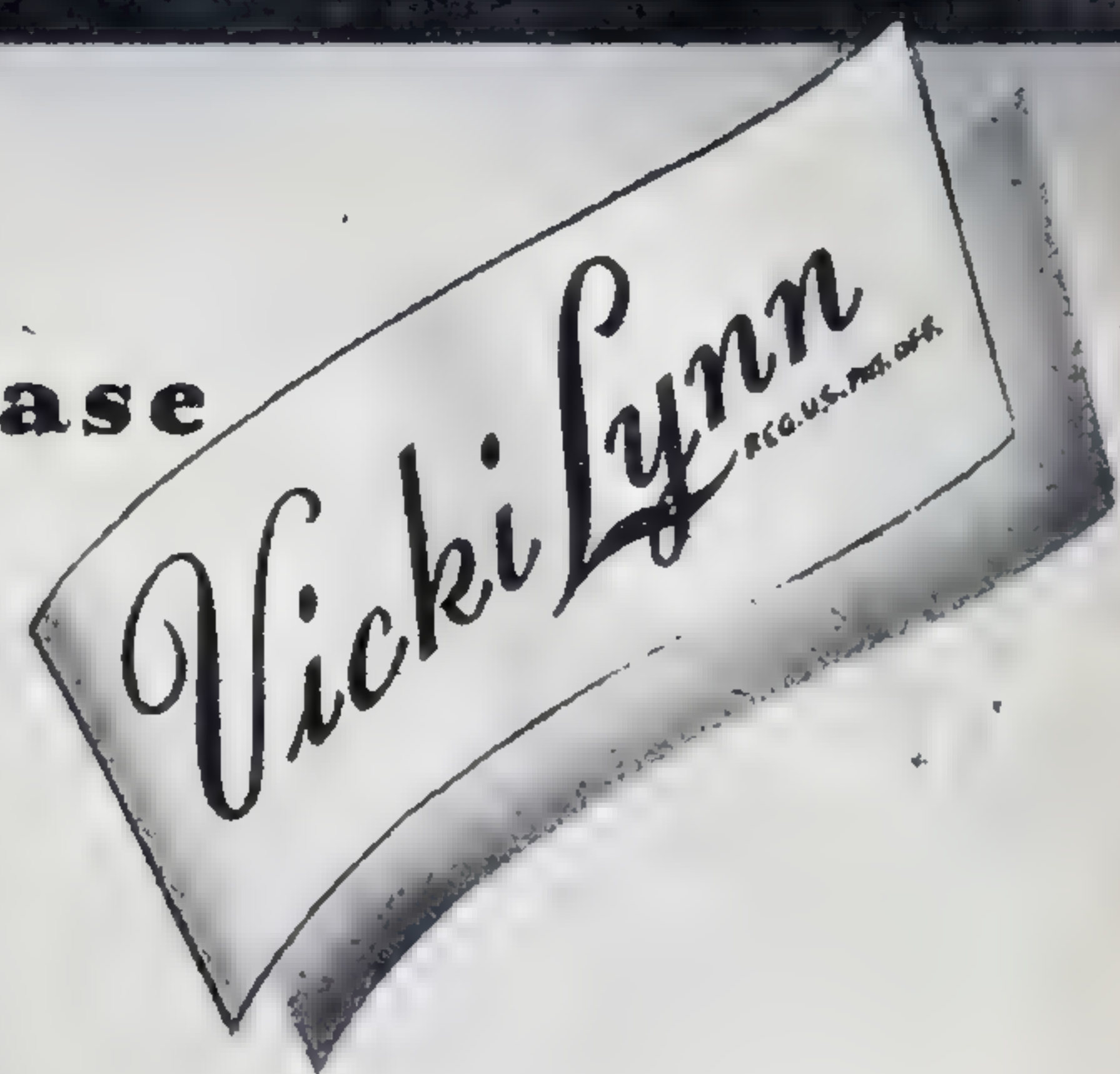
R. H. Macy—New York, N. Y.
J. W. Robinson's—Los Angeles, Calif.
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May Company—Denver, Colo.
O'Neil Company—Akron, O.
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In a charming rayon blouse,
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white only. Sizes 9-15, Juniors.

About \$3



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Everything's gay in Californ-i-a . . . the sun, the flowers, the
 gals. We think it's due to the clothes they wear,
 the colors they choose, the carefree
 look in their eyes. No reason
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 glamour too. So Photoplay here gives
 you the clothes (you take care
 of the eyes)—all California-grown, but
 sold across the land.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE STAFF

in California clothes

CALIFORNIA'S CAREFREE (opposite page):

Two-piece slacks suit in heavenly
 color combinations, a vivid rainbow
 'round the waist. From
 Campus Modes. 10-20.
 About \$18. The Emporium,
 San Francisco.

Bonfire red pinafore-jumper
 in strutter fabric,
 by Norma Lane. Also
 other High Sierra shades. 9-16.
 About \$8. Hecht Co.,
 Washington, D.C.

That wonderful California Colony cut
 in a casual suit of gray-blue
 gabardine. Skirt has
 kick pleats fore and aft. Also
 other pastels. 10-20. About \$20
 (matching slacks are extra).
 Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia.
*Blouses shown with these clothes
 described on page 80*

CALIFORNIA DRESSES UP (this page):

Like dawn over the Pacific,
 this lovely gray dress
 by Caldwell. Bright corsage
 at the waist,
 shocking pink peeping from
 the ruffled shoulder, rippled to hem.
 12-20. Also other colors.
 About \$17. B. Altman Co.,
 New York

Hollywood wives in a beautifully draped
 dress with the new dolman sleeves.
 The back is equally pretty—
 it ties at neck and waist.
 An Eleanor Green design
 in San Chu,
 a fine Duplex rayon crepe.
 Lime, shocking pink, black.
 10-18 and 9-15. About \$18.
 The May Co., Los Angeles.

Other stores on page 80. Or write direct
 to manufacturer, listed on page 80,
 for store nearest you.



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BOBETTE...

pert little OPEN-BACK
half-bonnet of oh-so-soft black
velvet with a wisp of flatter veil.

At fine stores everywhere. About \$5.

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● Greer Garson's dinner dress, by Adrian, is heavy crepe in varying shades of fuchsia. The diagonal panels of this dress, which tone from pale lilac to a deep reddish purple and run from neck to toe, are joined by fine lines of gold embroidery. The bodice, which is fairly snug, has short sleeves and enormous shoulders. The skirt is pencil slim and very slightly draped.

● "My dear, it's just an old kimono!" Joan Fontaine told the girls who admired her dinner dress of a heavy wine-red satin. Actually it is a luxurious housecoat Joan bought in New York. It buttons down the front, from its tiny collar to its slightly flaring hem, with self-covered buttons and has a large patch pocket that is embroidered with contrasting sequins and beads. Joan wears no jewelry with this housecoat-dinner-gown, accenting it only with elaborate platform-soled sandals.

● The Errol Flynn al fresco dinner party was brilliant and beautiful in every respect. . . .

Nora Eddington Flynn, as hostess, was striking in a dressmaker suit of heavy black satin. The jacket pinched in at the waist and flared slightly. The tight straight skirt had a tiny slit, front and center. Nora wore a triple strand of pearls tight at her neck and her hair looked lovely in coronet braids. . . .

Ida Lupino was delightful in a print dress with a white background on which black and bright blue flowers trailed vertically from the high cowl neckline right down to the hem of the skirt. . . .

Mrs. Gary Cooper, invariably lovely to look at, dramatized a tailored dress of watermelon pink by the rough wool sport coat of citron green she slung over her shoulders, by a bag and shoes of soft brown suede, by the tiny pink artificial flowers that were pinned in her hair.

● Flowers, always flattering and romantic, are important in the Hollywood scene this summer. The stars use them as trimming, color accents and accessories. . . .

Faye Emerson brightens her black suits with white gloves and the halo of white artificial flowers she fastens about her blonde head at the hair-line. . . .

Dolores Moran enhances a black dress that has a high round neckline,

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We dare you!
Wear Cupid once.

See how excitingly it sleeks
your hips . . . how gently
it molds you. One touch of this
superb young girdle, and you'll
wonder how you ever did without it!

Cupid

FOUNDATIONS

5 EAST 35th STREET • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

short cap sleeves and a simple side-draped skirt, with a large spray of field daisies in varied colors that is applied on the left shoulder. They give the appearance of loose flowers, as they cascade down the side front of her dress and fade away at the hem line. . . .

Often enough Alexis Smith wears no hat but entwines flowers in her coronet braids. At Mocambo the other evening, however, she wore a hat—and looked too beautiful! Her dinner dress was simple, black and street length. Her tiny hat and muff were made of multi-colored flowers and multi-colored flowers adorned the gauntlets of her black gloves.

The same night at Mocambo Lorraine Day caught all eyes with her turban fashioned entirely from fresh gardenias—so fragrant that everyone in her vicinity looked positively rapturous!

● Enjoying the sunshine by the Rancho Vegas pool, Barbara Stanwyck was very smart indeed in a black rayon shantung playsuit with fuchsias trailing over one shoulder to complement the fuchsia buttons on the simple wrap-around skirt.

Barbara, a competent knitter, was busy remodeling last season's shirt-maker frock of a fine gray-green wool by knitting new short sleeves and front of soft gold knobby yarn. Bright idea, that!

● Joan Winfield has a Chinese look these days. She wears a sheer wool comprised of a slim black skirt and a bright canary yellow blouse, featuring long sleeves with dolman shoulders and a surplice neckline. To emphasize the Chinese look, Joan supplements this costume with a large black felt coolie hat and fastens a sword pin of white jade high on her left shoulder.

● Joan Bennett has a sheer wool suit-dress of that lovely soft blue which can be described only as having a faintly faded look. With it she wears a rough blue straw hat trimmed with lilies—and gloves, pocketbook and shoes of a dull but not too dark navy blue.

● At a party Sir Charles and Lady Mendl gave a few weeks ago Gene Tierney was decidedly on the ravishing side in a long white dinner dress with a bared midriff. Bared midriffs are so wonderful for girls with small ones—like Gene's. However, most of the evening Gene kept her gown covered by her white polo coat. It's new—this fleecy coat with tiny brass buttons—and Gene is so mad about it that she cannot bear to take it off—and wears it with everything.

● Lauren Bacall, who ordered a tiny pink beanie to wear on her wedding-day (her dress was dusty pink, you'll remember), decided against it at the last minute and, as usual, went utterly hatless. With that hair, why not?



8.95

THE ORIGINAL *Fringed Stubby*

Exclusive with Dewees. Exquisitely crafted . . .
completely feminine, "Fringed Stubby",
the shoe that has been acclaimed by thousands.

Black suede. High or medium heel.

Sizes aaaa to c, 2½ to 10. In calf,
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For sunlit summer beauty

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The real beauty of the beach is the girl with a smooth, golden skin . . . and that's why "Tan with Jan" is the 1945 glamour slogan. Jantzen's new outdoor cream lotion is an exclusive scientific formula that has three remarkable qualities:

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Jan penetrates the skin for softness, while some stays on the outer pores to filter the sun's rays for tanning . . . and it's lanolized to guard against that dried-out look. This summer use the suntan lotion that lives up to its promise . . . "Tan with Jan!"

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Two-piece Slacks Suit

Cleveland, O.—Higby Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Y. Block
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock-Lubin
Manufacturer: Campus Modes, 1126 Santee St., Los Angeles, Calif.

California Colony Gabardine Suit

Detroit, Mich.—Mimmelloch's
Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block
Kansas City, Kan.—Hartsfield's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Portland, Ore.—Charles F. Berg
Manufacturer: California Colony, 818 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Red Pinafore-jumper

Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Richard Store
New York, N. Y.—Canterbury Shops
San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium
Manufacturer: Norma Lane, 820 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Gray and Pink Draped Dress

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Indianapolis, Ind.—William Blocks
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
San Francisco, Calif.—Livingston Brothers
Manufacturer: The Caldwell Company, 130 Kearny St., San Francisco, Calif.

Draped Dress with Dolman Sleeves

Buffalo, N. Y.—Hengerers
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg
San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium
Manufacturer: Eleanor Green, 77 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif.

Vicki Lynn Blouses on Page 76

Peasant blouse, shown with jumper, in white acetate crepe with red embroidery around neck and on sleeves. About \$3. 9-15.

Multicolored striped blouse, shown with the California Colony suit, in acetate and rayon shantung with short sleeves. About \$3. 32 to 38.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Hengerers
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
New Orleans, La.—Chas. Kaufman
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
Manufacturer: Sensation Blouses, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest you write the manufacturer for further information)

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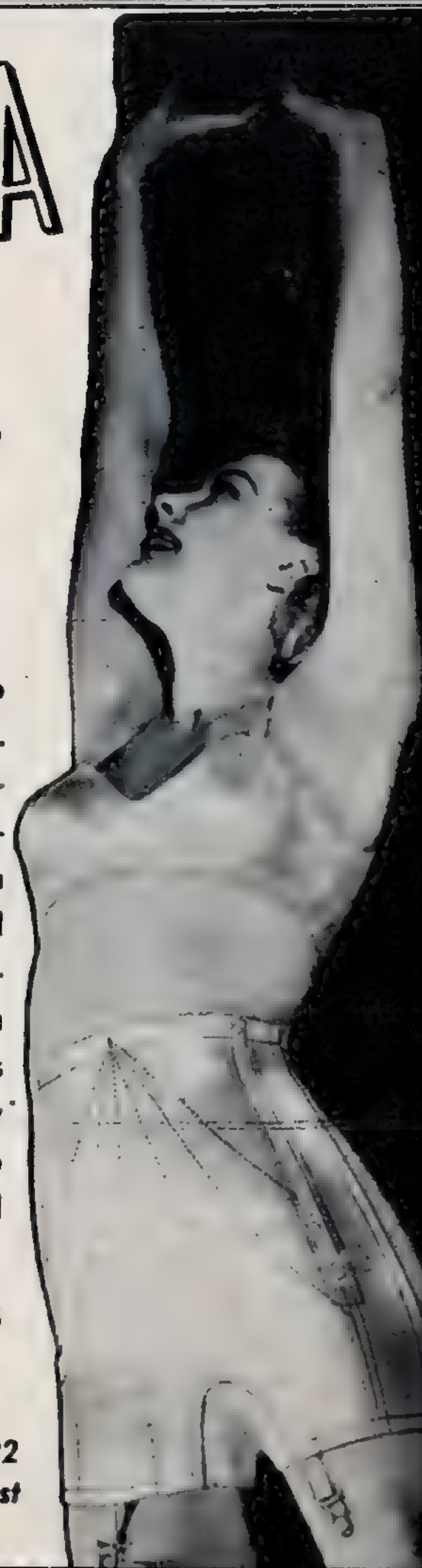
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Peace Is in Your Hands

(Continued from page 29) he would like to know if the feeling was there. If it was just a lot of politicians and diplomats and all, that would be one thing. "But if these delegates are really representing us, the people," Bob Walker said, "it will be all right. If they just keep in mind that any sacrifice the people are called upon in any country to make for a world organization to prevent war won't be peanuts to what they make every time there is a war—they'll get somewhere this time." After a pause, he said, "They better!"

Those two words seemed to sum up the attitude of the young people of my town about the Conference—"They better!"

WITH these questions under my belt, I looked at the San Francisco Conference with new eyes. Awe-inspiring as it was, important and powerful as the men there were, both in their personalities and their positions, it was *our* Conference. Blue-printed by our President, to give us a future that holds a means of being safe from war. Not that you could go around yelling at Mr. Molotov, "You better!" though he would probably have received it with a grin. Or at Mr. Eden, with his gracious manner. Or Mr. Stettinius, who had his hands full as it was.

Most impressive of all, so impressive it was like food when you are hungry or water when you are thirsty, was the sincerity of the San Francisco Conference. Bob Walker was right. You could feel it. Desperation over difficulties, uneasiness over the raw spots like Poland and Argentina, the habitual wariness and trained obligation of diplomats and leaders to protect the interests of their own countries, were there—of course.

But permeating everything, so that it got right into the marrow of your bones, was the conviction that these men meant to arrive at a world charter "within the framework of our principles," as Anthony Eden put it on the opening day.

San Francisco was crowded to the last curbstone with human beings who were there—but all the time it was more crowded by the human beings who weren't there at all. There was all the usual color—the hotel lobbies spilling luggage in every direction, the streams of people overflowing out into the street, the difficulties of transportation and a place to sleep and eat, all coped with by San Francisco in a way I have never seen equalled. The good old Phoenix, which had risen from the ashes in 1906, the ashes of fire and earthquake, was rising again from the devastation of war, this time to build not a new city but a new world.

The men and women who were there were the best we have. Anthony Eden, who won the top spot in everyone's affections and appreciations by the passionate quality of his determination that this should succeed. Whose experience and wisdom, so at variance in a way with his spectacular good looks and elegance and charm, were invaluable to everybody. Smuts of South Africa, the grand old man touching reality—always holding out reality. Dr. Soong, saying what seemed the best thing said by anybody, "We are prepared if necessary to yield a part of our sovereignty to the new international organization in the interests of world security." Dean Gildersleeve, Stassen, Vandenberg, Connally, all good people.

But never once did you get away from the people who weren't there. Men whose death we are trying to justify by a lasting peace organization. Children who have never seen a world at peace. Old women in France and China and Burma and Czechoslovakia, wandering homeless and



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use

F r e s h
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the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢



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Good News about
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"R-r-read all about it...!"

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2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet... new, mild flower-fresh scent!

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best..."

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50¢ Money-Saver Size
(Also 25¢ Size)

*Nationwide
survey



Also... 4 times as many doctors
prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
as any other baby oil or lotion*

bewildered in bombed cities and fields. Behind that young Marine just back from Iwo Jima—other Marines, who died at Guadalcanal and Rabaul, other Marines still fighting in the Pacific. Behind those young Navy fliers booming up Market Street, other pilots who flew against the Luftwaffe when they were outnumbered five to one, flew and fought and died, other pilots still flying B-29s over Tokyo.

Couldn't get away from it. They were there—and Eden knew it, and Stettinius knew it and Molotov knew it.

They knew we were there too—the people of the world. Demanding security from war.

I AM NOT an authority upon international matters. I can only give you my own impressions of this Conference as an American woman with sons who fought in this war and grandsons whom I hope will not have to fight in any war.

First of all, it seemed essential that we should realize what this Conference was *not*. I found I had to watch myself constantly to keep from calling it the Peace Conference—which is what it was *not*. It was the United Nations Conference to form a world security organization to prevent future wars. It was not *the* peace conference to settle the war just ended in Europe, nor any of the problems which belong to that war. Its purpose was to frame an organization which would be operative, elastic, possible of growth in that direction.

The events of this war pushed and tumbled and thundered in upon San Francisco in such world-shaking drama that it was difficult to remember this at all times. Disputes over the seating of Argentina, the eternal (since the 13th century) Polish question, the rather dry committee meetings about trusteeships and regional organizations, had to pale before the glory of the Russian and American Armies linking up at last on the Elbe, the vision of Mussolini coming to his deserved and horrible end, the wave upon wave of relief and prayerful thanks when unconditional surrender brought an end to daily bloodshed in Europe, the bitter satisfaction of Hitler's defeat when you didn't know whether to hope he was dead or alive, a hunted fugitive aware of his defeat, when you felt that the greatest punishment that could happen to him would be one hour of sanity.

But all the time it was necessary to go back and realize that the purpose of this Conference was to frame a charter that would work for all peace-loving nations so that it would be possible in actual fact to prevent war in the future.

Our own Constitution, well-intentioned, created by men substantially of one blood, language, ideal and nationality, has needed many changes. The charter for a world organization drawn at San Francisco may also need changes.

But a world organization has been formed.

However, you can be sure, absolutely and positively sure, that it will not work without you. The crying need is for what the League of Nations never had—the moral conviction of every individual in this world who truly wants peace; the acceptance of a world under law; the clear flame of willingness to stand behind it and sacrifice *personally* if need be.

With that moral conviction ready to see world organization enforce peace, there will be ways and means within what was done at San Francisco to enforce peace.

Not without compromise, of course. Let me give you a homely example. I just got through re-modeling an old house. Now, it was a good house. Lots of people had lived in it, well and happily. But I wanted to—do some things to it. Being war time,

Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?



YOU CAN ACTUALLY *See* THE YEARS SLIP AWAY

as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

I HAVE created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really *spectacular!*

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time *on one cheek only*. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, *young* look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal

"Pink" tell me it's the most *youthful* and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Her exciting life

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Gloria DeHaven

in the third of this

fascinating series—

The Photolife of Gloria DeHaven

in September Photoplay



She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"
 He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"

threatened their own security—but always with the great proviso and check that reports on conditions and investigations of conditions, if there were complaints, could come under the world organization and its General Assembly and Security Council.

Regional organizations seemed to me at first a little difficult. The best explanation of that I had came from Dr. Polyzoides, a brilliant newspaper writer for the Los Angeles Times. When he got through showing me what had happened, I saw it something like this: We, in the United States, have a federal government. Supreme over all. But, for purposes of expediency and check and regional knowledge of problems, we have state and county and city governments, too. If two men in Azusa, California, have a dispute over the boundaries between their orange groves, they do not go to the Supreme Court. Not at first anyhow. They go to their state court. Now regional organizations, such as the Pan American union, would be like that under the World Court. Any differences in the Western Hemisphere would if possible be settled first by the Western Hemisphere, which ought to know more about its own problems.

If these could not be amicably adjusted within the regional organization, then it could be taken to the world organization—just as sometimes cases have to be appealed to our Supreme Court.

There was an awful lot of talk and discussion about Poland, about Argentina. I would not like to have been as unpopular anywhere as I understand the Argentinians were in San Francisco. It must have been very embarrassing and uncomfortable—which is okay, too. Maybe it will convince Argentina that it is always embarrassing to be *outside*. As to Poland—I got the conviction that the

Polish question did not belong to the United Nations Conference about a world organization to prevent war. It seemed to me that the Polish question is part of the peace treaty of this war which has just ended in Europe. And that when it has been worked out there the Polish delegation can join the world organization. Technically, the Conference at San Francisco had no power and no authority to settle it. The Polish question had nothing to do with the framing of this charter, it had to do with the peace which must be made in Europe now. Its importance is very great. Perhaps in the end the new World Court will have to deal with its settlement. Maybe it will be the first question before the Security Council. But the question of which government of Poland can be recognized by the great powers was not part of the work of framing a world organization, you can see that for yourself.

THE small nations were magnificent, as a whole. The representatives of small nations seemed pretty big men. But—you got a feeling that the pressure groups of those small countries who reside in the United States were pretty much of a nuisance. Either they are Americans, these people, or they are Poles or Yugoslavs or Irishmen or whatever. If they were born in those countries and are more interested in them than in the United States, you get a feeling they ought to go back there. If they are American-born, then they owe their first allegiance to America.

The great thing about the San Francisco Conference actually is that it *was* held.

The great thing is the people who were there, filled with passionate sincerity and desire and good will. And the people behind them, demanding a means and a

method to prevent future wars.

Our part, I think, is to recognize the task ahead. To understand that it is the most difficult task ever attempted since the world began. To see that we must make a change in our basic thinking, in everything we have been taught for centuries. To begin inside ourselves, each individual, to be ready to give our support and moral conviction and command to the world organization, in humility and prayer for light and strength beyond any we have yet had.

So that, under God, this world shall have a new birth of freedom.

So that at San Francisco we shall have brought forth a world conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal in their right to peace; so that we may test whether our world shall long endure or shall, in one more war, fall back forever and our children descend into darkness and chaos and hell.

We better!

Not the Russians, not the Poles, not the statesmen, not always and always somebody else. But you and I. Now. Today. With all our hearts and minds.

We better!

(P.S. Dear Judy: I am quite, quite sure the spirit and the presence of President Roosevelt were in San Francisco. I think as a whole he can be satisfied with the Conference at San Francisco as a memorial not to him but to those things for which he stood, a memorial which will go on through the years until our children's children will look back and say: "The new world began at a conference in San Francisco called by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It took quite a while to get it really working smoothly, but—here it is. We live in it—we and our brothers.")

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 57) but I'm not doing anything that would get me an occupational deferment.

Occasionally some strange woman whom I see on the street or in a store asks me why I'm not in uniform because I don't look as if anything were wrong with me. Most of the girls are going out with uniforms, which is only right, I presume, but I'm really getting an inferiority complex.

I appear little in public during the day, when I have time off, and my only relaxation is a movie. It's getting to the point where I almost slink around. I really hate myself, and so—apparently—do strangers who see me, without explanation, in civvies.

Can you help me to some solution of this problem?

Albert van C.

Dear Mr. van C:

I receive hundreds of letters each month from service men who complain bitterly that all the girls at home are going out with defense workers in civvies. Apparently, in this case as in many others, the old adage about the grass always looking greener on the other side of the fence applies.

Your problem, different in its particulars, is the same problem human beings have faced since time began: Each of us must learn to live with our handicaps in the environment in which we find ourselves. No life is perfect, no situation is utterly blissful. You are doing everything that you possibly can to help win the war; working ten to twelve hours, considering your health, is an impressive contribution. Be man enough not to be ashamed of it because you think

someone else is doing a little more.

Actually, very few people in this world pay close attention to other human beings. Although you feel self-conscious because you are not in uniform, I imagine that ninety per cent of the people you meet know about your war work and admire you for it. Don't fight with yourself. Be contented with your lot as it is, and look around for someone else who needs some sort of help—then render it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four, divorced, and the mother of two small children.

I am very much in love with Chet, and it's a love that has grown out of a long and lasting friendship and a thorough respect for and understanding of one another. After my husband and I separated, I was a nervous wreck, but Chet was wonderful to me. He is nine years my senior and (this is the catch) married, as well as the father of three children. I knew all this when he was so kind to me, but love was the farthest thing from my mind at the time—it just happened without intent and as naturally as the seasons changing.

We've tried to be sensible about this thing, but there are really troubles aplenty. I've said repeatedly that I loathed the idea of hurting another woman as I've been hurt. And Chet can't support two households on his salary. If I could take all five of the children, we could do nicely; but his wife is certainly not going to give up her youngsters. That would mean, since my alimony ceases upon my marriage, that I would have to put my youngsters in a day nursery and get a job.

We have tried to break up our romance

—have gone six awful weeks without seeing each other. But we couldn't stick it out. Neither of us can leave this town, as we both own property here.

Jane Lee M.

Dear Mrs. M:

First of all, it seems to me that it is important for you to realize that in this triangle the unprejudiced observer can see all the germs of incipient tragedy. You have only to pick up your morning paper (in a fairly large city) to find news stories of suicide and murder whose beginnings may be found in just such a quandary as that you have described.

Although I believe that most problems should be faced boldly, I think there are some human tangles that can be solved only by running away from them. Although the step I would recommend may be the most difficult of your life, I think you should rent your home (apparently you own it) and move to another vicinity, preferably at a great distance from this man. The fact that you did not see one another for a period of six weeks is no true indication of the healing power of time and distance because you were a constant mental temptation to one another being only a few moments apart.

If your love affair is one of the deathless romances that occasionally come to human beings, neither time nor distance nor the agony of others will keep you apart in the final analysis, but if these three great separatists can estrange you and free you of your longing for one another, I think you should take advantage of them for the sake of everyone concerned.

Claudette Colbert



**An Ounce of
Prevention
is Worth a Pound
of Cure!**

**PHILIP
MORRIS**

are scientifically
proved far less
irritating to the
nose and throat.

When smokers
changed to PHILIP
MORRIS, substantially
every case of irrita-
tion of the nose or
throat—due to
smoking—cleared
up completely or
definitely improved!

—findings reported in an
authoritative medical journal

**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

COLORINSE

makes your hair

sparkle

Adds
HIGHLIGHTS
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Color!



It's no secret that hair has greater charm and loveliness when it's bright and gay with sparkling color and highlights.



Colorinse rinses away the dull film that makes hair seem drab and mousy-looking. Then it ADDS—rich, warm color, dancing highlights and soft, lustrous sheen. Colorinse is not a permanent dye nor a bleach—it's easily removed with shampooing yet it won't rub or brush off.



Sparkling hair gives your whole face a lovely radiance. Start today to bring out the beauty that lies hidden in your own hair. Whatever its color, there's a shade of Colorinse to glorify it.

NOTE

Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle

COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.
2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC



The Man with Two Countries

(Continued from page 55) Boston baked beans—those being his three favorite meals. Because of his Mexican background, he wouldn't think of touching vegetables or salads—in Mexico the natives don't touch anything raw that grows out of the ground. Because of his own special tastes, he has nothing but coffee for breakfast, and for lunch he has fallen into the American habit of "a sangwich," as he pronounces it.

He says he doesn't read much in English, but the truth is that during his three-year stay in Hollywood he has sat fascinated over nearly every detective story ever written, and he's also read "The Fountainhead," "Strange Woman," and "Frenchman's Creek" . . . and after reading each of them, he's wanted to discuss them with everyone he meets.

He also reads four newspapers a day from front to back page, pausing respectfully over columnists Walter Winchell and Louis Sobol, and following closely every one of the comic strips.

Now, back to those strumming guitars for a moment. Just guess what the Mystery Man likes in music! We knew you'd hit it wrong . . . he despises classical music and rumbas. He likes soft, easy boleros, and he says, "I like nice corny blues like 'Melancholy Baby.' But my favorite piece of all time is 'It Had To Be You!'" If he sang in the shower, his bathroom would ring with "It Had To Be You." Only he doesn't sing in the shower—"I'm too lazy!" says he, grinning that melting grin at you.

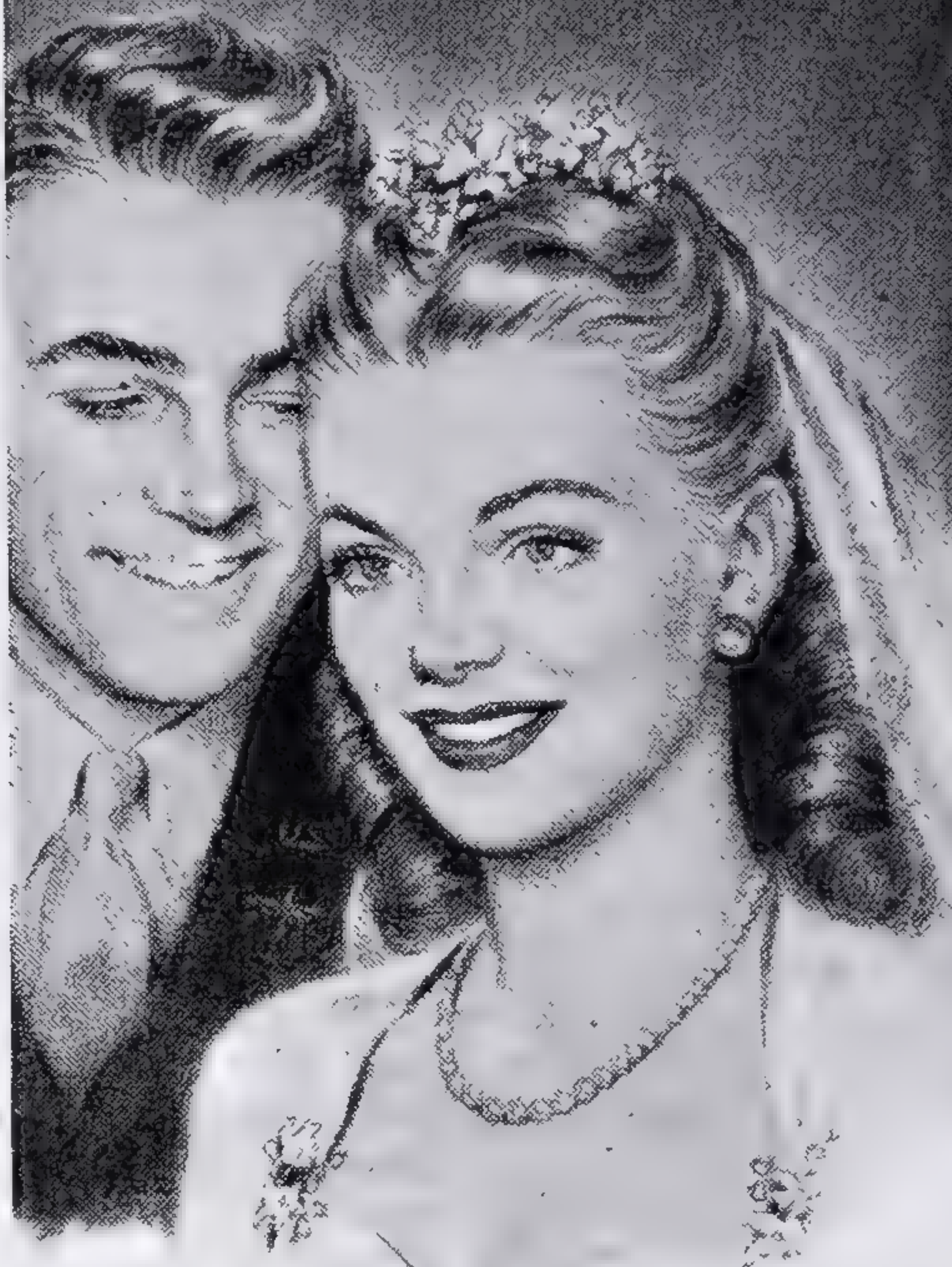
He thinks he's too lazy to do many things that you would say he was too manly to do. Take make-up, for instance when he's acting in a picture. "I'm too lazy to keep redoing my face and recombining my hair," he says. "Then I regret it when I see myself on the screen looking sloppy!" Because of this tendency to reject make-up, he was his happiest in "A Medal For Benny," when his entire wardrobe consisted of a shirt and pants, and the make-up didn't matter.

Which brings us to that boldly colorful clothes matter that we always associate with South Americans . . . in the first place, Arturo is color blind! So he always takes a friend along when he's buying clothes—and as all of his friends have rather drab tastes in colors, so is Arturo's wardrobe! Clothes actually don't mean much to him, excepting what he needs for his picture work. He has a collection of tweedy sports jackets and slacks, with which he wears overcoats and real American shoes—never Mexican huaraches. He's always hatless and tieless, the latter because he's jittery about unconsciously putting an orange tie over a red shirt! You'll only catch him shopping alone when he's looking for pajamas. "Those," he says, "don't matter because you can't tell colors in the dark!"

NOW we get to the women on the tiger skin rugs. These turn out to be largely figments of the imagination—and for a good reason. Back home in Mexico City Arturo has a wife, Enna, and four children—Arturo, aged ten; Alonso, aged nine; Maria, aged seven and Lourdes, aged five. Arturo himself named the two eldest, the boys. He stays with his family whenever he's in Mexico City, which is generally two or three months a year.

In Hollywood, it's true that Arturo beaus an occasional glamour girl in the course of his social contacts, but even that mild pattern has been drastically cut down these days. Only one woman was ever linked with his name for any length of time. She was Lupe Velez. Both were Mexicans away from their native land and they understood each other. But even

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THE ALLURE OF FRESH, HEAVENLY MAVIS FRAGRANCE

What's more tempting to men than a girl who's alluringly fragrant? And Mavis, showered on after your bath, leaves your whole body that way: Skin pretty, flower-sweet, soft . . . armpits dry and dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. Get Mavis today . . . See how its fragrance helps you keep lovely!

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum on your skin.

The same delightful
MAVIS fragrance in
Talc Mit 69¢ and \$1.00
Dusting Powder
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At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

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before death put its hand on the lovely Lupe their friendship had broken.

Arturo's history is as different to the usual Latin Lover Legend as is everything else about him. He was born in Merida, Mexico, as Arturo Garcia. His father was a chewing gum exporter. Because of the Revolution, the Garcias left Mexico while Arturo was a little boy, and thus he went to New York's Public School Number 9 for five years!

Then they moved to Buenos Aires and Arturo attended the Collegio Internacional—where he won the intercollegiate lightweight boxing championship and studied law on the side. His father was then in the dairy business, and Arturo voted to quit college and join him. "Fine," said his father, "but first you should learn the dairy business where they really know it—which is Switzerland!"

So Arturo set out for Switzerland. He stayed three years, studying at the Cavin Institute at Lusanne—and also traveling throughout the Continent with the Marseilles Olympic Club. Through his athletic adventures he had met the chief of America's United Press, James I. Miller, who gave him a job as a sports reporter for UP—stationed in Santiago, Chile. For four years Arturo was a topnotch reporter and eventually assistant manager of Chile's UP. But by this time he longed to see Mexico again. He could hardly remember it. So he asked for a three-weeks vacation to revisit his birthplace . . . and you can imagine the rest. He never got back to New York.

Instead, the city of his birth offered him its new radio station to run—XEZ. He couldn't resist the offer, and for the next two years he almost lived in the radio station. Then Mexico City's XEW offered him his first "big time" sports announcing job, and Arturo took that as eagerly as he'd taken to radio in the beginning. Two months later he ran into an old friend from Chile, a movie producer named Arcady Boytler . . . and Boytler took one look at the handsome radio announcer and said, in effect, "You're what the women are crying for!" Presto! The ex-sports writer, current sports announcer was a Mexican movie star!

During the next five years he became Mexico's leading star . . . meantime dropping his radio announcing in favor of radio acting on the General Electric and Coca-Cola shows. For the three years of 1938, 1939 and 1940 three of his pictures

Are Hasty

Marriages

Ever Successful?

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If you like True Story Magazine . . . you musn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

Every Morning—Monday thru Friday
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Look your loveliest always

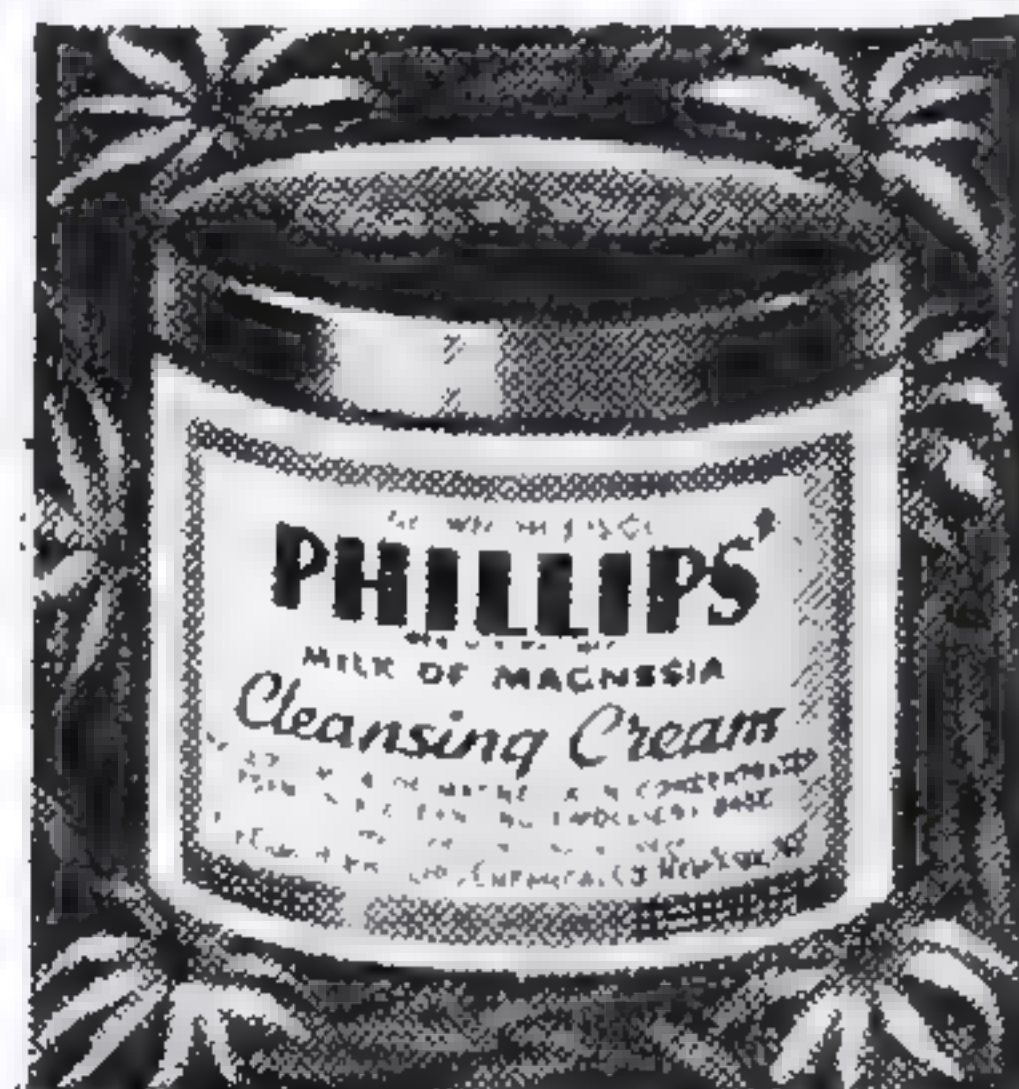


Guard against "Wayward Skin"...keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning...with these two creams that make CARE a CARESS...

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

SKIN CREAM...

CLEANSING CREAM



KEEP your skin on the beam of beauty. Coax it away from "wayward" periods—dryness, shine, other minor blemishes that even slight neglect may cause—by pampering it daily with these two creams. Both contain friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—an ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream provides emollient oils to smooth your skin and help keep it petal-soft...plus cholesterol to guard its vital moisture. Remember them...Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream and Cleansing Cream...to make skin care a caress!

★ Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream — Softens and neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay supple, soft. Use it at night for prolonged effect...by day as a base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.

★ Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream — Rich and really cleansing! Removes make-up, surface dirt, any accumulations from outer pore openings...easily and quickly. Leaves your skin feeling sparkling, dewy-fresh! 60¢, plus tax.

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TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!



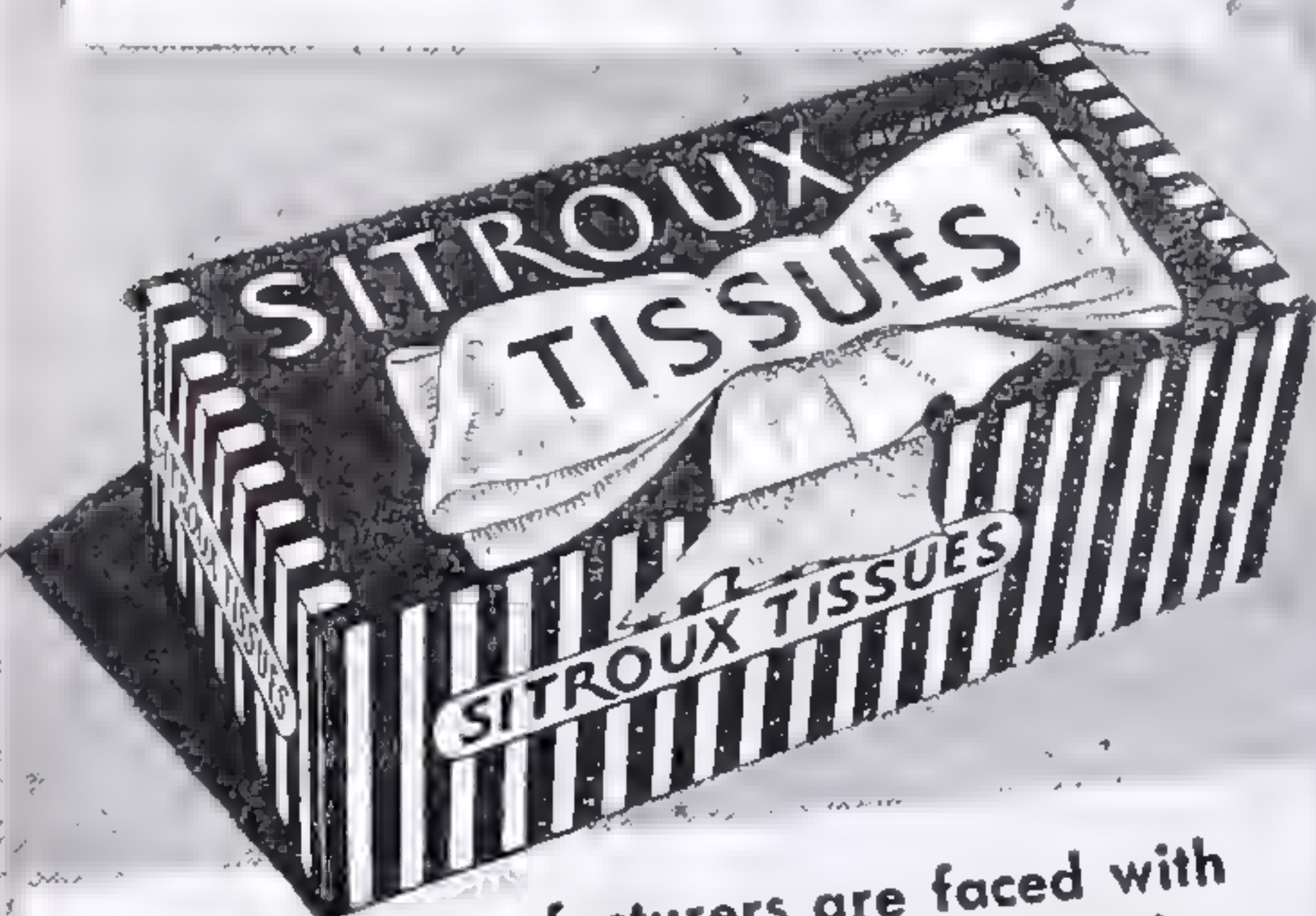
After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

won the Mexican award that corresponds to Hollywood's Academy Award. For three years, also, he was President of the Screen Actors' Association of Mexico.

HERE and now, Arturo is still the most hapoleptic fan at any sports event . . . and the only event he himself refuses to take part in is a bullfight! Once, you see, he was in a bullfight, and he will never forget it. He had agreed, in a reckless mood, to be a picador at a big Mexican festival; and he advanced with an outwardly hearty manner to the bullring in Mexico City and bowed graciously in every direction to the packed grandstands. Then he turned to face the bull—and found seven snorting animals bearing down on him! Naturally, his one instinct was to race for the nearest exit; but this would have disgraced him for life. He was still quavering uncertainly when the row of bulls suddenly turned around and marched with dignity out the other end of the arena—while Arturo's pals (who had staged the whole thing) fell out of their seats laughing, and Arturo wobbled on weak knees to the exit.

Meanwhile, becoming a Hollywood star hasn't changed Arturo any more than becoming a Mexican one did. Every noon-hour, you could find all of Paramount's prop-men and electricians playing handball in the Paramount gymnasium—and whom do you see playing with them? Arturo. Nights when he isn't playing gin rummy at Charlie Foy's or reading detective stories at home, you can find him at a movie theater. Eventually, he thinks he'll stop acting, which he likes but doesn't find engrossing.

He has many likable and un-Hollywood opinions which he loves to discuss with kindred spirits: He thinks that people with too much money aren't interesting. He likes the phonies he meets in Hollywood—"they have to be really good to succeed at being phonies here," he says. He's convinced that most unsuccessful people he's met weren't lacking in ability, only in energy. He takes movie acting only as a business; after eleven years of it, he thinks that when you leave the studio you should leave your work behind. Most actors are always playing roles, night and day, and he understands why—it's because actors are in an unnatural position,

always being judged by the public; but still, he doesn't act except before the cameras.

But he admits he's suffocated with rage at bad reviews. "I crumple them in a ball and throw them away!" he says, grinning ruefully at himself. "But I keep the good ones." He seldom reads magazines, but there is one issue of one magazine he read repeatedly in unhappy confusion: Time Magazine's vitriolic report on "Frenchman's Creek." "Not only did I re-read it," he says now, "but I had to humiliate myself by asking people what the sarcastic cracks in it meant—because I wasn't quite sure. Then I had to stand there and take it when they explained!"

He is so natural that he bewilders people. He talks willingly and well with people he feels comfortable with; and with those he doesn't understand or like he becomes abysmally silent—out of an unexpected shyness.

All in all, though, this very human actor from Mexico has become completely acclimated to the United States—except for one thing. He's puzzled by the same thing that puzzles American men—American women! Also, he admits that in one matter alone he is not colorblind: in the matter of girls' eyes. "I can always tell the color of girls' eyes, because I made a study of it," he says honestly. "They are brown, or black, or blue, and I figured out the difference in shades so I could tell accurately. But there is one woman I would never have anything to do with: A green-eyed woman. They're dangerous!" After probing, you find out the reason for his aversion to green-eyed ones: Every famous adventuress and mistress in history had green eyes—and the two most volcanic heroines in fiction, *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Amber*. "Green eyes," he repeats emphatically, "are dynamite. Once I had to do with a green-eyed girl, and never, never again!"

But aside from that species of American womanhood, Arturo likes us Americans just as much as we like him. Certainly, of all the Mystery Men we've ever encountered, Arturo de Cordova is definitely the most interesting—and far and away the most natural. To him, then, with all best wishes from America . . . and a long and flourishing life on our screen!

THE END



Shirley Temple took active part in the U.N.R.R.A. Clothing Drive. Here she gives dresses from the collection she has made a hobby of keeping from her first picture to the present. The Drive was for the needy people of our Allies.



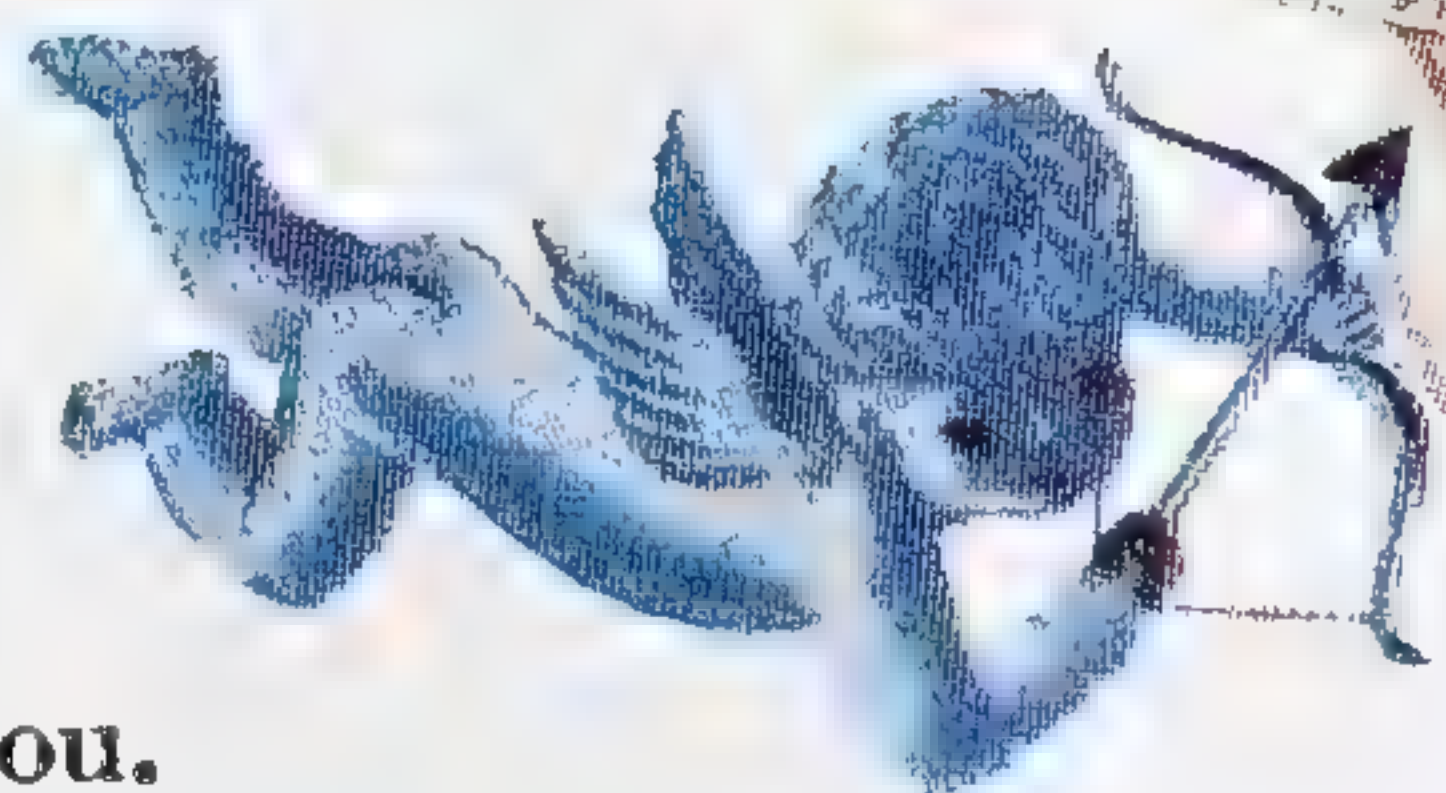
AMERICAN BEAUTY BRUNETTE

by Alex Ross

**FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAYS VELVET-SMOOTH
SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH
THIS ORIGINAL* SHADE OF**

CASHMERE BOUQUET
face powder

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet's Rose Brunette is a new "Flower-fresh" powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and *his*. And whatever your type, there's a new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2
*Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette
Even Tan

Double Talk

(Continued from page 41) had saved a few bucks and had no job. So I decided to come out here, see the orange groves and catch a whiff of the famous climate. (What I think of the climate is something that's between me and the Chamber of Commerce. Strictly!)

Well, I bumped into an agent who told me Frank Lloyd was looking for a young actor to play Cary Grant's son in "The Howards Of Virginia." He arranged for me to be tested and I photographed like a thirteen-year-old—and got the job. I always photograph much younger than I am—which isn't always the help it was at that time.

The next question, of course, is: "What did you do next, Mr. Drake?" If I had two brain cells working I'd skip it. The answer's not too flattering for me. But I don't have two brain cells working and besides if I'd skyrocketed to fame on the three lines and one close-up I had in "The Howards" I wouldn't have had enough experience or staying power to get anywhere in the long run.

After "The Howards" I went back to New York. And nobody cared. I didn't know it at the time but it was the best thing that ever happened to me that I had to play lots of small parts, knock around in summer stock—in other words, serve an apprenticeship.

Also during those years I met Alice B. Young, a dramatic coach. She's terrific! Besides being a fine actress she was a prominent teacher of psychology in New York and she used her knowledge to help me. She knew to develop as an actor I first must develop as a person. She pointed out my faults; like being lazy and reading my lines without enough thought behind them. She said the vagueness in reading my lines was due to a complex I had developed; that I thought everybody expected me to be vague and I was living up to the role in which my friends had cast me. "You are not a vague person," she said, "and you must realize that you are not—that you only pretend to be!"

This interview's getting to be like a car going downhill. I can't stop it. . . .

It was the stage hit "Janie" that gave me my big chance. It brought me my Metro contract and my part in "Two Girls And A Sailor." I was the guy who played opposite Gloria De Haven—the guy with a Texas accent. I was (at what seemed to me to be very, very long last) on my way—on my way, to be explicit, to making love to Judy Garland in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Not bad. Not bad at all!

Judy was wonderful to me. Judy is wonderful. Period!

How was she wonderful to me? I ought to tell that, I guess, to make that statement solid.

Well, in one scene Judy had to wear a costume which probably never could have been duplicated had anything happened to it. That was the scene in which I had to carry her across a plank over some mud. I was scared I'd drop her and she knew it. "Don't be nervous," she said, giggling. "If you slip and we fall in the mud we'll do the scene in blackface!"

Other anecdotes about the stars I've worked with seem to be in order here. I'd like a chance to tell about Cary Grant, too. I've never forgotten how swell he was.

It was during the shooting of "The Howards Of Virginia," of course. When it came time for me to speak my three lines I opened my mouth, shook my finger in the air—and nothing happened. After I

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CUTEX *Young Red*

ance's famous designer catches the gay,
spirited color of Cutex "Young Red" with
er light-hearted linen . . . toasts youth
everywhere with this flaming toe
nd fingertip shade. Just try and
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AT EASE

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ALERT

HONOR BRIGHT

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Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture
for that Hollywood "finish"



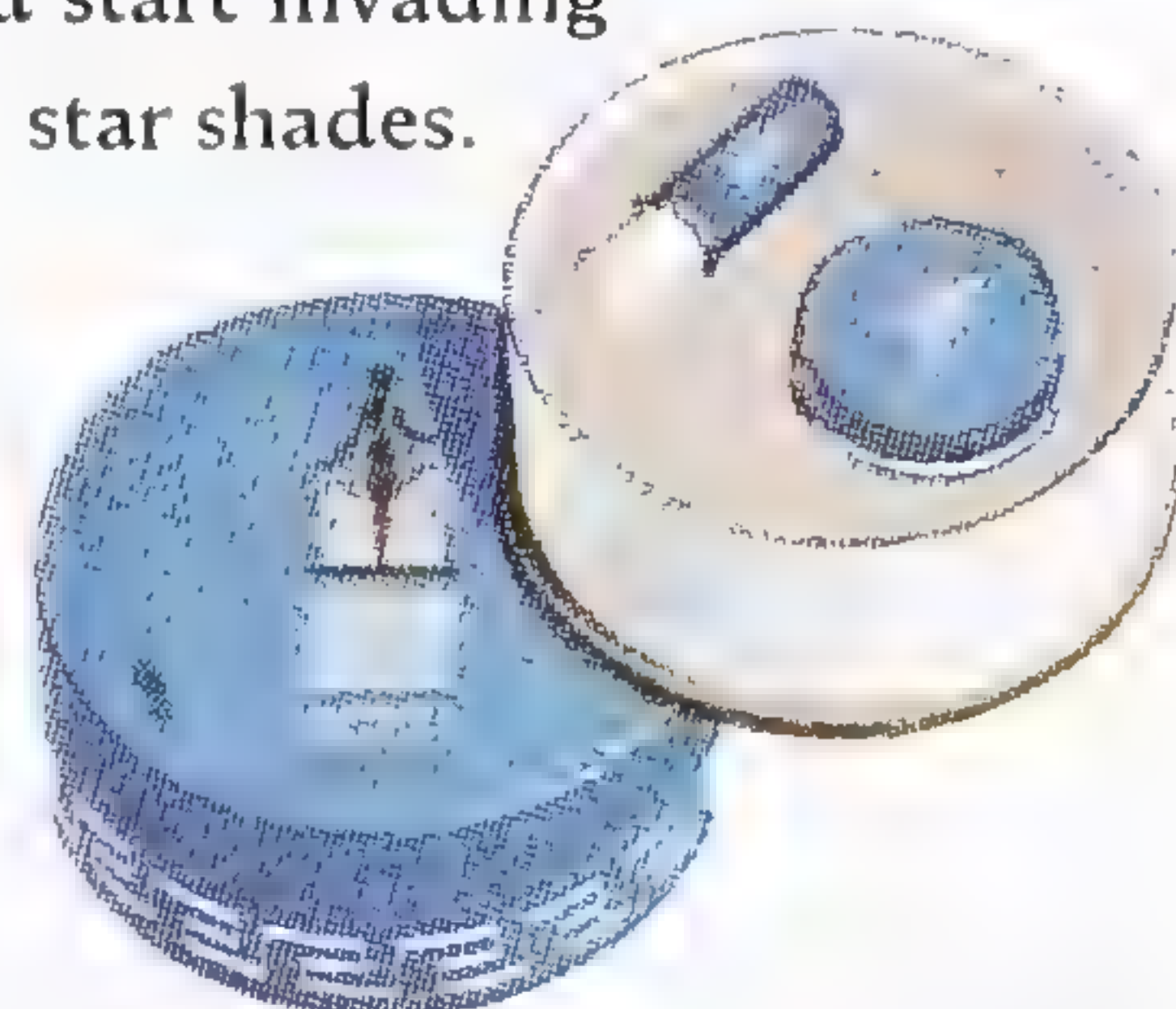
MARIA MONTEZ, star of Universal's Technicolor production, "SUDAN". Woodbury SUN PEACH is sun-kissed radiance for Maria's dark skin... summer-long magic for your sun-lighted skin.

The magnificent Montez...the One-Woman Dominican Invasion uses new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder as her glamour accent. It can help you look as she looks on the screen!

5-stage blending produces nicest-ever shades, smoothest-ever texture! Never clogs, cakes, turns pasty. Fluff on some tonight and start invading his heart! 8 star shades.

SUMMERTIME MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Matching lipstick and rouge at no extra cost with the big box of Woodbury Powder in your summer-success shade. All Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.



Woodbury *Film Finish* Powder

tried a dozen times without success, Cary, who was doubled up with laughter, said I reminded him of himself in a picture he had made with Irene Dunne where he was always opening his mouth and shaking his finger but never saying anything because Irene was always interrupting him. That put me at my ease and I got the lines right at the next take.

I guess I ought to tell about one star, at least, who wasn't so swell—for contrast.

The star who supplies the contrast was a man. He deliberately missed his cues so as to leave me dangling in the air. If I hadn't been able to ad lib, the man on the flying trapeze would have had nothing on me. Luckily the director, a wonderful person incidentally, caught on and everything was okay.

This is the time—don't tell me, let me figure it out—that an interviewer would lead me to talk about my personal life, about Chris, my new wife and her little three-year-old daughter of the same name.

My life's different since I married six months ago. I've discovered that Effie May, who also looked after me when I was single, is a wonderful cook. I never knew this before—never stayed home long enough. I've heard of people who ate at home, but I just didn't believe it. I spent my dinner hours at the House of Murphy consuming the Pat Di Cicco salad of raw egg, lettuce and lots of garlic. Chris likes this salad too. (I always said I'd find a girl with a sense of humor, an even disposition, intelligence and a fondness for garlic!)

I've also given up breakfasting behind the Hollywood Reporter. Nowadays breakfast is a family affair. Chris, little Chris and I all sit down to breakfast together. It's swell! At lunch though I usually read a script or something, while I order one cup of coffee after another and let them all get cold.

At this point—inevitably—comes the question, "Will Chris go on with her acting career now that she's Mrs. Tom Drake?"

Chris answered that for me. She was a darned good actress but when we married she announced she was giving up her career for good. We both want other children. And after the war we hope to have a small working ranch—probably in the San Fernando Valley. We don't want to make a big M-G-M production of our ranch but we would like to raise some great Danes and chickens. I decidedly do not like the looks of chickens. But they are, obviously, more useful than peacocks.

For the present Chris I, Chris II and I are living in the furnished house which I rented as a bachelor.

"Has marriage changed you?" That's the next question, of course!

It sure has; in lots of little ways. I used to leave my clothes sprawling wherever they dropped off of me. Now, feeling Chris might not enjoy stumbling over my stuff, I hang it up.

I also go marketing. Chris can't drive. So I take her to market and we pick out fruits and vegetables or what-have-you. I still can't get over seeing Hedy Lamarr picking out a nice plump cabbage or discovering Van Johnson searching for ration points to pay for a choice lamb chop. Neither can I get over the energy it takes to persuade the butcher to part with half a pound of bacon.

I hoped marriage—and Chris and little Chris—would help me get over black moods faster. But still when I wake up depressed I stay depressed all day. And conversely.

advises even his adorable
Child Powers Models
to use *only* this shampoo!



**Certainly You'll Want This
Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo
For Your Child's Hair**

Mother! those darling little *child Powers Models* whose pictures you see in magazines are also advised by Mr. Powers to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash *their* hair.

And there are very good reasons why Mr. Powers *always* recommends Kreml Shampoo—and why you should buy Kreml Shampoo for your *child's* hair.

**Beneficial Oil Base Helps Keep
Hair From Becoming Dry**

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silkier—easier to comb—just gleaming with *natural* sparkling beauty.

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial *oil* base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children's hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Why not take a tip from the gorgeous 'grown-up' Powers Models and glamour-bathe *your* hair with Kreml Shampoo? Sold at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

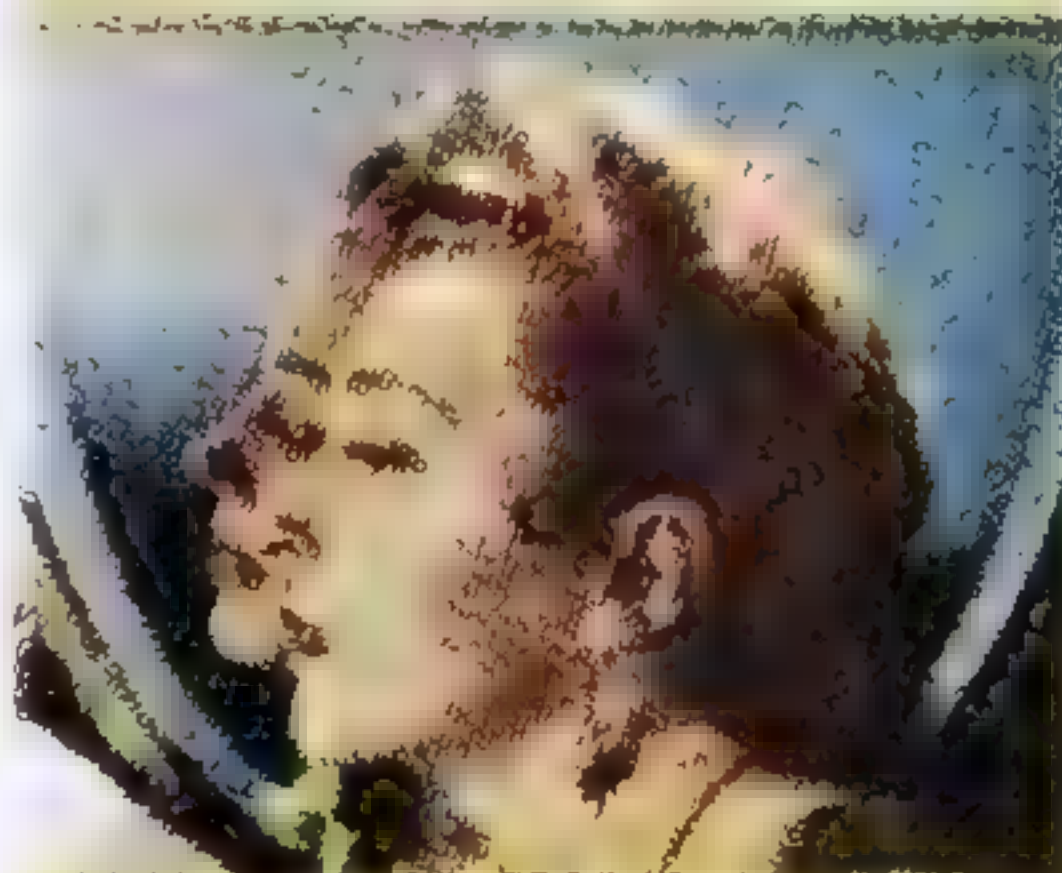
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Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
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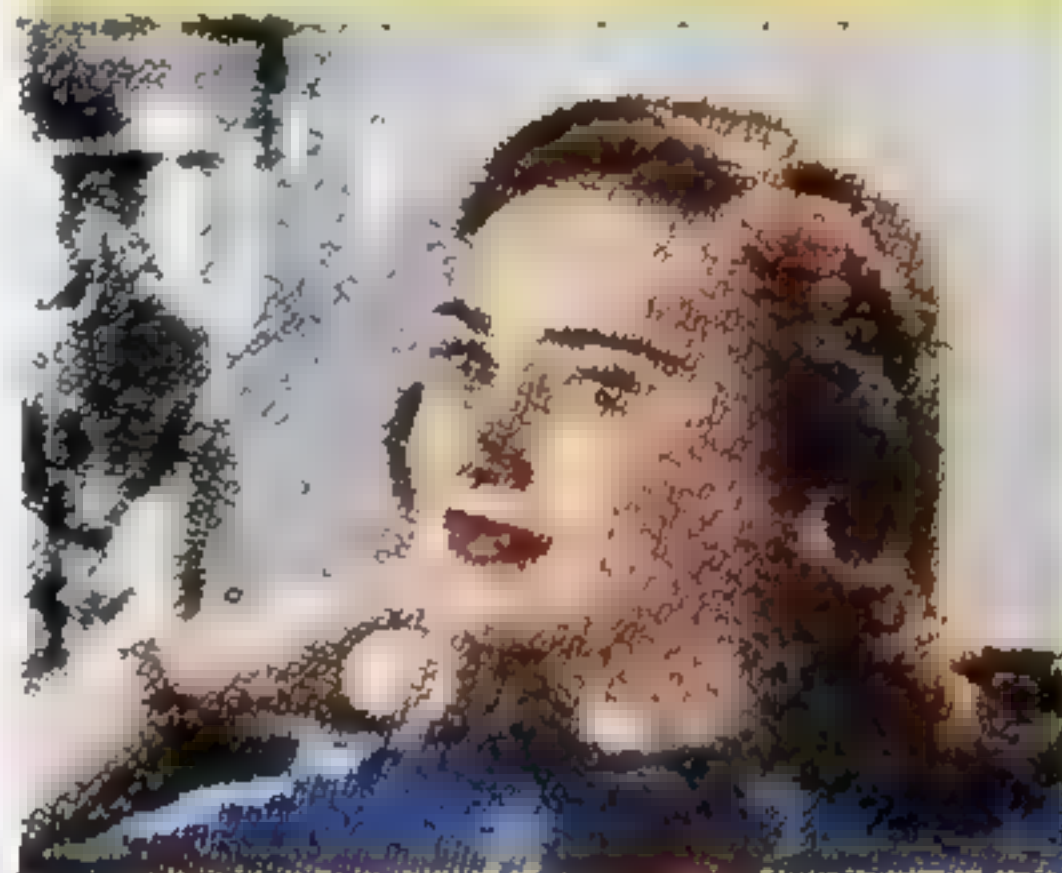
**What Kreml
Shampoo Does
For Powers
Models' Hair**



**Brings out natural
sparkling beauty and
lustre**



**Helps keep hair from
becoming dry or
brittle**



**Leaves hair with
silken sheen that
lasts for days**

I'm still not as color conscious as a wife likes her husband to be. Right now, for instance, I've got on gray trousers from one suit, a brown jacket from another and a striped tweed shirt that doesn't—now that I look at it—go with either jacket or trousers.

Another thing! I still pace up and down the room like a caged lion when I'm thinking. Chris wasn't too fond of this habit at first but she seems to be adjusting to it, in self-defense probably. In fact before I really start thinking lately she beats me to the draw and says, "Now darling, make like a lion."

After all, Chris knows—girls, I've discovered, have secret conclaves about such things—that all husbands have eccentricities.

Our best friends are other young married couples . . . the Peter Cooksons, who accompanied us to our wedding, the Jack Haleys, the Craig Stevens and the Bill Johnsons. We visit at their homes and they visit ours. Other evenings Chris and I go to the movies and concerts or stay home and listen to the radio, or play special records.

And now, I'm sure of it, comes the time to go into my favorite thises and thats.

Favorite movie: "White Cliffs Of Dover."

Favorite scene in a movie: That very fine one in "Madame Curie" in which Mr. Curie goes in to buy a piece of jewelry for his wife, and describes her in a way which makes obvious his great love for her. That's a love scene without any gal in it. It has great appeal for the imagination.

Favorite song: "I'll Remember April."

Favorite book: "Look Homeward Angel."

Favorite comic strip: "Dick Tracy." (The only one I like.)

Favorite smoke: Cigarettes. (When I can get them.)

Favorite color: Brown. (When I stop to think about colors—which isn't often enough!)

Favorite dances: The slow easy kind.

Favorite hobby: That question embarrasses me. I know a man in Hollywood whose hobbies are hunting with a bow and arrow and deep-sea fish spearing with his bare hands. I envy him. I wish I could say those are my hobbies.

The best I can come up with in the way of hobbies is collecting pictures of horses. My ambition is to breed horses some day.

Pet hates come next, of course.

Kelly green: My sister Claire—who is married to Bob Kennedy, the agent—wore a Kelly green dress to a party I threw for her once. I didn't tell her what I thought of it. You've got to be diplomatic with women.

Parties where they discuss intellectual subjects.

Girls who are always looking at themselves in a mirror. (Not that I mind when Chris takes out that compact thingamajig girls carry and powders her nose in front of me. After all, it's a pretty long walk to the Little Girls' Room just to powder a nose.)

Girls who are loud and conspicuous at night clubs.

I'm not over-bright, really, if you haven't already discovered that. When you interview yourself you certainly should know enough to avoid embarrassing questions. But what can you do if you're the type that gets carried away even to the point of telling your real name. . . .

I was christened Alfred Alderdice. No kidding! The studio asked me to change it. After all, what did I have to lose?

THE END

That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 43) Kingsley's variation on Dorothy Parker's famous poem. After viewing some of the wolves at the various cocktail bars, Miss Kingsley wrote: "Men always make passes at girls who drain glasses."

* * *

I believe that Hollywood, despite its glamour, is like any other town, and that the stuff heroes and heroines are made of is ordinary, even as you and I. I have seen Hedy Lamarr taking "Jamesie" for a walk in the small park in Beverly, off Sunset Boulevard. Linda Darnell, without make-up on, has rushed into the Schwabacher and asked Leon for something for husband Pev's cold. And Linda picked up a movie magazine, looked through the pages until her package was ready, and then put the magazine back on the shelf.

Often I have seen George Raft sitting in a booth at Romanoff's with Mack Gray and heard him say, "Mack, I wish there were a ball game or a prize fight in town tonight so we'd have something to do." And I wondered what was with Christine Maples or any of the cuties he was romancing. Then George finally says, "Well, Mack, let's go over to the Langdon Club and play some gin." There are those nights when even the heroes and heroines are alone and haven't a thing to do—except play gin. Why I have even seen Errol Flynn sitting at the "Stag Table" at Chasen's, eating by himself.

I don't want to imply that Hollywood is a place where a playboy can't get a date, but despite the glamour and the color and the occasional scandals, the majority of the citizens are pretty much like the people who go to the movies.

* * *

I would pick Ava Gardner, if she were properly handled and listened to her handlers, to become another Rita Hayworth on the screen. She's got the necessary equipment . . . Lucille Ball, no matter how often she may fight with Desi Arnaz, I want you to know, wears a bracelet on which is printed, "My name is Lucille Ball Arnaz. If lost, please return me to my master, Desi." . . . No matter what new leading man may be the current rage, one of my favorite actors continues to be Cary Grant, against all comers . . . I must tell you Peter Fairchild's description of Mickey Rooney and John Carradine: "Low man and a Totem Pole." . . . And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

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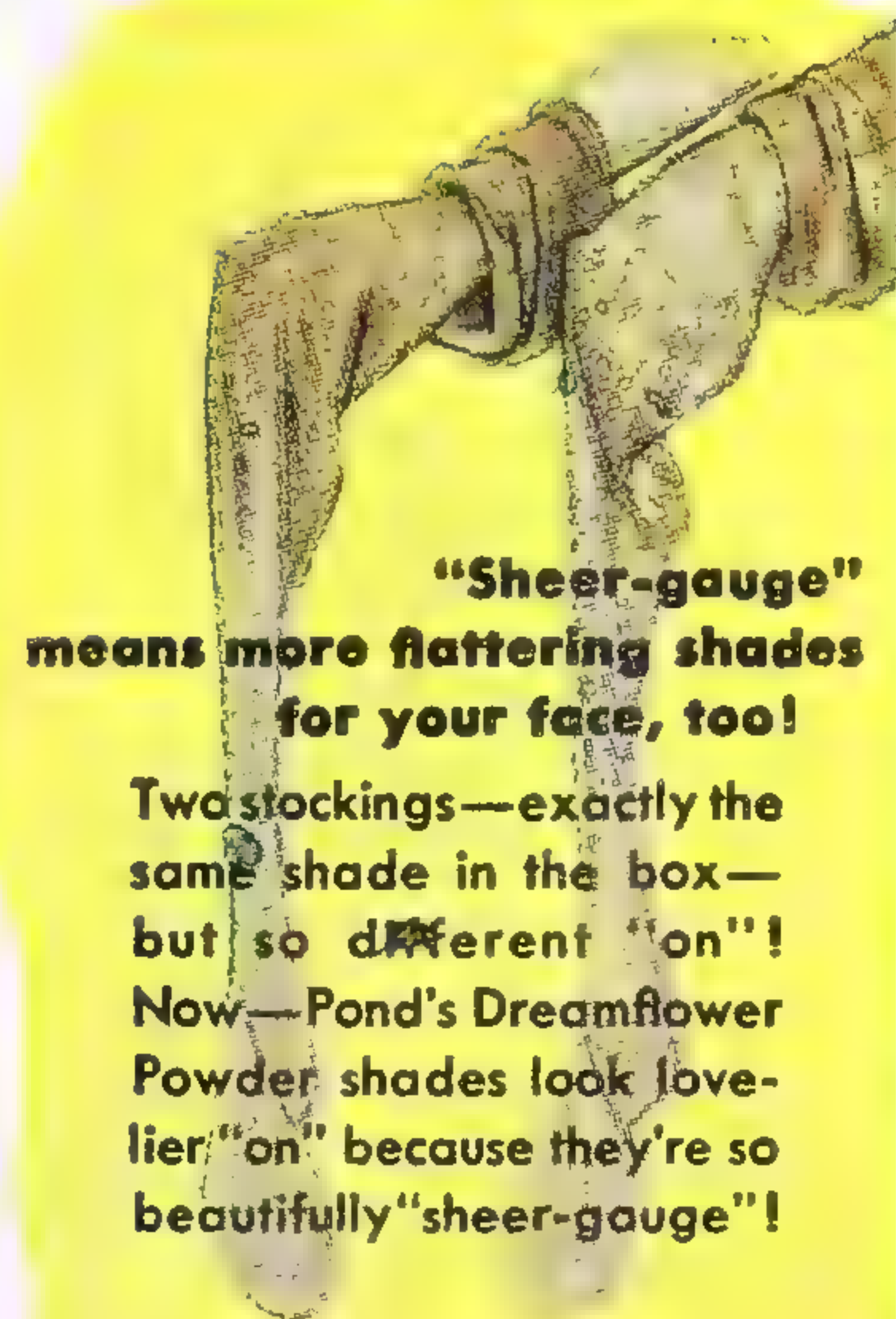
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"The class will come to order, please,"
Says Sunny to her scholars.

"Today we'll learn how Linit starch
Will save you time and dollars.

Now watch me, children, while I wash
And rinse and starch and press.
You'll see how cotton, Linit starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linit
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.

Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linit way,
Will iron like a summer breeze
And clean much longer stay."



**LINIT
LIGHTENS
LAUNDRY
LABOR**

Scrapbook on Diana

(Continued from page 53) supply company.
Also a housekeeper, Mrs. Mathews.

Where Diana lives in the house: In a suite covering half of the upstairs—a bedroom, dressing room, bath and musical study, all of them designed and decorated by Diana herself . . . when she was fifteen!

Favorite place on earth: The tiny alcove in her own study, just big enough for a small white piano.

What she can cook the best: She can make coffee; she could bake a marble cake and a chocolate cake—but it was six years between cakes and she never tried again.

How she'd look if you saw her driving by: Half-concealed in her beloved gray convertible, which boasts gay red upholstery and two bent fenders! (Fender explanation: She only learned to drive a few months ago.) You'd know her at once, because the wind would just be in the act of parting Diana from one of her scarves.

What she does after sundown: She haunts all movies, all plays, all concerts, all ballet performances—and any night club where there's a really good dance band.

What she does before sundown: She rides bicycles, plays badminton—or takes long "happy" or "sad" walks that shake her out of her mood.

What she does of a rainy day: She's sure to be walking! Rainy weather is her dish.

What she definitely detests: Parties where you have to play games, hot weather, people who are too athletic, who are insincere, or who are saccharinely sweet.

How she'd greet you if you barged in on her unexpectedly: In a bright blue cotton dress, her bare feet in scarlet sandals—and her hair in braids with fresh flowers!

Her dream house: It sits on a great expanse of ground, it's early American farmhouse and it's low, simple, rambling and comfortable. Beside it lies no swimming pool or tennis court—just a terrace for sunning and barbecues.

What she did that you never did: She saw "Gone With The Wind" five times!

Her "good luck" piece of music: It's the Grieg Concerto—which difficult composition she learned to play by memory in one week . . . and thus catapulted herself into the movies in "There's Magic In Music." She was just thirteen!

What she nibbles on between meals: Cookies, cookies, cookies—any kind will do! Or else a cupcake; or even a carrot.

Favorite screen actress: Judy Garland—who affects her so strongly that she burst into tears when Judy first appeared on the screen in "Meet Me In St. Louis" . . . thus embarrassing her escort to death!

Tips to the boys: Her eyes are green-hazel, her hair is gold-brown, her smile is enchanting—and the minute you meet her you'll feel so protective you'll want to watch over her the rest of your life!

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That her sensitive face and graceful figure will someday make her one of the greatest dramatic actresses on the screen.

THE END

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LONGER HAIR?

Then... **TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR**

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely... *longer*. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days.

See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

Test **JUELENE** *for 7 days*

THRILLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

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I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

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 Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. J-610, Chicago 13, Ill.

Along Came Cooper

(Continued from page 39) down to some cheap store," he asked, placing his finger precisely on the one weakness in the whole proposal, "and buy them for that?"

"We can," the designer agreed, "but I'd appreciate it very much if you'd go yourself to Miss Young and be the one to inform her of this new arrangement."

For a moment there was dead silence. This was it, the first clean-cut test of the man as producer, and every eye was on him. Then came the decision, not hastily, but weighed and balanced and with the firm, sure touch of the born executive.

"Oh, never mind," he mumbled, initialing the drawing; "these'll be all right."

It was a small thing, no doubt, but it showed the fundamental strength of the man, and there were smiles of pride on the faces of his associates, for they knew then the kind of leader they had. And their heads were high and their eyes bright.

Nor did he ever let them down. "We're a couple of days behind schedule," the production manager would report. "Then let's do something about it," would come the whiplash decision. "Miss Young tried to get hold of you to get the morning off to go to court," the assistant director said one day. "Can't do it," Mr. Cooper told him. "But she's already gone, sir." "In that case," ruled the wily tactician, "okay."

The truth is, the opportunities for a producer to exercise his ego during the actual shooting of a picture are few but generally quite nutty. (How could anybody have guessed that Don Costello, veteran of a dozen Westerns, couldn't even mount a horse?) But a hundred times during the production of "Along Came Jones" Mr. Cooper demonstrated the same quick grasp of a situation and it is untrue that there was any more chaos on his set than there is on any other. There couldn't be.

The proof of his method, now known as the Cooper School of Cinema Production, is that the picture came in on schedule and under budget, the second most important aspect of any production. The first is whether anybody likes it or not.

Now, his baptism over, Mr. Cooper eyes the future. "My next step," he says, "will be to master the cigar. The cigarette makes a very good smoke but it simply doesn't carry authority. A hundred times during this picture I found myself wishing I were a cigar smoker smoking a bum cigar, the kind that won't stay lit, so I could keep striking matches and puffing on it and studying the frazzle while I tried to figure out what I was supposed to say about whatever it was they were asking me about now. By the time we are ready to go into our next production I expect to be able to swing a heater with the best of them, and I have no doubt that as a result we will all see a marked improvement in the production end of the picture."

"After that I expect to look into the matter of relatives. It was pointed out to me that I hadn't a single relative, by blood or marriage, employed in our company. This wants looking into. Such a situation, carried far enough, might easily lay me open to a charge of deliberate eccentricity, so the very next item on the agenda is to beat up our family tree to see if we can't flush a talentless relative."

"As for further pictures, I have several ideas that I'm kicking around. Confidentially, I'm not certain that I'm doing this right, never having kicked an idea around before, but never fear, I'll get the hang of it. Also I'm doing a little mulling. First I kick the idea around a bit and then I mull it. If that fails, I may go up and sit on the side of a mountain and just think things out. It worked before."

THE END

*Who says all the
pretty girls are
in Hollywood!*

DOROTHY DODGE
CLAYTON, MISSOURI

*-pretty proof that any girl
is lovelier with Solitair*

You don't need a make-up expert—or a big beauty budget with Solitair. For Solitair is quick and easy to use, inexpensive, gives *any* girl a satiny complexion. Featherweight and lanolin-rich, it helps guard against dryness, looks natural—not "made-up," helps cover tiny blemishes for hours. Try Solitair—be another pretty proof that all the beautiful girls aren't in Hollywood.

Dorothy Dodge—
typical American girl
works at Army Ordnance,
St. Louis—married to
Captain Robert Dodge, Jr.,
now in Italy.

New \$1.00 Plastic
Compact with
complimentary
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available in
60¢ and 25¢
Compacts

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN

The Girl with Two Lives

(Continued from page 54) freckles she was so in love with and who kissed her once? And a prissy Maudie, who rolled her eyes and lisped, and used other feminine wiles to lure a back-yard brave named Gray away from Peggy's game of jump rope?

In her pocket Faye carries snapshots of Colonel Roosevelt standing tall and grinning beside his plane, somewhere in Europe. He makes a dashing, distinguished groom and there's love and pride and full realization of it in her face when she shows the pictures. None of these facts mean she's ever forgiven the plump Maudie for that long ago defeat, however:

"I hated her then and I still do. I took my jump-rope and striped her legs with it, and it's all right with me if the stripes never wore off. I've never forgotten her and I never want to, because I've never let anyone trick me out of anything I wanted to hold on to, since—"

HER remembrance of those beginning triumphs and hurts seems a vivid, also vital characteristic. Inequality can be cruel at any age—it takes spirit, and awareness and courage, to handle them both. Which makes it nice to know that Faye, the movie star, is still Peggy, the tomboy, who could walk in high places and never lose her balance.

The beginning of Faye, in movie history at least, occurred with "The Mask Of Dimitrios," in which she played a sort of Continental Tex Guinan gone wrong.

Previous roles had been bits, as in "Air Force" and "Destination Tokyo," when she appeared mostly as a photograph. "Dimitrios" was something else again. One of the mysteries of that film and others she has since made, is how Faye, who has a fresh, frank look, can so convincingly portray a hard-worn shady lady. She accomplishes it with those "interesting facial planes" the camera loves to light and shadow, a mouth which can become sensuous if need be, but most of all, by giving her characters some of that defiance which is an innate part of her own nature.

But what sets Faye Emerson apart regardless of her talent as an actress, is her winning of the love and the name of a scion of America's most famous family. How did the man who was then the Prince Charming of the White House, who'd met ladies of beauty and glamour all over the world, fall in love with a girl who had only just started on her way to becoming a movie queen? There's only one answer to that one—it's: *Fast!*

It has been variously printed that the Elliott-Faye romance began "on a movie set"—"at a cafe"—"a couple of years"—or "just a couple of weeks" before the wedding. The facts are that they met at a dinner party and their love story was a year and a half old before the world became aware of it. It was the accidental coming together of two young people who felt they'd "always known each other."

Faye had decided not to go. Those dinners for someone prominent! Usually they sat a gorgeous-looking character next to the guest for decoration with Faye on the other side for conversation. They'd usually tell Faye they wanted her because she could "talk"—which she usually does just to prove it, thus allowing the gorgeous one to concentrate on looking dreamy.

Faye had worked late that day and was in no mood for bright conversation. Finally, she coaxed herself into going, threw on a black crepe dinner dress, not new, which had a little skullcap of white gardenias to go with it—the kind of thing one looked well in without much effort. The other feminine guests were dripping in silks and sables. In strange contrast,



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The biggest thing since liquid nail polish! No waiting . . . no smudge-patching.

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The finest ingredients—with a *very* special oil—assure fast-drying action without dulling lustre.

Softens cuticle

This same special oil in Cutex Oily Quick Dry gently softens cuticle—helps keep it neatly in place—smooth and trim.

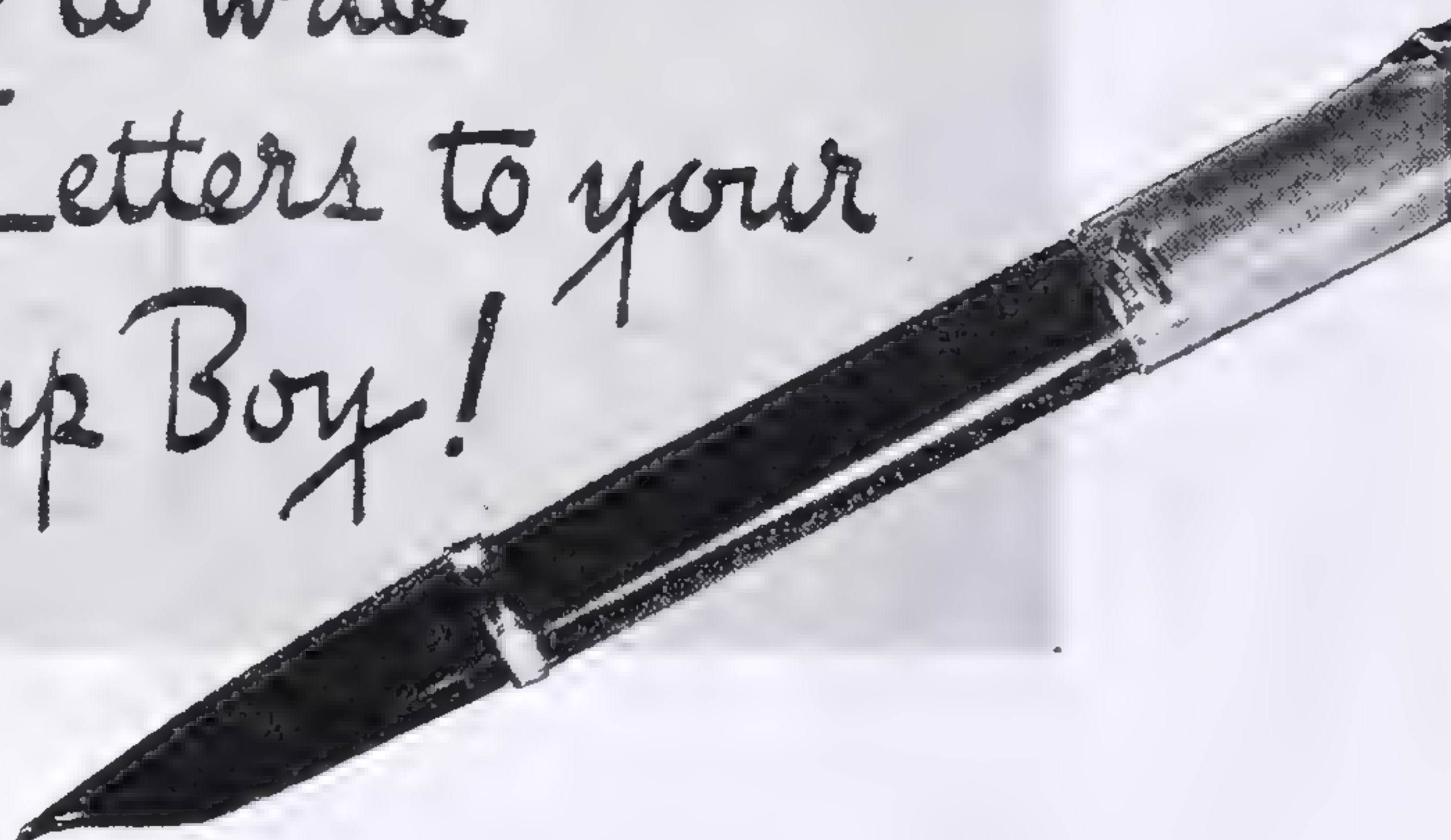
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When he answers "Mail Call," what will he get from you? A bright breezy letter filled with the news he wants to hear—or a dull, depressing recital of the hardships at home? When you write him maybe you can't always think of things to say. If so, take a look at this list of little homely things the boys themselves say they want to hear about. Keep it handy when you write—and write every day! **TELL HIM ABOUT...**

Yourself

What you did yesterday:
Where you had lunch, dinner—whom you saw—what they said.
Any new clothes for yourself; new things for the house?
What book you are reading—how you like it.

The Family

New things the children have done, have said.
The baby's new tooth, new words, new tricks.
Who has new clothes—what kind, color, size?
Who had a birthday?
What gifts? Was there a party? Who came? What happened?

Entertainment

What movies have you seen; did you like them?
What radio programs do you listen to, like best?
What play have you seen? Enjoy it? Who was in it?
Played cards? Who won?
Gone to any sports events? Who played? Who won?

The Neighbors

Who is engaged, who married?
Who had a baby?
Who has a new job?
Who has moved away?

Your Church

Who preached?
Like the sermon?
Whom did you see?
Any special events?

Your War Work

Your Victory garden;
Red Cross activities.
Buying War Bonds?
Donated blood?

His Friends in the Service

What news from them?
Who has been promoted?
Who has been decorated?
Who has been in the news?
Who home on leave?

His Job

How's the business?
Hiring more people?
Anyone promoted?
Seen his employer?
Seen his old associates?

Answer

Questions

Have his latest letter before you as you write—tell him what he wants to know.

Tuck in

Clippings

News items of interest:
Cartoons—jokes—jingles.
A short, good poem.
Articles he would enjoy.

Don't

Don't complain, don't whine, don't send him sad news, or bad news. Above all, don't forget to tell him that you love him!

SEND OVERSEAS MAIL V-MAIL...
IT'S FAST • SURE • CONFIDENTIAL

Something Special!

Thousands of wives and sweethearts of men in the service have something very special to write about. They are taking the DuBarry Success Course at home to make themselves fit and fair—lovelier than they were when he said good-bye! Some report their progress—others keep it secret—for a home-coming surprise. If you are overweight, underweight, less than your loveliest, send for the book that tells all about the DuBarry Success Course and how it can help you. Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SV-8, 693 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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Faye was the one who was outstanding. As eyewitnesses tell it, Faye sat on Elliott's left. They talked and talked and talked. No one else in the room seemed to matter. They talked about—what? Oh, people and places they knew, or would like to know. They laughed a lot, too. Faye found Elliott to be "a completely honest man, a gentleman and a gentle man." Evidently what the Colonel had found was something he was reluctant to lose sight of. Months later they met again in New York. From that moment, the romance was on.

She knew long before her marriage that loving a President's son wasn't quite the same as loving anyone else. Among other things, it meant silence. As a brook flows, Faye talks—enjoyably, enthusiastically, and as her most natural method of expression. For the first time in her life she had to keep the biggest thing she had ever known all dammed up inside. Even the usual "date" arrangements were out—when, after months overseas, the Colonel flew back to the States, there couldn't be any telegrams of love from Army airfields to Hollywood. Newshounds have a way of taking such texts to be in public domain. All of which is why Faye worked tight-lipped on the movie lot until within a few days of her wedding. And why a movie star married a Roosevelt without one stitch of "trousseau" to her name.

On the other hand, there were a few breaks the ordinary gal in love doesn't get. One of these was having a love letter delivered to her by Bing Crosby, who'd spent a lot of time with Elliott overseas.

Since there are undoubtedly those who wonder what it's like to be welcomed as a new daughter-in-law into the foremost household of America—well, it must feel exactly as it does to any bride anywhere who meets the folks and discovers, with warmth and relief, that she likes them:

"I admire them because they are such a close family group, with so much love between them all, from the youngest to the oldest. And because they can enjoy such a great kindred spirit, yet keep their independent interests—never forgetful of one another, but never possessive—"

And when the President slipped quietly, quickly out of this life, Faye saw more clearly than ever the closeness of the family she is now a part of.

Her present vulnerability is something she found out in a hurry. The famous Blaze incident will do for a quick example of that curious contradiction in Americanism which insists on a fair trial for the lowliest and most unworthy citizen, but says that a Hollywoodian, or a member of the Presidential family, is guilty until proven innocent—and sometimes, even afterwards.

She doesn't discuss it now, and she did a valiant job of suffering in silence then. She refused to "talk" in Washington when the leg-man for a Capitol columnist followed her into an elevator and tried various conversational ruses. Later, in retaliation for her silence, the columnist went on the air with a hot-off-the-griddle "scoop" about the displaced service men "losing money out of their own pockets on the deal" making much of the fact that Faye had done nothing to reimburse them.

"I have only one thing to say about that one," she says. "If it was his own last-minute 'scoop,' being just then revealed, how could I already have 'done something about it?'" Any further comment is with her eyes. You can't put sparks in quotes.

On Faye, who was once Peggy, the fightingest kid in the block, this desire to be true to the various tangents of her new life, looks good. She is used to

being set apart because, for all her prominence in the noise and activity of that Chicago courtyard, the early Emerson was a curiously lonely little girl.

Her parents were divorced and the family divided. Her dad had married again, and there was a doll-like baby half sister to whom her stepmother was entirely devoted, and to whom Peggy herself, without a trace of jealousy, was also devoted. There were two wiry, dark-eyed brothers so close in age and companionship they formed a small corporation of their own. And then, there was Peggy—

A ten year old, with no "own" mother or even big sister to fuss over her, she had the stripped look worn by all small females who must go without curls or ruffles—something like a small game-chick without feathers. It could have made her a pathetic figure; instead it made her an outstanding one. For the little girls in ruffles and pleats she had nothing but disdain, they also had small hypocrisies and affectations she was free of.

WHENEVER the juvenile Emerson felt too shut away from life she resorted to remedies offered to the sturdy of heart for the quick gathering of a highly responsive audience. Her most emotional audience, gathered one afternoon when she had shinned up a tall telephone pole and, since there were no spikes in this particular pole, to provide for normal descent, the group was eventually swelled by her grandmother, a policeman and finally her Dad bearing a borrowed ladder.

Between Chicago and Hollywood there was a Texas ranch, high school in San Diego, a chance for a screen test that ended in a brush-off and sickening disappointment, the dropping of her early ambition to be a ballet dancer when she felt the stirrings of dramatic ability.

And finally Hollywood for the girl who wears her blonde hair plainly—two straight swaths of soft gold ending in a low knot on the nape of her neck. That goes back to the time when, discouraged with the way her movie career *wasn't* progressing, she met Ann Sheridan.

"Look, kid," said Annie, recognizing the reason for Faye's obvious misery, "why don't you change the color of your hair? Some people say a new hat means everything to a woman—I say a new hair-do means more. It may change your luck."

Annie was right and Faye is still a blonde.

If she is ever asked to advise a young thespian, she knows what she'll say:

"Don't ever put your entire heart in your career. Never let it cause you to sacrifice old friends for new ones—don't pass up love or marriage or a home for it. If you do, you'll find out too late that what you've passed up all those things for, wasn't worth it." She's sure of this last line—so sure she's never going to risk it.

She felt that way when she married William Wallace Crawford II—and though it ended in divorce in 1942, Faye isn't sorry. After all her five year old son, William Wallace, Jr., is a product of this marriage. She wants more children.

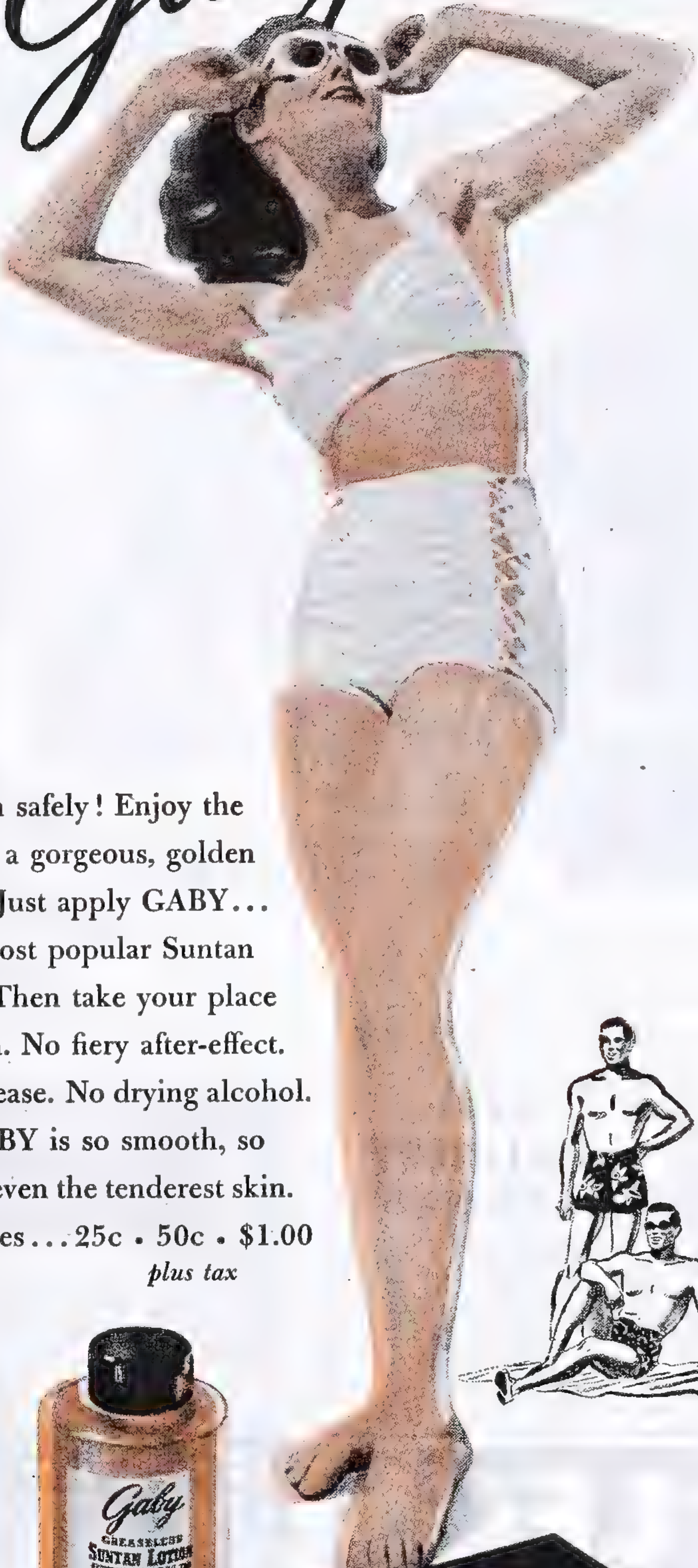
Like thousands of other young wives she's waiting for that day when her husband can join her. She doesn't know just what they'll do or where they'll live. If possible, a ranch home will be on schedule, with horses for them to indulge their favorite sport of riding. They'll want plenty of room to turn their family loose and a couple of more offsprings to be added later.

We trust there will be ample facilities for any future Peggys to get in plenty of climbing. There is nothing like a pirouette atop a pole now and then to get a girl all set for a fascinating future!

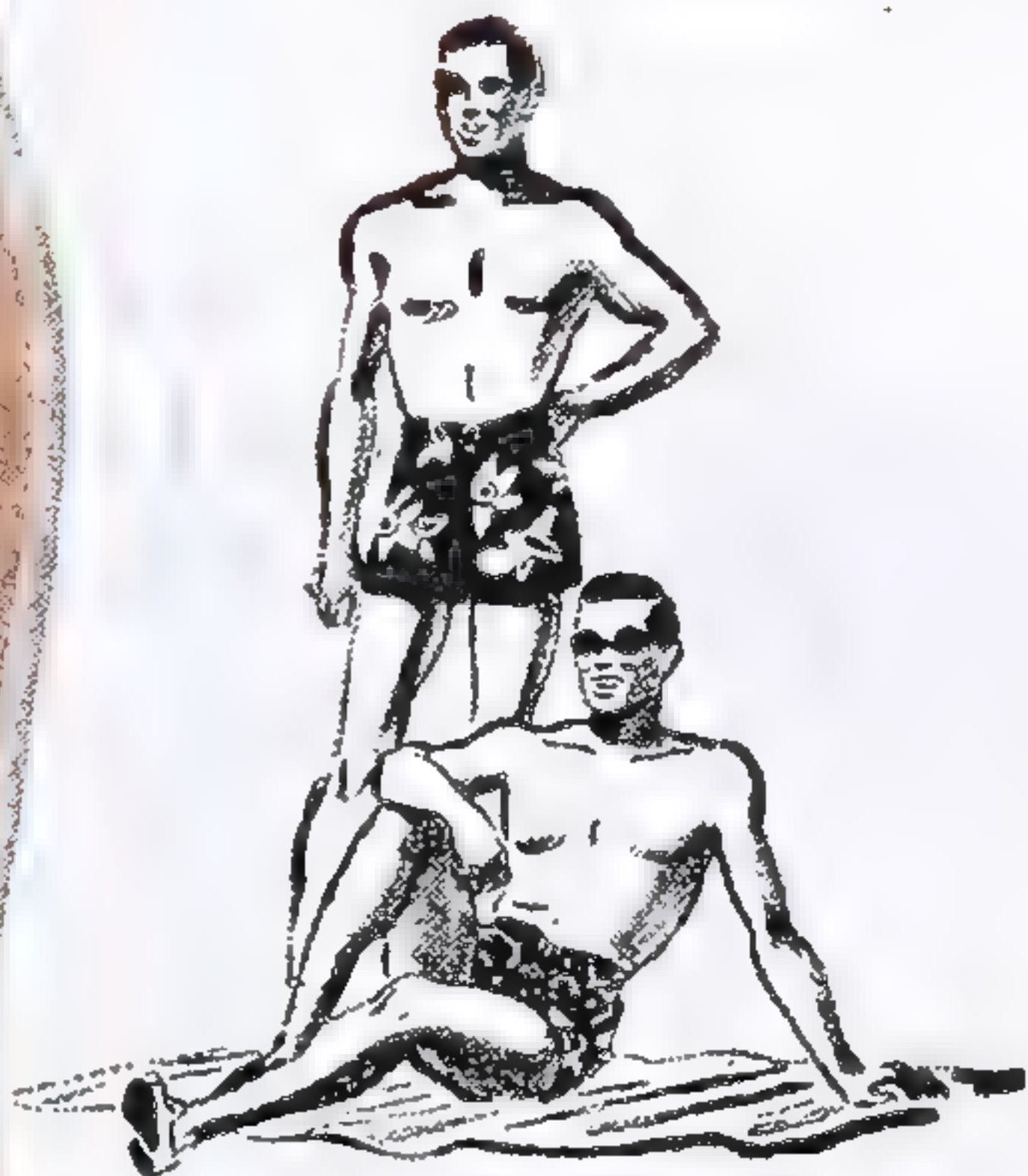
THE END

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 Gabytan. Just apply GABY...
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 Lotion. Then take your place
 in the sun. No fiery after-effect.
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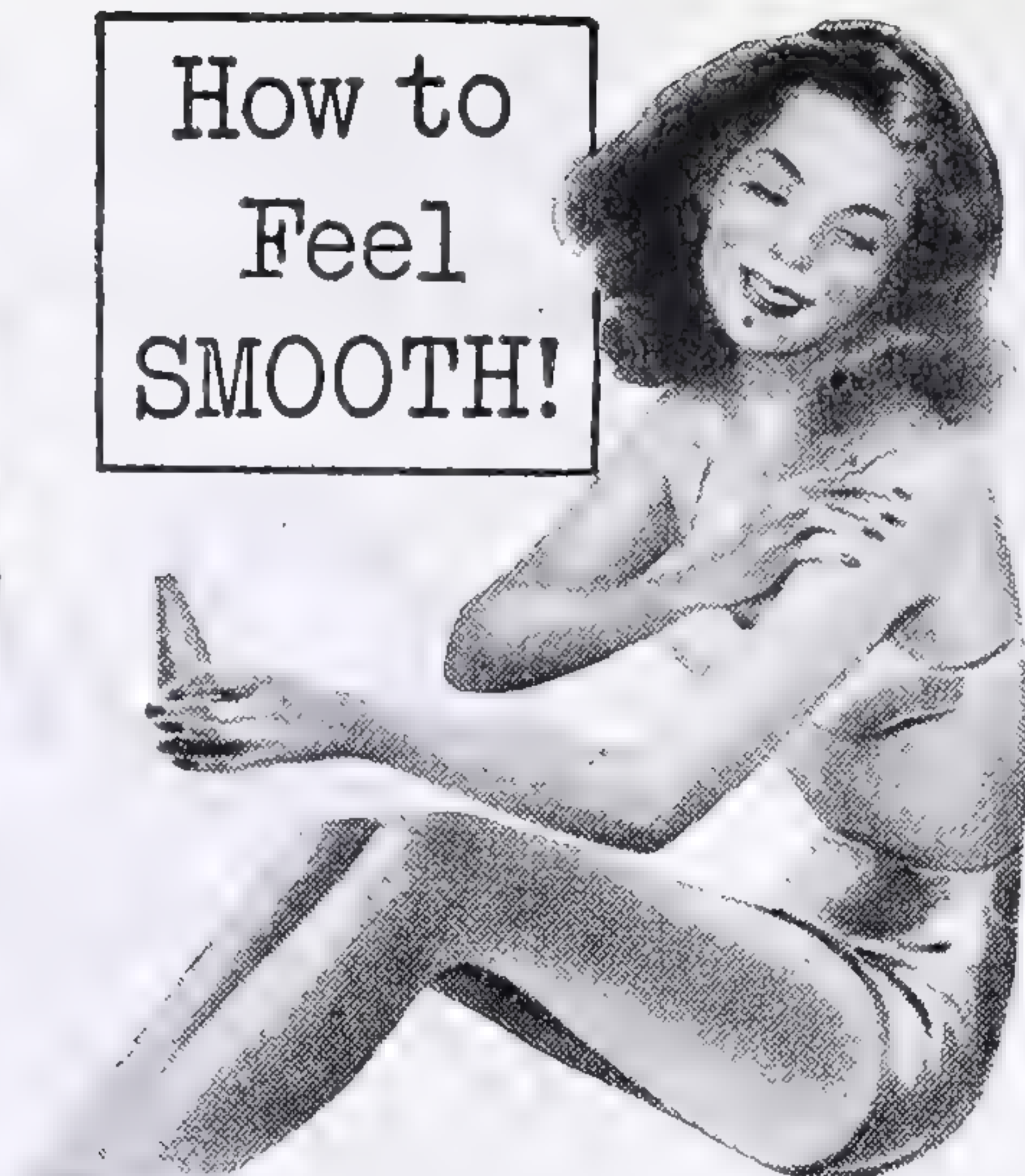


How to
Keep
COOL!

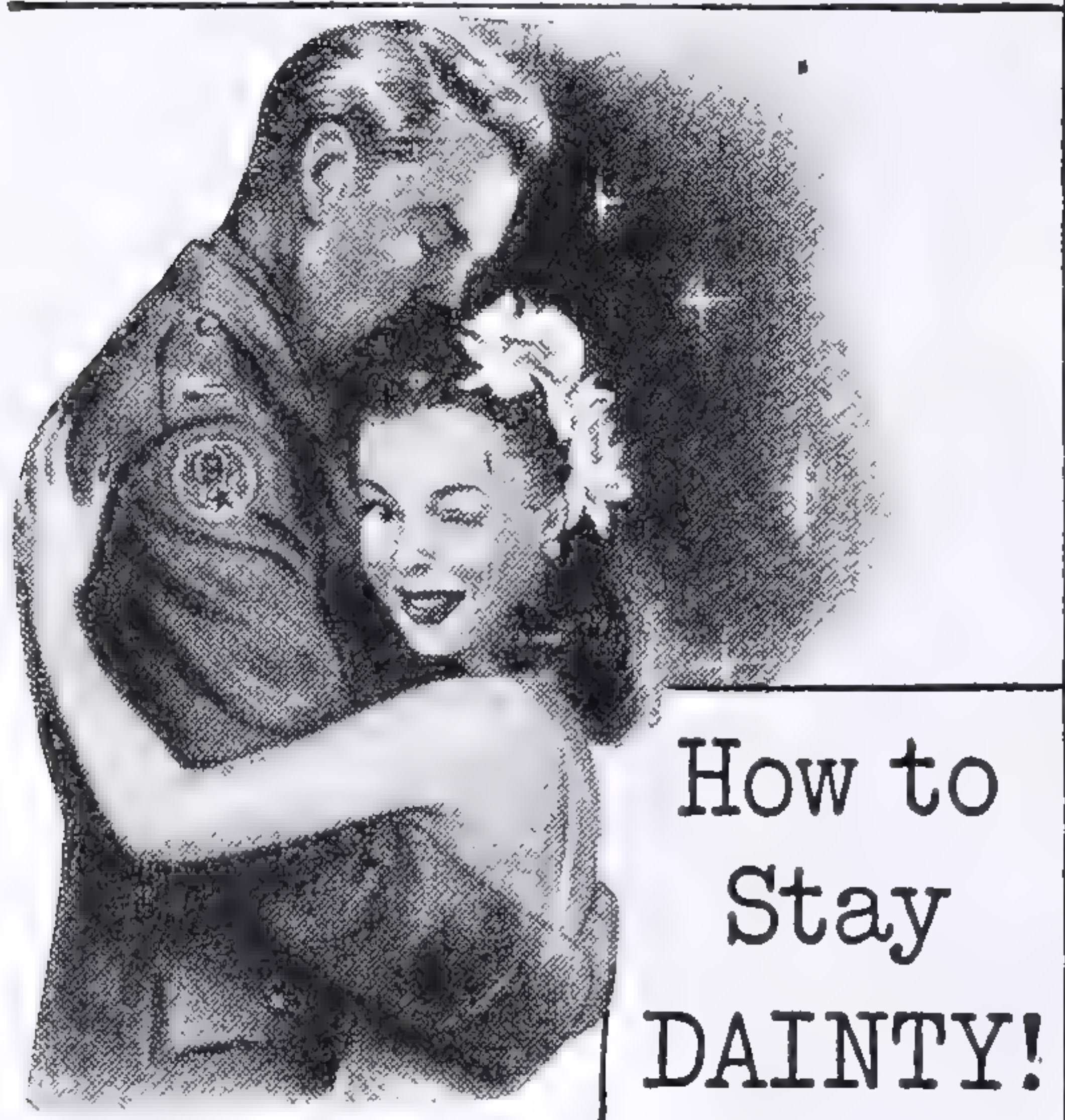


Cooling caress! Bathe. Then dust your whole body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It chases away that droopy, clammy feeling. Leaves you ravishingly fresh.

How to
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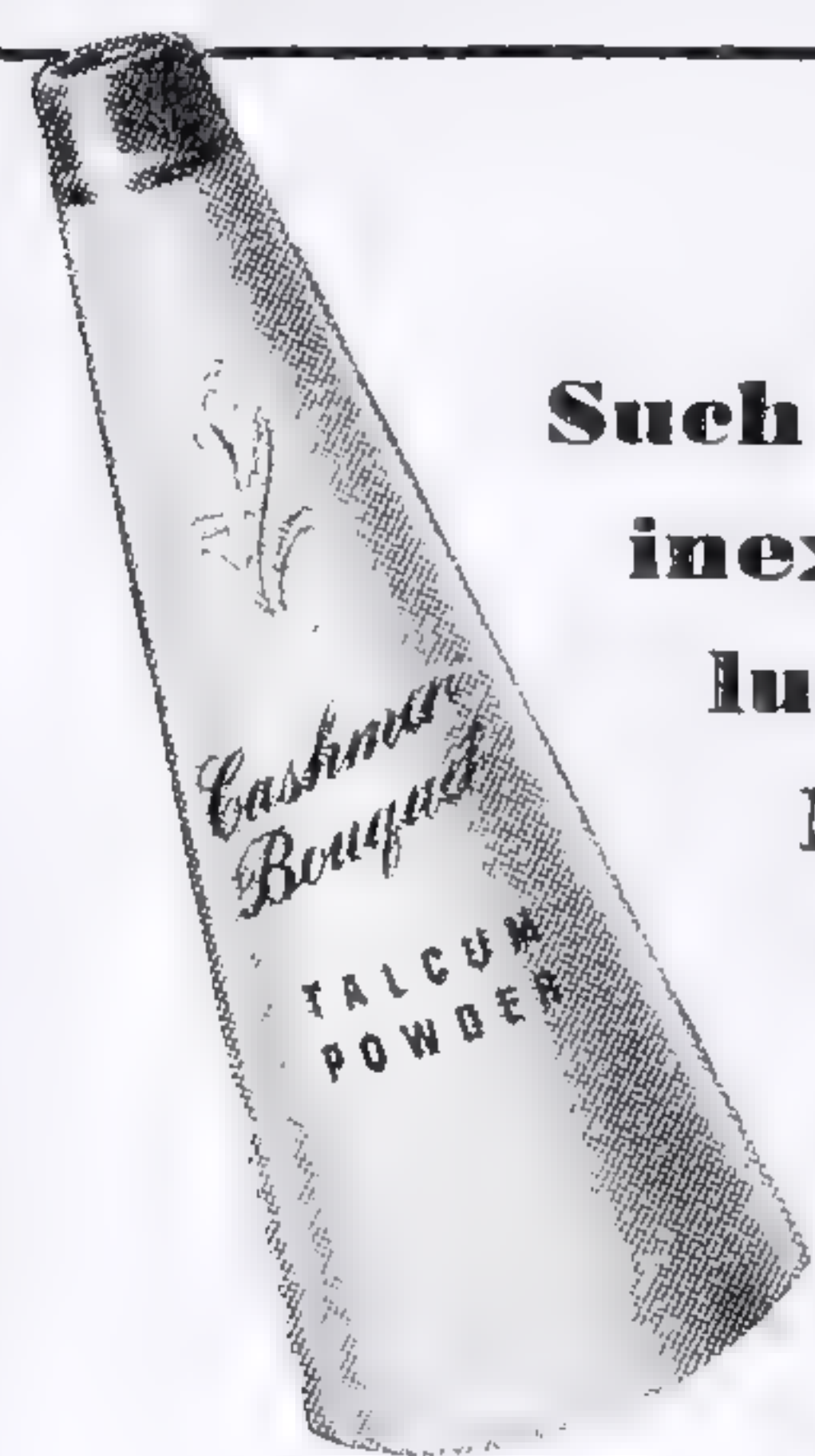


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with the fragrance men love

The Lady and the Camerman

(Continued from page 27) important to understand this protective attitude on John Brahm's part toward both his star and his cameraman, for if they hadn't been lucky enough to be working for him when they met, their romance would probably have been smashed to bits before it ever got started, despite the impact of their first meeting.

That was entirely magical. The lights were ready. The cameras were lined up. The star was in her portable dressing room, waiting to be called.

Lucien Ballard went and tapped on the dressing-room door. The throaty Oberon voice, with its slight British accent, bade him enter. He went in and before him he saw a girl with a high, curving forehead, with a lush, full mouth, with amazing eyes, made provocative by their being set not quite straight. She was wearing a feathery blue something that brought out the color of her eyes. When she stood up, she was much smaller than he had realized she was, from seeing her on screen, and much more delicate. Or possibly he thought that because he is so very tall and thin and dark himself. At any rate, he practically staggered out of her dressing room one instant later. He said, to no one in particular, but speaking as though the words were forced out of him: "I have never seen such beauty."

Miss Oberon stepped out at just that moment. All that the situation lacked was the obligato of romantic music. It had everything else, including the eternal triangle, though no one thought of it that first day. They were all too blissfully busy. Everything went along as smoothly as gulls skimming an azure sea. At four they all stopped and had tea. It was delightful.

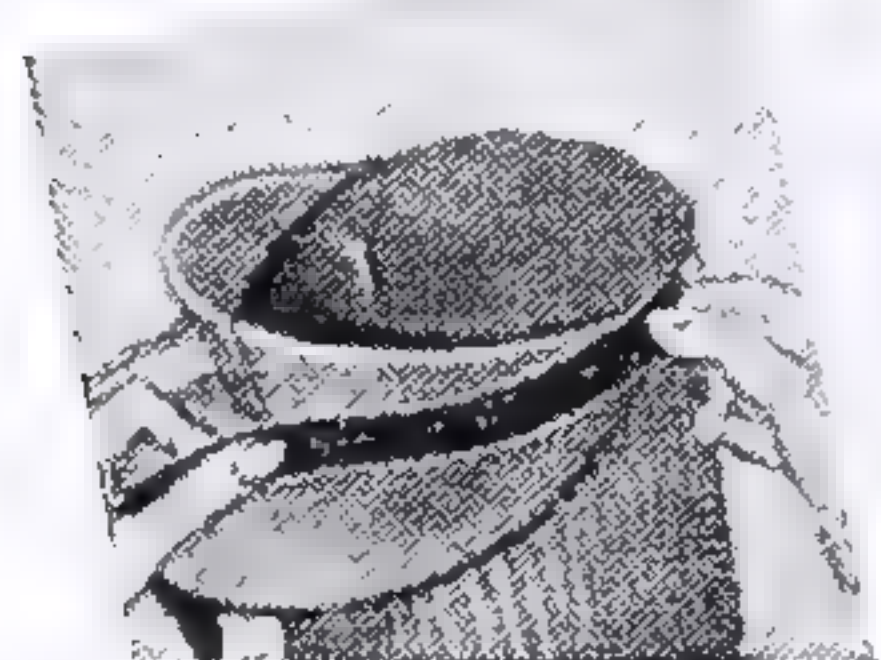
THE next day it was the same, wonderful scenes, tea at four, after which they saw the previous day's rushes. And what rushes they were! Lucien Ballard created close-ups of Merle Oberon such as no cameraman, not even the one on "The Private Life Of Henry VIII," had done of her. That went on for weeks. It was the perfect way to make love to a girl in pictures. Those close-ups, those camera angles, told day to day the things which the cameraman dared not say in person.

Unfortunately, there was the figure of Sir Alex Korda in the background, or to be more exact about it, in England. It was Korda who had produced "The Private Life Of Henry VIII" and in that picture had given Merle her first important role as Anne Boleyn. That was in 1933. Until then she had only been a fantastically beautiful chorus girl in London, that and a film bit player. Her real name was O'Brien and she had been born in Tasmania, that island off the south of Australia. With a face and voice and figure like hers, it was inevitable that she be discovered, but Korda was the man who had a picture and a role open in it at the moment that he first encountered her. The picture made almost everyone in it a star: Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie.

Korda fell instantly in love with her. He had been married before, to a woman of almost as great but entirely different beauty, the blonde Maria Korda, who made one film in this country years ago. "The Private Life Of Helen Of Troy."

Merle was tremendously grateful to Alex Korda, deeply fond of him, respectful of his artistic integrity, his cultured mind, flattered by his attentions. But there was almost twenty years difference in their ages. They came from different backgrounds. he from Hungary, she from the Irish-English background of a far-off island.

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Instead of marrying Alex Korda in 1933, she came to America. A bookish girl interested in the fine arts, she was pretty lonely in Hollywood despite her personal success. That first year she had few women friends, Norma Shearer being the notable exception, but at all times men, powerful men, handsome men, brainy men, flocked around Merle. She became officially engaged to the completely charming David Niven, but she never quite settled down to anyone, any more than she ever quite settled down to being either American or English in her outstanding interests. She would make pictures here and then go across to England and make some there. Wherever she went, she lived charmingly, discreetly, intellectually.

And wherever she went, there Alex Korda was more likely than not to turn up, still courting her.

If she was restless and unaware of what she was seeking, so, too, had been Lucien Ballard.

He was a man who liked to make pictures. By profession, he created them with a camera, but by choice, he did them with paints and canvas, or even charcoal or pencil. He would photograph a movie like "Craig's Wife" and on the profits of it, would pack himself up, go to Mexico, and stay in some village, painting away until a lack of money forced him back to a camera job again. He was completely independent, almost violently individualistic, entirely undependable, yet women found in him a man who stirred all the romantic visions they had been told were silly to keep dreaming about.

ONE day a newspaper girl came to interview him. She thought of herself as a pretty practical person, but when she walked away from the interview, she knew she had fallen in love. A little after that, they were married. That was about fifteen years ago. She continued to write, under the name of Peggy Ballard, and they had two children. About two years ago, she and Lucien were divorced, and the little girls now live with her.

Meanwhile around the studios the glamour girls, the starlets, the messenger girls, the script clerks, were all very conscious of Lucien Ballard. He worked with them, very occasionally lunched with them, chatted with them, and at six o'clock when the studio locked up, he went away, alone, and that was that. Finally, the girls gave up, consoling themselves with the fact that his having Indian blood, of which he is very proud, was probably the cause of his need for solitude.

In June of 1939 Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda were married. Everyone hoped that they would be very happy. Obviously, they must have hoped the same, but as brainy sophisticates they should have known that when two romantic people know each other for six years with no barriers between them and still stay on the cool basis of grateful friendliness they are not in love, and never will be.

In September of 1939 came the war. Alex Korda was head of London Films. He felt a fierce allegiance to England and everything English, but he wanted his wife to be safe from the bombings. He sent her to this country while he remained in London. For the almost six years that have elapsed since then, he and Merle have almost always been separated. That made it six years of courtship and six years of a half-marriage. That is no formula for romance.

But the set of "The Lodger" was. There were the lines of love in the script, that could be said so softly that they had a special meaning. There were dinners sent in to the set when the star and the cameraman dined in Merle's portable dressing



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room night after night, with Lucien always managing to run out of film around five forty-five, because Merle liked to eat her dinner at six.

Everybody around Twentieth Century-Fox had great respect for the lady and the cameraman because they behaved with such politeness and good taste. They never went out together. They were never any more alone than you can be when you are on a set where a minimum crew will number at least ten or fifteen people. Yet they couldn't quite keep their eyes from following one another and it was almost impossible for them to stop talking, they had so much they always wanted to discuss, books, travel, art, food (Merle is a great epicure) freedom, money, everything, anything. Theirs was a true meeting of minds, but even if they couldn't have talked, it was completely apparent that merely being near one another was the most wonderful thing in the world.

THEN, suddenly, Alex Korda came over to this country. It can be assumed that Merle asked him at that time for her freedom. As numerous as her friends are, she has never been a party girl, but she did appear last fall and winter at several affairs with Sir Alex. One night, when he collapsed while dining alone at Romanoffs, Merle was the first person called and she took care of him with great devotion.

In fact, in every way she revealed her genuine fondness, her admiration, her sympathy for Sir Alex—all those emotions that are very excellent, indeed, and have little to do with romance.

She has never, incidentally, used her title in the laughable and arrogant way of other Hollywood girls, who suddenly got "royal"—there were no crowns on her handkerchiefs, no title on her calling cards, none of that sudden, quick importance a less genteel person might be inclined to indulge in.

The final party at which she and Alex appeared together was the Jack Benny party last New Year's Eve. Merle was just as charming as ever, Alex as pleadingly devoted, but the whole gathering saw that Lady Korda was spiritually as far away as the planet Jupiter. Shortly after that Korda sailed back to England.

A little later, Merle redecorated her beach house. She called it "Shangri-La" and it showed quite a bit of Mexican influence in the colors and designs used. For the first time Lucien Ballard began appearing at this house, and in May they went south of the border for Merle to get her divorce, whereupon they planned to be married in Mexico City.

War conditions, however, have caused a tightening up on all legal procedures, particularly where aliens are involved. The Mexican authorities demanded written authorization from Sir Alex Korda for his wife's divorce. Merle cabled frantically but a return cable she received wasn't sufficient. There was nothing more that she could do but wait for the slow process of overseas mails to bring her this written right to freedom.

The written consent didn't arrive before Merle had to return to the United States to start her newest picture even though the cables did assure her that there was merely a time delay on her new happiness.

Thus was written the ending in a chapter in the life of Sir Alex Korda and the beginning of a new chapter for a girl who, whether she spells it with a capital or small "L," has always been very much of a genuine lady and always will be. And it looks now as though she will be a very happy lady, too.

THE END

Gentle Swashbuckler

(Continued from page 45) was one and it would dismay your Aunt Emma to see how he is allowed to sleep on those lovely, flower-strewn bedspreads. Cornel confides, "Pat has to spoil somebody . . . and she won't spoil Wendy . . . so the dog gets it."

CORNEL likes big things around him. So he enjoys the enormous French windows, flower-draped, in the living room, the huge sofa and the big, squashy chairs. Color contrasts are dramatic . . . splashes of vivid coral or blue against pastel greens and beiges. "I couldn't bear to live in a drab room," he says. Then he adds, hastily, "any more. . . ."

But there aren't enough rooms, especially bedrooms, in the house to suit him. He adores house guests. The remarkable man loves every single one of his in-laws and urges them constantly to visit him. His greatest ambition is to have a home in which he may entertain all the relatives at Christmas and Thanksgiving, with even the most distant cousins gathered together for feasting and noisy fun. He has scores of friends whom he likes to entertain and when the "Winged Victory" troupe was here he mourned exceedingly because he could accommodate only a handful.

Just now their parties are few, but when they have one, they have a big one. They make them simple so that they may have as many friends at a time as possible. Usually these are afternoon affairs on Sundays, with music and a deal of animated conversation for entertainment.

These are the occasions on which Cornel makes with the recipes. Hors d'oeuvres are his specialties and he wields expertly such things as cheeses, anchovies, caraway seeds and tiny whispers of garlic, coming up with platters of tidbits which look like those gorgeous things in the colored advertisements and which taste like something from a gourmet's dream. His other specialty is roast fowl and he sparkles as he tells you of the superiority of toasted bread crumbs over the soggy white stuff so often perpetrated by less thoughtful cooks. He discourses learnedly about chestnuts and sage versus savory and is downcast when he considers the current dearth of truffles and wild rice.

Pat avers (with a giggle) that she excels at three things in the culinary line. Brownies, fudge and chocolate sauce. Period.

The Wildes's own, private, personal celebrations, such as birthdays and anniversaries, are exultantly observed by just the two of them. "We get all dressed up," Cornel says. "Sometimes we go places and do things. More often we celebrate at home. But we have rules about it. We must be gay, I must send Pat flowers, we must laugh a lot . . . and we must have champagne."

He likes to see Pat in definite colors which enhance her lovely coloring. Magenta or chartreuse for the very gay occasions. Black or an intense blue for less important evenings. He insists that the lines be severe and dramatic, since she is beautiful enough to be strikingly effective in simple, sophisticated costumes.

For himself, he likes to "dress clear up," as he puts it, or else lounge in the easiest of sports togs. He feels comfortable in light-hued things—yellow, cream, beige. He loathes bright colors.

He has one intense, as yet unsatisfied, longing. It is for a room of his own, a sort of studio-office. It must be big, with enormous windows and a wide view. It must have "about an acre of desk" on which he may strew myriads of papers in violent disarray. It must have a north light, just

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in case he feels like doing a spot of painting. He paints really well and, once he is started on a picture, he is likely to forget everything else until it is finished. He considers this one of his major vices, especially since he is never at all satisfied with the picture when it is done.

He sighs that he is just as bad when he gets it into his head to write something. The amazing man writes as well as he paints and acts. He has sold a scenario or two and right at this moment he has a play . . . with financial backing . . . ready for Broadway!

PERHAPS environment and experience have had something to do with all this. Cornel was born in New York City but his father, Captain Louis Wilde, was called back to his native Budapest to rejoin his regiment during World War I. He took his family with him. So, while Cornel was still a little boy, he lived through the terrors and hazards of a revolution . . . thrilling escapes and all . . . and then found himself back in this country with his invalided and financially ruined father, his mother and his older sister. He returned to school, proceeded to Columbia University and then was uprooted again. Back in Budapest, he found no war to furnish excitement, so he amused himself by taking up art, for which he showed real talent. He also . . . just for fun . . . took up the hazardous sport of fencing and studied under some of the most famous masters in the world.

Then . . . back to the United States, with the family finances in so desperate a state that he took that job in Macy's basement. That's the way his life has been . . . filled with exciting moments, alloyed with dull, dull periods. For instance, he was a member of the United States fencing team for the 1935 Olympic Games . . . reached the semi-finals and then bowed out because he had a chance at a role in the play, "Moon Over Mulberry Street," and thought he had better not pass up the chance to earn an honest dollar in the profession he hoped to make his own!

He is earnestly convinced that the reading he did as a little boy had a tremendous influence on his life and career. He was addicted to the stories of King Arthur and his Knights and he was sad when he realized that the art of swordsmanship was a touch old fashioned. Still, he thought, it would be nice to be able to handle a sword or a rapier, just in case such obsolete weapons should come into use again for some curious, fateful reason. So when he was old enough, he did learn to use them . . . and that know-how has been more useful to him than any other part of his early education. Cornel is convinced that that was the work of Fate.

One of his major vices, he thinks, is carelessness "about things." He forgets to send things to the cleaner and if it is one of those "pick 'em up yourself" places, he also forgets to bring them home, thereby causing dire lacks in his wardrobe at times. He keeps on hanging things on the hooks in his bathroom until there are no hooks and he has to start putting them into heaps. Blue jeans, sweaters, shorts adorn the walls while shoes, boots and an occasional fishing rod accumulate on the floor. When he reaches a point at which it is difficult to get far enough into the room to shave, he shouts for help and gets himself dug out. He says he feels ill-at-ease in the stark, unaccustomed tidiness until "things" begin to accumulate again.

He hoards telephone numbers, old telegrams, messages and notes which he writes to himself and can never, never decipher. "Pat," he will tell you, admiringly, "is awfully nice about this. It does

clutter up the desk by the telephone." She insists that he "make a clearance" of these matters once every six months and she is inexorable about keeping track of the last clearance.

He is extravagant about sports equipment and, if not carefully watched, he is likely to equip himself completely for a sport in which he has never indulged and in which he has no notion of indulging. He just admires the gadgets. His favorite sports in which he does indulge are fishing and fencing. He is equipped in a big way for each of these. The gas situation prevents his visiting California trout streams at this point and there is a current, war-time ban on deep sea fishing for amateurs, so he hies himself to the beach at Santa Monica, wades into the surf and casts happily for some sort of little finny denizens. He insists that he catches some and that, what's more, he cooks and eats the creatures, whatever they are. He'll even give you a recipe!

He is extravagant about perfumes and huge boxes of flowers for Pat. He admires the "artistry, the sheer drama," that the purveyors of these articles contrive to put into the packages. He gets a great kick out of buying them.

HE THINKS his greatest handicap, so far as life in Hollywood is concerned, is his complete inability to say "the right

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in September Photoplay

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thing to the right people." He simply cannot bring himself to do the kow-towing which is considered essential in film circles. A friend said to him recently, "Well, your honesty hasn't held you back . . . really. Now, has it? Haven't you found that the business of saying 'the right thing' is all a myth?" Cornel was very serious. "It's not a myth," he replied. "I know now that if I had learned to be a subtle diplomat before I came here, I'd be a year or two further along in my career, right now. It's probably true in most businesses.

"I knew it. But I never could bring myself to say insincere things to 'important people' in order to get ahead. I think it's fine to say something nice to someone who needs a boost in morale . . . even if it isn't quite the truth. But I can't flatter anyone . . . I can't say a story is good or a part is terrific if I don't think so . . . just in order to gain favor. Anyhow, Pat wouldn't let me . . . even though she'd suffer along with me if the consequences came out like that. Pat has always put personal integrity first—ahead of anything. We want Wendy to feel the same way. Sometimes it's tough to accomplish—in a lot of ways. But it feels good to be true to yourself. I know!"

THE END

Tessie played tennis...Her strokes were alarming



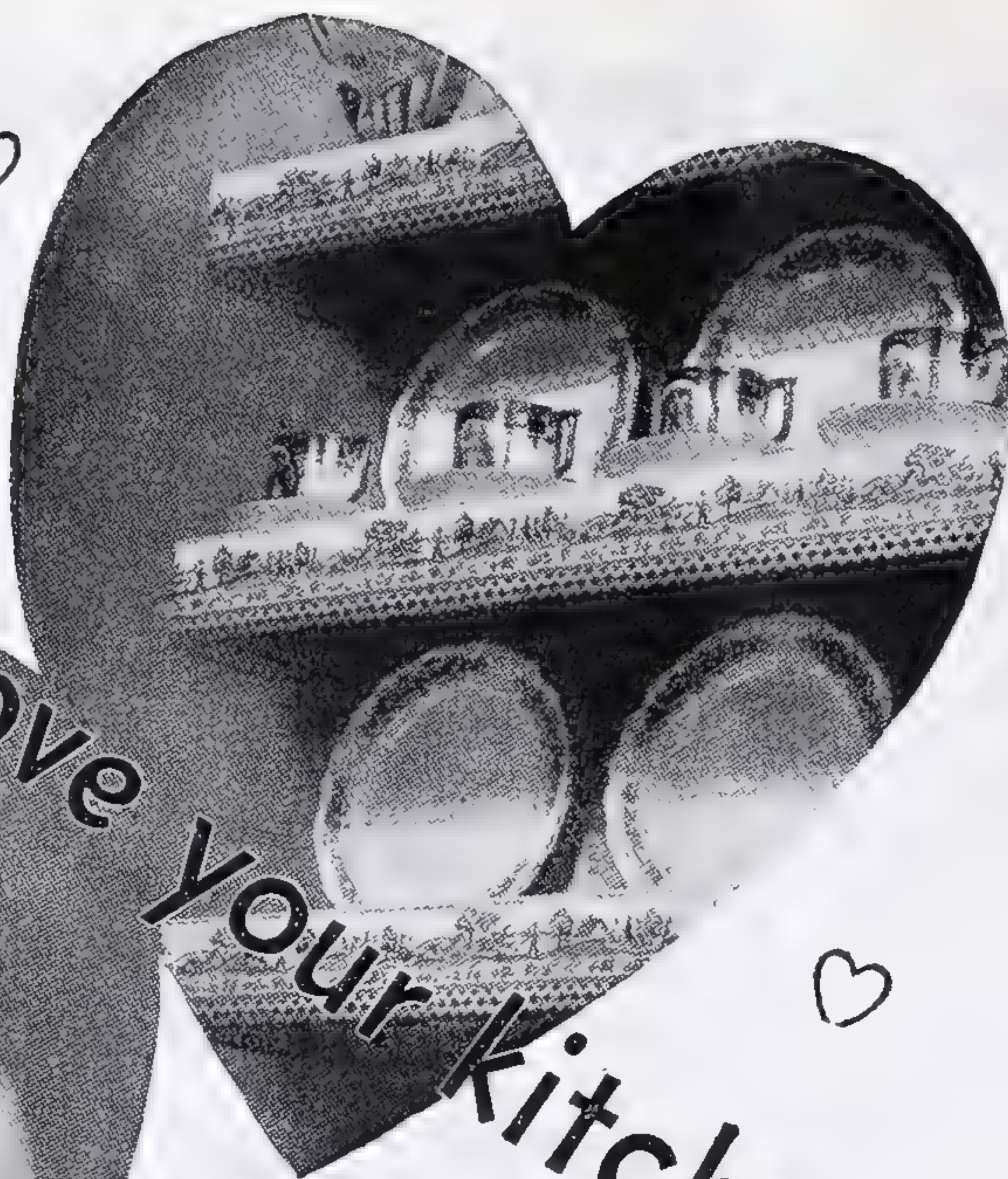
But **HOLD-BOB** pins kept her hair tidy and charming

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What Next for Cary Grant

(Continued from page 34) but few people will play with her, because I think, through no fault of her own, she builds an unconscious wall around herself.

NOW how does Betty Hensel fit into the picture and how did they meet? Cary met her after his first separation. He was stung to the quick at Barbara's refusal to take him back although he admits he did leave her alone too much and that he was too much at the fights with his own friends.

I don't know who introduced Betty and Cary although he had admired her swimming when he watched her in the Beverly Wilshire pool. Then they met at the swimming pool of a mutual friend and he started taking her to the fights.

Betty likes the fights. She sits on the edge of her seat and is as tense as Cary over the final knockout blows. So it started when she and Cary went to the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Stadium. He admired her figure, her blonde youngness and most of all, I suspect, she was a sort of balm to his hurt pride. She openly admired him and hung onto every word, a thing every man enjoys.

There isn't a great "story" back of Mary Elizabeth Hensel. She is just one of a thousand pretty blonde American girls who happen to live in a movie town but are no tangible part of it. She makes her home in Beverly Hills with her mother and she has a sister, Emily, who is married to Easton Spalding, of the well-known sporting goods family.

Betty has no particular ambitions for a career because it isn't necessary for her to work. Her family are in good circumstances. Before she met Cary she had probably only seen him a dozen times and thought him "keen" as do all the younger set. What happened to put a snag in this romance which seemed to be going so well, only Cary and Betty know and they aren't saying. But suddenly Betty announced her engagement to Lieut. William Dodge, a rich and socially prominent young man from San Francisco. This was right after Cary and Barbara reconciled!

Time out for a few months—and then came the second parting of the Grants and the statement from them both that there was no chance of another reconciliation.

Meanwhile, the date of the wedding of Betty and Lieut. Dodge was rapidly sneaking up. The groom-to-be's parents arrived for the ceremony. Everything was just like the story books—when, bingo, Betty became ill. So ill that she went to the hospital, had hysterics, and announced just twenty-four hours before she was to have marched down the aisle that her wedding was indefinitely postponed!

Privately, she told friends she loved Cary—that he was the man in her life.

I'll say for Cary that he is the same type. When he falls in love he falls hard. I remember when he was married to Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. He was mad about her and never looked at another woman. When they broke up, he was in such a desperate condition his friends were worried about him. He "took it out" throwing himself into his work and climbing to the top as one of the ten biggest stars of the screen. It looks as if he might follow at least part of the pattern this time, for he has told Warners he's ready to go ahead with "Night And Day," which he begged off from at the time he and Barbara tried for their second honeymoon in San Francisco.

In the long run, however, we'll probably have to settle for Cary's appraisal of things when he said, "Who knows what will happen in a year?"

THE END

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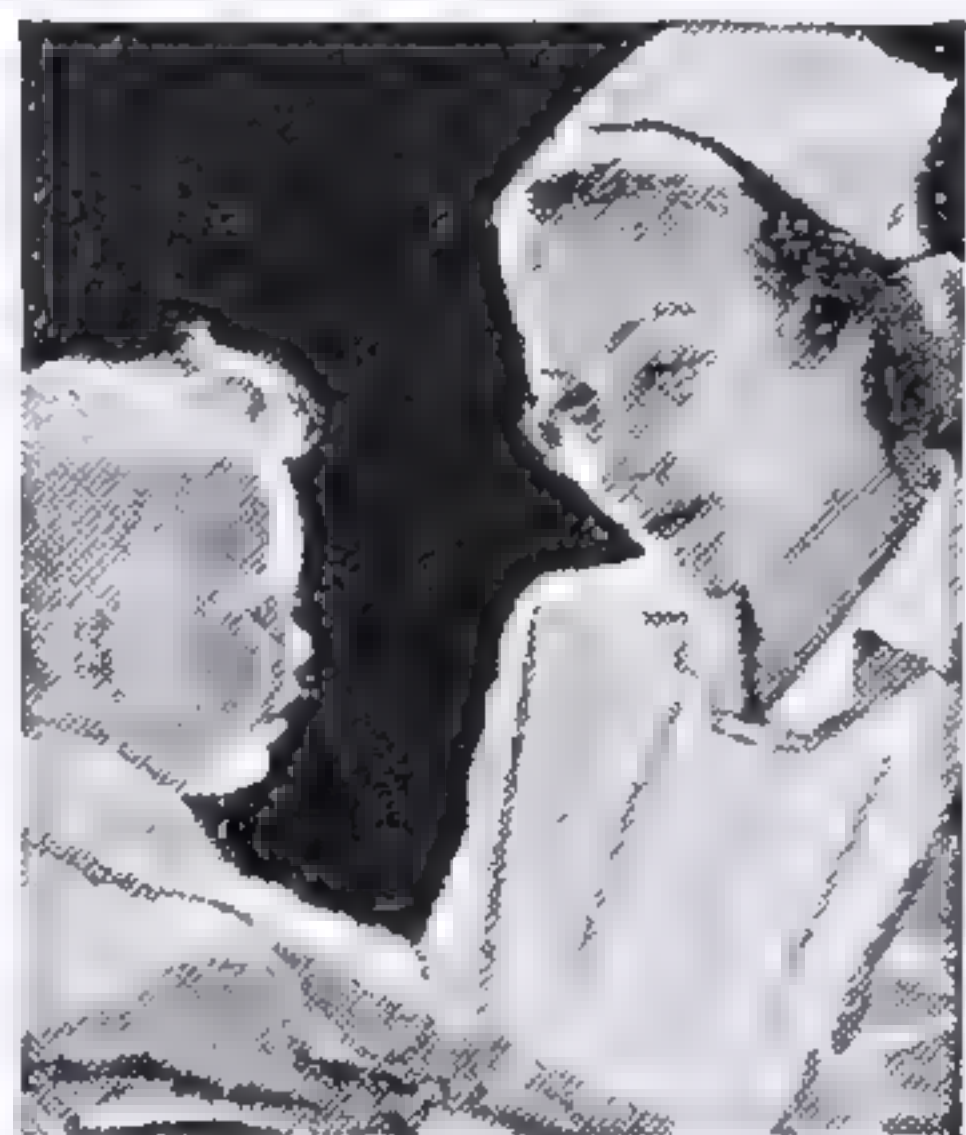
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Yankee with Verve

(Continued from page 47) or acting. Miss Davis is a master of all three of those necessary functions. She approves costumes and set designs, selects the cast, conducts rehearsals with Director Bernhardt, acts as dialogue coach. She does not spare herself a moment, combining her fabulous energy with her amazing patience.

Besides working as hard as anyone on the Warner Brothers lot, Bette has been up to her neck in war work, at the Canteen and elsewhere; she is involved in several organizations for the protection of dumb animals, especially in the training of dogs to guide the blind. Only a few evenings ago, after a gruelling day at the studio, she introduced Assistant Secretary of State Archibald MacLeish, another New Englander, when he spoke in Hollywood on the subject of world peace.

It would not be like Miss Davis to hedge about political affiliations or anything else.

She is a liberal, of the old school of New England liberals who have fought so hard for the rights of man since the days of the bigoted Puritans.

Her approach is frank and direct. She has to meet strange people every day, she has accepted honors, rubbed shoulders at once with notables and the most obscure people and still the key to her character is her natural shyness. She is very gentle, her reserved and tactful manners are completely unaggressive.

HOW is it possible that Bette Davis can be shy, after years of active life in the studio atmosphere, which is supposed to harden one's feelings and sharpen one's tongue, inflate one's ego, and implant in the gentlest souls the philosophy of "dog eat dog"? The fact is, Miss Davis's personality, that of a well-bred, intelligent New England girl, has not been changed by her years of popularity on the screen or of toil on the sets. She has acquired the reputation of being rather cool and even difficult because, at heart, she is so reluctant to push herself forward, except under extreme urgency, or to bruise the feelings of another.

Her face is like a mirror reflecting changing emotions. To say that it is supremely beautiful is as true as to say that it is sometimes harsh and strained. It all depends on the moment. It is the same with her posture and gestures. Sometimes

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Next Month

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she smiles and sighs with an almost Olympian calm, suddenly her face will cloud, her eyes will narrow, her forehead will crease. She does not spare her face when she wishes to emphasize her words, nevertheless the effort is designed to express something rather than to force it on anyone.

At any mention of friends or acquaintances, recent or old, Miss Davis's face lights with a ready smile.

"That's perfect for him," she said, when I told her about Virgil Geddes, who wrote "The Earth Between," the first play Miss Davis ever appeared in. Geddes is postmaster of a small town, Brookfield, Connecticut, and carries on his shrewd observation of the human kind from behind a small grilled window. "A writer can work and grow, wherever he is," she said. "He doesn't need a theater or a motion-picture set."

Now that the European War is over, the industry is agog over how American films will fare abroad.

"The French and Spanish have always liked me better than Americans do," Miss Davis said. "Here, some people like what I do, others find it atrocious. My public is a faithful one, but not inclusive. . . . When I saw 'Now, Voyager' in French, I wished I were a French girl. The dubbing was so perfect that I, myself, couldn't believe that I hadn't spoken French."

She envies the French actors because of the fluidity and exactness of the French language, which has only 50,000 words as compared with the 2,000,000 in the American.

When she has had time to learn French well, and Spanish passably, it is difficult to guess. She's working to perfect her Spanish now, believing that Pan-American solidarity is a real and important development and that the two Americas must and will get together.

IN SPITE of her desire to promote Pan-American friendship, Miss Davis got herself unpopular in Brazil, in connection with "Now, Voyager."

"The public blames the star for everything. If I'm advertised as a glamour girl, and the leading man as a dashing and handsome young hero, and I show up on the screen as a presentable but middle-aged school teacher (as in 'The Corn Is Green'), I feel ashamed to face the people on the street. I know they think I have purposely cheated them."

The Brazilian beef about "Now, Voyager" had to do with a bit part, that of a taxi driver who drives Miss Davis up a mountain and lets the car go over the side. It happens that in the vicinity of Rio, all taxi drivers who are not phenomenally skillful die in their teens, because the roads are difficult and the Brazilian customers exigent. Brazil, and especially Rio, claim to have the surest mountain drivers in the world. When the North American film indicates otherwise, not even Miss Davis's charm could save the picture in Rio. It not only flopped, but nearly caused an international incident.

Of all the celebrities of Hollywood I have met or interviewed, Miss Davis is the soundest about accents. She thinks it is indefensible that Frenchmen on the screen talk with central European accents and rugged Westerners from Oregon and Montana talk to their horses with an accent from Chicago or Haverhill.

Bette was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, attended private schools, learned to speak grammatically almost from birth, and never had the slightest feeling of social inferiority. That is the kind of background that makes it impossible for a woman to be snobbish. Her hair is soft and neatly arranged, her wrists and ankles

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are small and aristocratic, her eyes are friendly and expressive. Like her beauty, her voice can go on and off, like the light between shifting clouds, according to what she has to say. She is the kind of person who is liked best by those who know her best.

To rehearse a scene with Bette directing is not easy for anyone concerned, be he an actor, cameraman, or sound engineer. Everyone takes the grilling cheerfully because she has a sure touch for the final good result, and works twice as hard as anyone else.

When we were speaking about romantic leading men, she said something that would make Jimmy Cagney's face very red. Jimmy is notorious for avoiding love scenes on the screen. He says he can't do them, and that's that. Bette is of the opposite opinion. She thinks Cagney is one of the most convincing of all screen lovers.

That Miss Davis has entered the ranks of women producers is an event that has encouraged every woman who wants to know and influence the whole industry, not only the members of the audience who see the finished product, but those thousands who contribute to a picture and whose names are not extensively advertised. She has such authority, such a hold upon the public and studio executives as well that her rugged personality and good taste will make themselves felt.

Early in her career, Miss Davis had many set-backs. Eva Le Gallienne discouraged her, George Cukor fired her. Richard Bennett and George Arliss, on the other hand, encouraged her.

"I never have got or ever will get a unanimous decision," she said, with a philosophical smile.

THE END

NO ONE-YEAR

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I Want to Talk to You

(Continued from page 31) brother this and my older brother that. Sometimes I feel almost I'm a stranger."

And: "In my estimation you're an ideal father. I haven't had a father since I was a year old. I have my mother but I'm using the term 'have' loosely. My mother isn't like a real mother should be. Because she's quite young I do believe she is jealous of me. She doesn't care if I go to school, stay out till four or do not come home at all. She's always yelling at me until sometimes I think she actually hates me. I take it all as if it didn't affect me but the tears come after until I am crying my youth away. I'm sixteen and the only opportunity available to me is the course of delinquency. Music is my weakness. Life meant something when I had a piano, for I had plans for a career. I practiced for hours every day, loving it as only one who understands music can. I play everything from Bach to Basie. But—my mother sold the piano."

Then there's this letter: "Recently my two girl friends and I made the acquaintance of two very nice boys—our age, around seventeen—who live on the next block. We got to gathering at one of our houses and enjoyed each other immensely. What we want you to understand is we didn't do a single thing that was wrong. The boys are not dirty and, to put it bluntly, we didn't neck. Recently, our parents began to object to our staying with the boys too often and to consider them punks. How can our parents expect us 'teen agers to keep from being JDs when they won't permit us to follow amusements that keep us out of trouble? We want to be hep but we certainly can't be hep if we're not allowed to hang around nice boys and girls our own age."

And this: "I'm very desolate and heart-sick. A boy and I have been in love with each other for four years. In 1942 he joined the Coast Guard and on his first leave last year we quarreled and then quit writing. We made up when he came home over the Christmas holidays. He looked so preoccupied while we were talking that I asked him what he was thinking. 'What a darned fool I've been,' was his answer. My hopes hit the ceiling! I knew he still loved me. I thought it strange that he only came to the house twice and finally left without saying goodbye. Then—last night—I learned why. He's married. I do not want to live and cannot possibly stay here having people sorry for me because everybody knows we were to be married. No one understands him like I do; he said so."

ALL THOSE letters describe different problems. And I know how tough life can seem when you're a kid. When I was sixteen it seemed as if my parents didn't understand anything I felt or anything I wanted. It seemed to me then, as it does to all of you, that there was only one answer—to run away. I ran away too. I never hiked out for the other end of the world. But more than once I hid out with an aunt for a week or two. Running away never solved anything for me. And I'm sure it never solves anything for anybody. It doesn't matter what your problem is, you have to work it out on some constructive basis before you can go on to anything else and be really happy and free. Also, it stands to reason that every-time anyone does something you don't like or something happens that stirs you all up you can't run away. You sure would be a rolling stone without any moss.

All the good it ever did me to run away was give me time to cool off, to get a little homesick—even when it

seemed I couldn't want to go back to any place where I'd been so unhappy—and finally to realize that I hadn't been so darn perfect myself.

Like the time I quit my job on a local newspaper, having made up my mind I was going to be a singer. My father, who thought it was a pretty good thing to be on a newspaper because friends had even told him I was not too dumb and might get to be a reporter one day, hauled off and let me have one on the side of the head.

His methods were crude compared to parents' methods nowadays. But looking back I know I asked for a lot of the beatings I got. You kids, I think, have better general understanding and grasp things a lot faster than I did. Which is a pretty big admission—coming from Sinatra who, when he was going to school, thought nobody could be smarter than he was. Don't we all!

I KNOW now how lucky I was to have my old grandpop. He saved me from many a licking. When things looked bad and I was afraid to go home because of something I had done, knowing the old strap was waiting, I would run to him and he would see me through.

He was a sweet old gent, my grandpop. I still can remember him with his gruff voice and long curly mustachios. I still can hear him say "Frankie, you bum you, you grow up no good you do that!" When I listened to him I never went wrong and saved myself a lot of trouble. Only often enough, even though I knew he only told me things for my own good, I would be headstrong and refuse to consider, with an open mind, what he advised. It's important, Kids, to meet anyone you like and respect, deep down inside of you—the way I liked and respected my grandpop—at least half way.

I'll never forget the time a traveling carnival landed in our town. We kids were mad for it. One night my grandpop—who liked the noise and lights and spielers almost as much as I did—overheard the manager of the merry-go-round bawling me out for riding broncho.

"You were just copying the fellow in front of you, Frankie," my grandpop told me. "Don't be such a dope. You'll stand up on that merry-go-round horse once too often—get your head jammed in the cross beams—that's what!"

Did I listen to his warning? You know I didn't. As soon as his back was turned I was riding broncho again. I got away with it that night. But the next night, sure enough my head jammed in the cross beams just like my grandpop had said it would. They had to tear out part of the roof to get me free. And my whole head of hair had to be shaved off. Dad paid the damage. And took it out of my hide.

Of course my old grandpop couldn't always be right. When I would be coming in late for dinner he used to say, "How you going to grow up to be healthy man? Look at you! You gotta eat! Eat on time! Eat plenty! So your bones won't stick out all over!"

He never knew how wrong he was about that. Because I have been eating plenty and eating on time for a long while now—leave it to Nancy to see to that—and, as grandpop would say, "The bones they still stick out!"

You see, Kids, when I talk to you I'm not repeating anything I read in a book or saw in a movie. I'm telling you things I found out for myself.

Frank Sinatra has more to say to you! Don't miss the second of these intimate articles written especially for you—in PHOTOPLAY next month!



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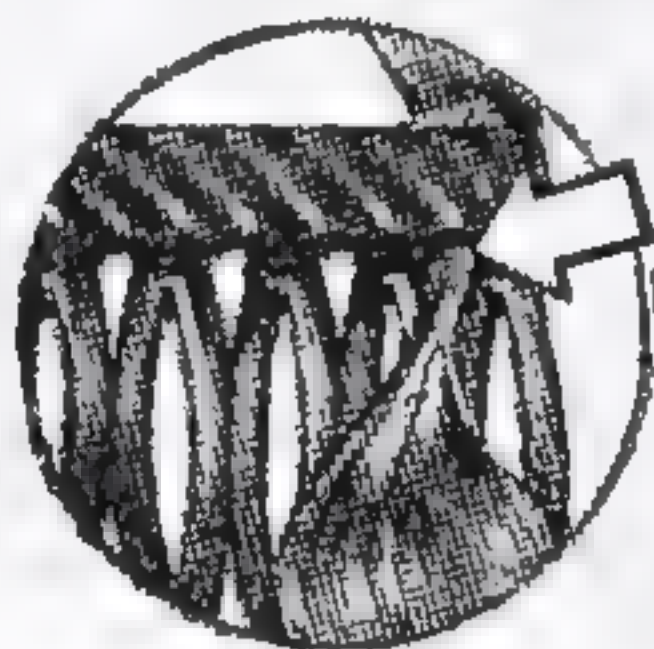
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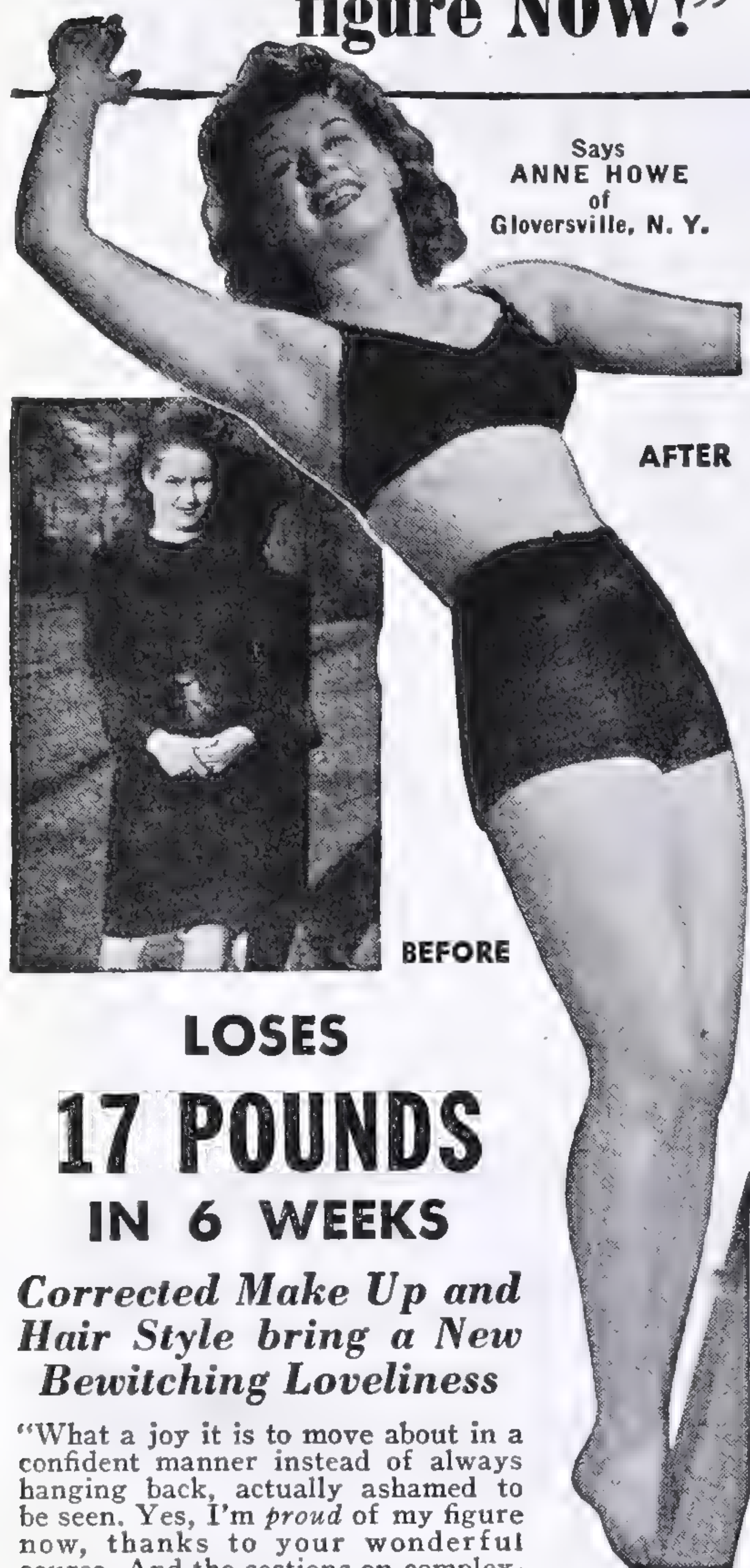


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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 19)

✓✓ Along Came Jones (International)

"ALONG CAME JONES" would have been a better picture if "Destry Rides Again" hadn't beaten it to the punch several years ago. Both depict shy, peace-loving cowboys but Jimmy Stewart had the advantage of a story with more drive and significance, whereas Gary Cooper has the hard task of making you believe he can't shoot.

"Jones" is an odd picture in its way, relying on the unexpected in plot twists to carry the weight of a terrific cast—Cooper, Loretta Young, William Demarest, Dan Duryea. Instead of the great dashing, smashing wild west, we're told quite simply of two cowboys, neither as bright as the law allows, who are mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal.

In the strange town of Payneville, Cooper, who is called *Melody* because he can't sing but tries, and Demarest, are saved from annihilation by Loretta Young who gets them out of town. Realizing she is really shielding the bandit, Cooper and Demarest hang around until they get in the goldarnedest free-for-all you've ever seen, with Coop the worst shot west of the Mississippi. There is a haunting realism about the story, the sets, the people involved, and certainly there's suspense aplenty. But somehow one misses the sweep of the Old West in it. Anyway, everyone in it is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: If only Cooper could shoot!

✓✓ Out Of This World (Paramount)

WHEN Eddie Bracken opened that cute trap and out came Bing Crosby's voice, we howled. When he made love to the mike a la Sinatra then it was too much. We just sat back and enjoyed it.

The story is *très* cute but then, Diana Lynn is around, so how could it miss? And by the way, so is Veronica Lake as the philanthropist who promotes Diana and her girl orchestra and Eddie as a

Best Pictures of the Month

Thrill Of A Romance
A Bell For Adano
Colonel Blimp
The Silver Fleet

Best Performances

Van Johnson in
"Thrill Of A Romance"
Esther Williams in
"Thrill Of A Romance"
John Hodiak in
"A Bell For Adano"
Roger Livesey in
"Colonel Blimp"
Anton Walbrook in
"Colonel Blimp"
Ralph Richardson in
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singer. In fact, she aids them so well, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie is sold before he hits big time. The efforts of everyone to cause Eddie to fail because of the oversale is counterbalanced by Veronica's determination that he shall succeed.

Diana grows lovelier, Eddie funnier and Veronica more competent. Bing's voice in Eddie's face is riotous, and Cass Daley as a drummer is a small-sized panic in herself. In fact, it's all just a lot of light-weight nonsense, but isn't that what we all crave? Sure, it is.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodious fun.

✓ **Twice Blessed (M-G-M)**

AN experiment in applied psychology directed at a couple of very pretty twins turns into a fairly amusing story.

The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents—one twin raised by her mother and one by the father. It's when the mother returns to the father's home town and the erudite twin (mamma's) meets up with her jitter-bugging sister (papa's) the story really gets going. The twins, Lee and Lyn Wilde, couldn't be cuter, and Gail Patrick and Preston Foster are so well cast as the parents.

Ethel Smith at the organ lends an enjoyable note or two. Richard Gaines is good too as *Senator John Pringle*, Gail's suitor. Jean Porter, Jimmy Lydon, Marshall Thompson and Gloria Hope are present and accounted for.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another experiment.

✓ **Nob Hill (20th Century-Fox)**

THERE must be some deep-rooted reason in the heart and mind of George Raft to play nothing but good guys even if it finishes his career—and, brother, in this instance it almost does. With a lot of fog left over from "Jane Eyre" and a lot of plot left over from a dozen similar stories, George rambles around in the old corn of "Nob Hill" versus "Gold Coast" versus "San Francisco."

Everyone in the cast seems strangely unreal somehow, like figures moving in another's dream. George, for example, is a notorious Gold Coast character with a heart and soul of pure driven snow, who falls for Snob Hill's Joan Bennett who can't make up her mind who she is or why. Vivian Blaine, the one bright spot in the whole picture, is another lily of the-valley character who sings in George's saloon and loves George. Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant who fared better under that tree in Brooklyn. The music is catchy and the cast, including Alan Reed, the *Falstaff Openshaw* of Fred Allen's radio show, along with B. S. Pully, Emil Coleman and Edgar Barrier, are tops. And for that reason we give it one check.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn on Nob Hill.

✓ **Bells Of Rosarita (Republic)**

WELL for goodness sake, there are more cowboys involved in this one than you can shake a stick at. Not only do we have Roy Rogers with us, but along comes Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson to ride in Dale Evans's circus, which saves same from dat old villain Grant Withers. Kinda cute idea, isn't it? And the way it works out, with Rogers playing

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himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome.

Rogers, of course, sings, and so do the Pioneers, Dale, and the Mitchell Boy Choir. Gabby Hayes "gabs" and Withers glowers, while the cowboys chase the villain and the audience sits bewildered but happy with it all—we trust.

Your Reviewer Says: They went that-a-way.

✓ The Brighton Strangler (RKO)

"ALL the world loves a lover" can now be amended to "All movie audiences love a murder mystery," it seems. "The Brighton Strangler," another kill 'em wholesale, is the kind of story that sends people home horrified and happy. It's a well-developed and well-thought-out little yarn too, and deals with an actor stunned by a bombing, who sets out to enact the role he's been playing on the stage for a year—that of a strangler.

John Loder, of all people, plays the berserk actor on a strangling rampage and does a good job of it, too, winning a measure of sympathy and holding your goose-pimpled interest at the same time.

Rose Hobart also does an excellent job as the playwright, while June Duprez and Michael St. Angel as the romantic pair who almost meet their fate at Loder's unpleasant hands, add to the story.

Gilbert Emery, Rex Evans and Miles Mander are caught up in the web and there they are—trapped like spiders.

Your Reviewer Says: Shivery.

✓ The Southerner (Loew—Hakim-UA)

"HOLD Autumn In Your Hand," re-named "The Southerner," has been molded into a depressing but nevertheless arresting, beautifully written and directed story. But it's so trouble-laden it weighs down the hearts of the audience.

The Tuckers's struggle to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them has been told with director Jean Renoir's usual habit of starring the director instead of the cast. However, Zachary Scott and Betty Field as the Tuckers are so expertly cast they couldn't miss. And Beulah Bondi and J. Carroll Naish add immeasurably to the story.

The plight of the Southern share-cropper is one with which we should all familiarize ourselves, as it is a primary American problem. The malnutrition of the children, the struggle against destroying rains, the seeming hopelessness of it all, conveys this message to us, but whether it will pass right now as entertainment remains to be seen.

Your Reviewer Says: It gave us the blues.

Swing Out, Sister (Universal)

WE'D say the fact you'd be most interested to know is that Frances Raeburn, the personable young leading lady of the story (Story? Where did we get that idea?) is Kathryn Grayson's sister. She does a fair job in an especially un-noteworthy tale of a night club singer who almost marries the club's owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron, a symphony director with a leaning toward hot music.

Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds are the uncle and aunt who believe little Raeburn is really studying for an operatic career which proves some people can be fooled without half trying.

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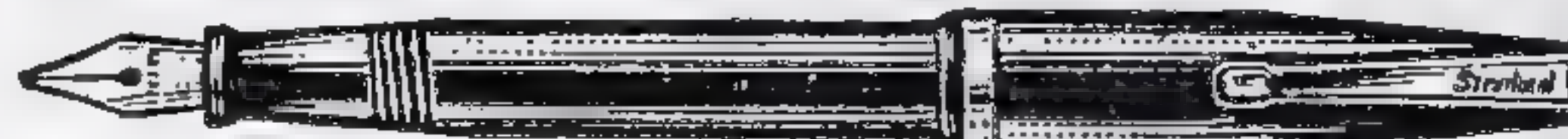
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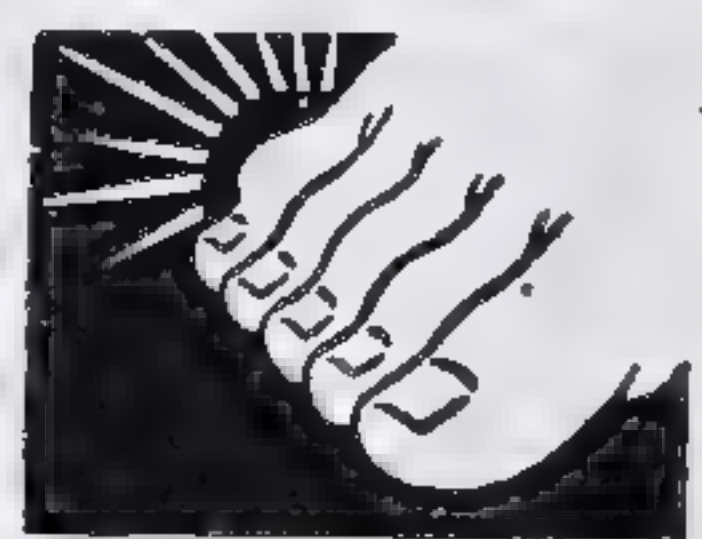
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Music, hot, classical and in between flies all around getting in and out of the way of cute Jacqueline de Witt and big, if not so cute, Arthur Treacher.

Your Reviewer Says: So much music, for goodness' sake.

China's Little Devils (Monogram)

THE secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Jap invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphan Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers. Ducky gives a good performance too, both as an obstreperous school lad under the care of Harry Carey, and later, when U. S. enters the war, as a brave and gallant youngster who with others, gives his life to aid his flying friends.

Ducky, Hayward Soo Hoo, Gloria Ann Chew, are the best of the Chinese kids. Paul Kelly as a flyer gives a credible performance.

Your Reviewer Says: And it probably happened too.

✓ That's The Spirit (Universal)

OUT of this vegetable stew comes one substantial meat ball to lend it flavor—a young dancer named Johnny Coy who first stepped into focus in "Bring On The Girls." What a find—why doesn't someone do something about him quick?

With Coy to fascinate, we didn't even mind our old friend Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and tearing back to earth again to straighten out his daughter's career. We didn't even blink a bored blink at Buster Keaton as Keeper of the Gates. Nor did we mind getting tossed from music to corn to comedy to fantasy like a kid in a blanket. And besides, the rest wasn't too bad either. Oakie was swell, June Vincent as his wife very beautiful, and of course Peggy Ryan was Peggy. Andy Devine, Arthur Treacher, Irene Ryan and Gene Lockhart were around too.

Your Reviewer Says: Why this Hollywood rush to heaven lately?

Divorce—(Monogram)

DON'T leave your wife and children for another woman, preaches Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic. She proves her point well, too, as a muchly divorced adventuress who lures Bruce Cabot, discharged from the Army, away from wife and children.

The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calkins, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. Craig Reynolds, Jean Fenwick, Jerome Cowan help pad the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Now you men pay attention, see?

✓✓ The Silver Fleet (PRC Pictures)

BECAUSE we have seen so little of the underground battle put up by courageous Holland against her Nazi conquerors this excellent British picture has a fresh feeling for American eyes.

It tells the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building or else—While he is pondering how to handle the situation he hears a young Dutch teacher telling her pupils

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Fired by this example the shipyard owner sets up his own underground and steals the precious submarines from under the noses of the Nazis in a heroic fashion not to be revealed here.

The picture has suspense and fine acting, especially on the part of Ralph Richardson, who plays the shipyard owner.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't forget Holland.

✓✓ Colonel Blimp (Archers-UA)

DON'T be deceived. This has nothing to do with dirigibles. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have based their picture on a cartoon character popular in English periodicals. It's a cavalcade of two men—if there could be such a thing—one English and one German, and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of three wars, the Boer War and the two World Wars. The picture's one fault is its great length, a fault which may well have been remedied by the time it starts its journey through American theaters.

Two dashing young officers, one British and one German, meet for the first time in a duel in Berlin and become fast friends—so fast, in fact, that the Englishman surrenders the girl he loves to his erstwhile opponent. They meet again when the German becomes a prisoner of war in England during the first World War and yet again when, appalled at the principles of the Nazis, he seeks refuge with the British during World War II.

We see the Englishman, well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old *Colonel Blimp*, still sticking to his "rules of the game" and the German in the expert hands of Anton Walbrook, urging a saddened realism on his lifelong friend.

Also, there's a girl you'll want to see more of—a great deal more. She's Deborah Kerr.

Your Reviewer Says: Three cheers for *Blimp*!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

Johnny Mitchell and Ruth Donnelly contribute to a gay evening. (July)

✓ **ROYAL SCANDAL, A**—20th Century-Fox: An incident in the flavorsome life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a full-fledged movie with Tallulah Bankhead bringing all her skill to the role of Catherine. Bill Eythe plays the innocent victim of her charm, Charles Coburn is the chancellor and Anne Baxter, who loves Eythe, has too little to do but does it well. (June)

✓✓ **SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED**—Universal: Yvonne de Carlo dances, sings and looks beautiful in this Technicolor picture packed with romances galore, bravery and intrigue. The scenes shift from Berlin to a small Arizona town and then to San Francisco with never a let-up in pace. David Bruce is the stagecoach robber, Rod Cameron a newspaperman, Walter Slezak a millionaire, and they're all in love with Yvonne. (June)

✓✓ **SALTY O'ROURKE**—Paramount: In order to repay a debt to Bruce Cabot, Alan Ladd buys a race horse that only Stanley Clements, jockey barred from all tracks, can manage. So Clements poses as his younger brother, which sends him into the schoolroom of Gail Russell, which is how Alan meets and falls in love with Gail. There's plenty of action and suspense and all the elements of a good movie. (June)

SEE MY LAWYER—Universal: Olsen and Johnson try to antagonize night club patrons so they can break their contract and go to Hollywood, but it's a long dry spell between laughs. Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as poor but ambitious lawyers mixed up in the deal, Grace McDonald and Franklin Pangborn got into the act, but it's still mediocre stuff. (May)

SONG FOR MISS JULIE, A—Republic: Two New York playwrights, Barton Hepburn and Roger Clark,

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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invade an old Southern mansion in order to get material on its former occupant for a play, but what they don't know is the fact that the old occupant was quite a cut-up in his day. Shirley Ross, Cheryl Walker and Elizabeth Risdon have good roles, but the picture could have been better. (May)

SONG OF THE SARONG—Universal: Nancy Kelly is a beautiful South Sea maiden who meets up with William Gargan when he comes to her island to filch the treasure that rests before the natives' god. Fuzzy Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs, but they are mighty few and far between. (July)

SON OF LASSIE—M-G-M: A sequel to "Lassie Come Home" that packs all the heartfelt wallop of the first film. Laddie follows his master to war, parachutes with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England. Peter Lawford is the personable owner of Laddie, and June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp head the supporting cast. (July)

STRANGE ILLUSION—PRC: While Jimmy Lydon's on vacation, he has a nightmare that warns him something was wrong with his father's death. When he returns home, part of his dream seems to come true so he seeks the aid of Regis Toomey. Warren William is very good as the "dream" man, Charles Arnt capable as the nasty psychiatrist, and we enjoyed Sally Eilers too. (May)

SUDAN—Universal: Another Technicolor fancy with Maria Montez as the queen who ascends the throne when her father is killed, Jon Hall as a light-hearted thief who rescues her from George Zucco, and Turhan Bey as a dashing Egyptian bandit chief. Andy Devine's comedy is so constrained it's hardly noticeable. (June)

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—RKO: You won't believe Robert Young as the wolfy pilot, and the puritanical stuffiness imposed on Laraine Day by the story is just plain dull. Anyway, Laraine falls in love with Bob and gets all in a huff when he admits he doesn't love her. So when he discovers he really does, she will have none of him. Ann Harding, Bill Williams and Marc Cramer go round in it too. (July)

THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA—20th Century-Fox: The white horse Thunderhead, a magnificent and amazingly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors. Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves Thunderhead, and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents are swell, but honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show. (May)

TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE—RKO: Taxi driver Ann Rutherford picks up Tom Conway who's got amnesia, and before you know it they're knee deep in Broadway murders that roll along from producers to playwrights to stars. Richard Lane, Lester Mattheus, and Roland Drew mix up and get mixed up in it. (July)

UTAH—Republic: Dale Evans, actress, wants to sell the family ranch she's never seen in order to back a show, but Roy Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn't want it sold, steers Dale onto the scrubby ranch owned by Gabby Hayes in the hope she'll be discouraged and give up the idea. The tunes and singing are fair and it's sure to please the Rogers fans. (June)

VALLEY OF DECISION—M-G-M: To her role of the Irish maid who soon becomes the mainstay in the household of Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp, Greer Garson gives character and charm. Gregory Peck is their eldest son with whom Greer falls in love, Lionel Barrymore her irascible father, and Preston Foster the union boss. With Marsha Hunt, Dan Duryea and Jessica Tandy. (July)

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—20th Century-Fox: This silly fantasy with songs and music ends up by being very funny in spots. Fred MacMurray's a 4F in love with June Haver, so when a genie appears after he's rubbed an old lamp he wishes himself in the Army, and lands first with Washington at Valley Forge, then in Columbus's navy, and it goes on from there. Throughout the story he constantly meets up with both June and Joan Leslie who really loves him. (June)

WITHOUT LOVE—MGM: Katharine Hepburn, who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and scientist Spencer Tracy, a refugee from love, marry without love and find it developing along the way. Carl Esmond is Katie's amorous suitor, Keenan Wynn a delight as her cousin, and Lucille Ball and Felix Bressart are very amusing. It's light, airy and gay. (June)

WONDER MAN—Goldwyn: Funny, fantastic fantasy, with Danny Kaye, who, in his dual role of the dead entertainer and his twin brother the bookworm, becomes the best individualistic comic on the screen. Virginia Mayo as the librarian bookworm Kaye loves and Vera Ellen as the actress entertainer Kaye loves, are both excellent. Danny's routines are hilarious. (July)

ZOMBIE ON BROADWAY—RKO: Alan Carney and Wally Brown tangle with zombies for one of the most ridiculous pictures of the year. In search of a zombie to appear at a night club's premiere they meet scientist Bela Lugosi and with his aid turn night club owner Sheldon Leonard into a zombie. Ann Jeffreys and Frank Jenks are mixed up in the mess. (July)

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Click Tricks

Pointers from Hymie Fink on how to look lovelier in the lens. Gail Russell checks them off

Gail Russell of Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" in the kind of pose service men love



Avoid "arty" pose, too much make-up

Background is bad and such a stance!



NOT every girl can take as ravishing a picture as Hollywood stars, says Hymie Fink, Photoplay's ace photographer, but most girls would have more flattering pictures to send their men in service if they knew a few simple camera tricks. One of the first rules is to wear a minimum of make-up. You'll wear mascara, a medium lipstick carefully applied with brush or pencil and blotted, a little foundation and very little rouge. Too much foundation and powder and too dark or heavy lipstick gives your face a mask-like look.

Clothes for the Camera: Light clothes, says Hymie, photograph better as a rule. (Gail's dark little polka-dot is no offender because of white around the face and the contrast it makes with the background.) And be sure they're not fussy. Too many bows, buttons, flowers, plaids or big figured prints distract the eye. Let your hair, beautifully brushed and combed, rather than a hat, frame your face. After all, this is a picture of you, not a fashion shot. Don't send that dream man a picture of you in a rumpled dress or any outfit you're not really proud to be seen in. Pictures are permanent records and ought to say the nice things about you.

Your Good and Bad Points: If you are not sure what yours are, study your old snapshots. You'll probably find, like everyone else, that one side of your face is prettier than the other. (More than one beautiful Hollywood star is always photographed from the same side!) So put your good side to the camera. Unless your legs are perfect, figure out how to stand or sit so they'll look like Grable's. By being photographed from the side, legs usually look far more glamorous. Never stand with feet apart and weight evenly distributed or arms hanging at your sides. Do smile, says Hymie, if you know you look best smiling. But avoid silly, artificial smiles just as you will phony, affected poses.

Before the Camera Clicks: Blondes should choose dark backgrounds, while brunettes will photograph better against a light one. Don't stand in front of green shrubbery or your figure may blend with it. The sun, directly overhead, will cast unflattering shadows on your face, so do your shooting a couple of hours before or after noontime. And try for informality. The homey type of snapshot is what he wants to see. And if he has a dog or some other pet, it will be a double thrill for him to see it. Ere your camera pal counts three, moisten your lips to give them a sheen as the stars do. And squeeze your eyes shut for a second. This gives a sparkle, helps you avoid a stare and makes for a prettier picture.

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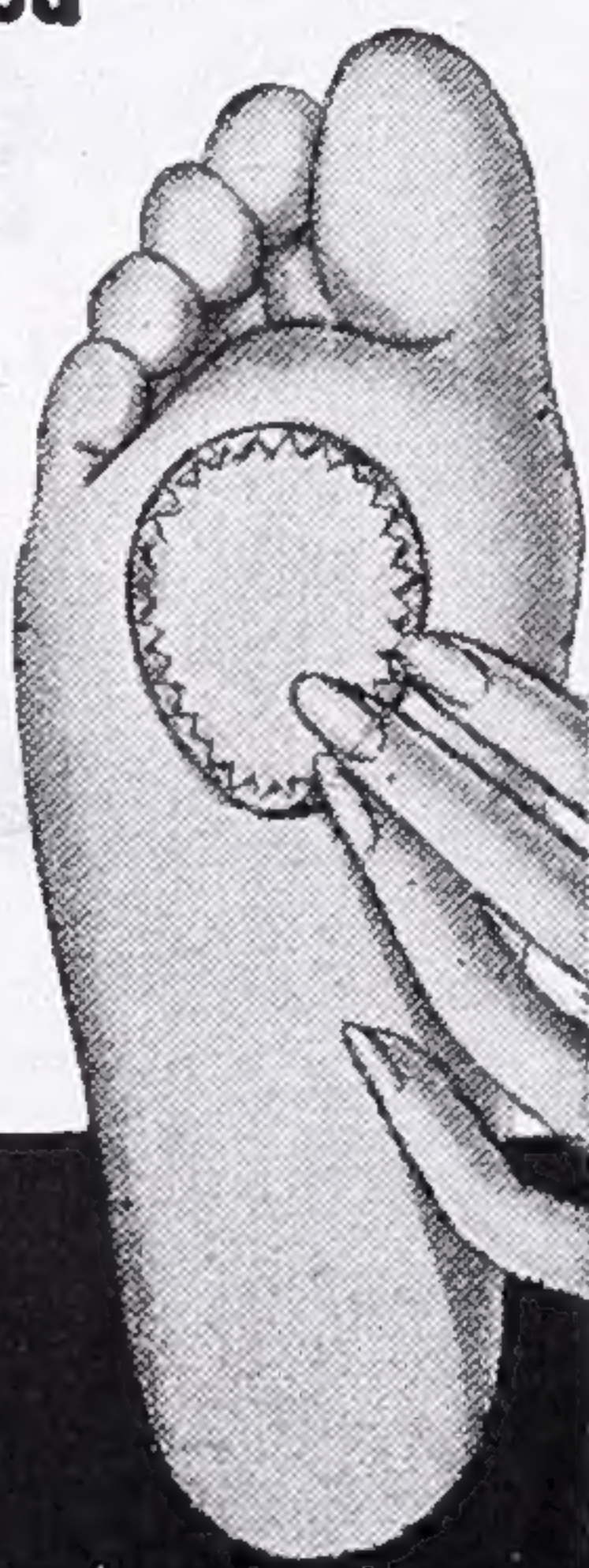


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Casts of Current Pictures

ALONG CAME JONES—International: Melody Jones, Gary Cooper; *Cherry De Longpre*, Loretta Young; *George Fury*, William Demarest; *Monte Jarrad*, Dan Duryea; *Cherry's Brother*, Frank Sully; *Her Father*, Russell Simpson; *Sheriff*, Arthur Loft; *Luke Packard*, Willard Robertson; *Gledhill*, Don Costello; *Ira Waggoner*, Ray Teal.

BELL FOR ADANO, A—20th Century-Fox: Tina, Gene Tierney; *Major Joppolo*, John Hodiak; *Sergeant Borth*, William Bendix; *Lieut. Livingstone*, Glenn Langan; *Nicolo*, Richard Conte; *Sergeant Trampani*, Stanley Prager; *Captain Purvis*, Henry Morgan; *Guisepppe*, Montague Banks; *Commander Robertson*, Reed Hadley; *Colonel Middleton*, Roy Roberts; *Father Pensovecchio*, Hugo Haas; *Zito*, Marcel Dalio; *Gargano*, Fortunio Bononova; *Errante*, Henry Armetta; *Erba*, Roman Bohnen; *Cacopardo*, Luis Alberni; *Mayor Nasta*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Tomasino*, William Edmunds; *Francisca*, Yvonne Vautrot; *Captain Anderson*, John Russell; *Rosa*, Anna Demetrio; *Lt. Col. Sartorius*, James Rennie; *Afronti*, Charles Judels; *Basile*, Frank Jaquet; *Zapulla*, Gino Corrado; *Craxi*, Peter Cusanelli; *General McKay*, Minor Watson; *Edward*, Grady Sutton; *Capello*, Joseph "Chef" Milani.

BELLS OF ROSARITA—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; *Gabby Whittaker*, George "Gabby" Hayes; *Sue Farnum*, Dale Evans; *Patty Phillips*, Adele Mara; *William Ripley*, Grant Withers; *Slim Phillips*, Addison Richards; *Maxwell*, Roy Barcroft; *Rosarita*, Janet Martin.

BRIGHTON STRANGLER, THE—RKO: Reginald Parker, John Loder; *April Manby*, June Duprez; *Bob Carson*, Michael St. Angel; *Dorothy Kent*, Rose Hobart; *Allison*, Miles Mander; *Mr. Clive*, Ian Wolfe; *Mrs. Clive*, Connie Leon; *Shelton*, Rex Evans; *Doctor Manby*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Manby*, Lydia Bilbrook; *Inspector Graham*, Matthew Boulton; *Mrs. Kent*, Florence Wix; *Pamela*, Mary McLeod; *Banks*, Olaf Hytten.

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS—Monogram: Dr. Temple, Harry Carey; *Big Butch Dooley*, Paul Kelly; *Little Butch*, Ducky L. Louie; *Betty Lou*, Gloria Ann Chew; *Little Joe Doakes*, Hayward Soohoo; *Eddie*, Jimmy Dodd; *Harry*, Ralph Lewis; *Farmer*, Phillip Ahn; *Col. Huraji*, Richard Loo; *Captain Subi*, Wing Foo; *Nurse*, Jean Wong; *Patrick*, Fred Mah; *Baby*, Nancy Hseuh; *Farmer's Wife*, Oie Chan; *Daughter*, Aen Ling Chow; *2nd Daughter*, Ching Ling Chow; *Son*, Francis Jung.

COLONEL BLIMP—Archers-UA: Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff, Anton Walbrook; *Edith Hunter*, Johnny Cannon; *Barbara Wynn*, Deborah Kerr; *Clive Candy*, Roger Livesey; *Von Ritter*, Albert Lieven; *Spud Wilson*, James McKechnie; *Kaunitz*, David Ward; *Frau von Kalteneck*, Ursula Jeans; *Murdoch*, John Laurie; *The Bishop*, Felix Aylmer; *President of Tribunal*, A. E. Matthews.

DIVORCE—Monogram: Dianne, Kay Francis; *Bob*, Bruce Cabot; *Martha*, Helen Mack; *Bill Endicott*, Craig Reynolds; *Joan Endicott*, Jean Fenwick; *Michael*, Larry Olsen; *Bobby*, Johny Calkins; *Liz*, Ruth Lee; *Jim Driscoll*, Jerome Cowan; *Andy Cole*, Reid Kilpatrick; *Harvey Hicks*, Leonard Mudie; *Ellen*, Mary Gordon; *Secretary*, Virginia Wave.

NOB HILL—20th Century-Fox: Tony Angel, George Raft; *Harriet Carruthers*, Joan Bennett; *Sally Templeton*, Vivian Blaine; *Katie Flanagan*, Peggy Ann Garner; *Dapper Jack Harrigan*, Alan "Falstaff" Openshaw; *Joe*, B. S. Pully; *At the Piano*, Emil Coleman; *Lash Carruthers*, Edgar Barrier; *Specialty*, Joe Smith & Charles Dale; *Rafferty*, George Anderson; *Fighting Bartender*, Don Costello; *Headwaiter*, Joseph J. Greene; *Cabby*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Specialty*, The Three Swifts; *Big Tim*, William Haade; *Chinese Servants*, Beal Wong, George T. Lee; *Jose*, Frank McCown; *Butler*, Robert Greig; *Chips Conlon*, Charles Cane; *Show Girls*, Helen O'Hara, Dorothy Ford; *Luigi*, Nestor Paiva; *Housekeeper*, Anita Bolster; *Ruby*, Jane Jones; *Swedish Sailors*, Otto Reichow, Hugo Borg, George Blagoi.

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Paramount: Herbie Fenton, Eddie Bracken; *Dorothy Dodge*, Veronica Lake; *Betty Miller*, Diana Lynn; *Fanny, the drummer*, Cass Daley; *Gus Palukas*, Parkyakarkus; *J. J. Crawford*, Donald MacBride; *Harriet Pringle*, Florence Bates; *Children in audience*, Gary, Phillip, Dennis, Lin Crosby; *Muriel*, Osga San Juan; *Dixie*, Nancy Porter; *Alice*, Audrey Young; *Baritone Sax*, Carol Deere; *Mrs. Robbins*, Mabel Paige; *Charlie Briggs*, Charles Smith; *Irving Krunk*, Irving Bacon, and *Carmen Cavallaro*, Ted Fiorito, Henry King, Ray Noble, Joe Reichman.

SILVER FLEET, THE—PRC: Jaap van Leyden, Ralph Richardson; *Helene van Leyden*, Googie Withers; *Von Schiffer*, Esmond Knight; *Krampf*, Beresford, Egan; *Captain Muller*, Frederick Burtwell; *Schoolmistress*, Kathleen Byron; *Willem van Leyden*, Willem Akkerman; *Janni Peters*, Dorothy Gordon; *Bastiaan Peters*, Charles Victor; *Jost Meertens*, John Longdon; *Cornelius Smit*, Joss Ambler; *Bertha*, Margaret Emden; *Dirk*, George Schelderup; *Joop*, Neville Mapp; *Admiral*, Ivor Barnard; *Johann*, John Carol; *Captain*, Lieut. Schouwenaar, R.N.N.; *Lieutenant*, Lieut. van Dapperen, R.N.N.; *Navigator*, John Arnold; *Chief of Police*, Philip Leaver; *Captain Schneider*, Laurence O'Madden; *Lieutenant Wernicke*, Anthony Eustrel; *Bohme*, Charles Minor; *Markgraf*, Valentine Dyall, and *Personnel of the Royal Netherlands Navy*.

SOUTHERNER, THE—Jean Renoir-UA: Sam Tucker, Zachary Scott; *Nona Tucker*, Betty Field; *Devers*, J. Carrol Naish; *Granny*, Beulah Bondi; *Harmie*, Percy Kilbride; *Ma*, Blanche Yurka; *Tim*, Charles Kemper; *Finley*, Norman Lloyd; *Lizzie*, Estelle Taylor; *Becky*, Noreen Nash; *Doctor*, Jack Norworth; *Ruston*, Paul Harvey; *Bartender*, Nestor Paiva; *Jot*, Jay Gilpin; *Daisy*, Jean Vanderwilt; *Uncle Pete*, Paul Burns; *Party Girl*, Dorothy Granger; *Guest at Wedding*, Earl Hodgins; *Character in Harmie's Store*, Almira Sessions; *Zoonie*, Rex.

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Donna Leslie, Frances Raeburn; *Pat Cameron*, Jacqueline De Wit; *Geoffrey Cabot*, Rod Cameron; *Chumley*, Arthur Treacher; *Clutch*, Fuzzy Knight; *Tim Colby*, Milburn Stone; *Jessica Merryman*, Billie Burke; *Rufus Merryman*, Samuel S. Hinds.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT—Universal: Steve Gogarty, Jack Oakie; *Sheila*, Peggy Ryan; *Martin Wilde, Sr.*, Andy Devine; *Masters*, Arthur Treacher; *Jasper Cawthorne*, Gene Lockhart; *Martin Wilde, Jr.*, Johnny Coy; *L. M.*, Buster Keaton; *Libby*, June Vincent; *Bilson*, Irene Ryan; *Abigail*, Edith Barrett; *Patience*, Vickie Horne; *Miss Preble*, Virginia Brissac.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—M-G-M: Major Thomas Milvaine, Van Johnson; *Cynthia Glenn*, Esther Williams; *Maude Bancroft*, Frances Gifford; *Hobart Glenn*, Henry Travers; *Nona Glenn*, Spring Byington; *Mr. Nils Knudsen*, Lauritz Melchior; *Robert G. Delbar*, Carleton G. Young; *Mrs. Fenway*, Ethel Griffies; *K. O. Karny*, Donald Curtis; *Lyonel*, Jerry Scott; *Julio*, Fernando Alvarado; *Susan*, Helene Stanley; *Oscar*, Vince Barnett; *Dr. Torve*, Billy House; *Betty*, Joan Fay Macaboy; *Tommy Dorsey* and his orchestra.

TWICE BLESSED—M-G-M: Jeff Turner, Preston Foster; *Mary Hale*, Gail Patrick; *Terry Turner*, Lee Wilde; *Stephanie Hale*, Lyn Wilde; *Senator John Pringle*, Richard Gaines; *Kitty*, Jean Porter; *Jimmy*, Marshall Thompson; *Mickey Pringle*, Jimmy Lydon; *Alice*, Gloria Hope; *Jake*, Douglas Cowan; *Whitey*, Warren Mills; *Mr. Winters*, Joel Friedkin; *Chet*, Ralph Brooke; *Lionel*, Ralph Hoopes; *Alfi*, Don Hayden; *Horace*, Tommy Bond.

WAY AHEAD, THE—Two Cities-20th Century-Fox: Jim Perry, David Niven; *Davenport*, Raymond Huntley; *Sgt. Fletcher*, Billy Hartnell; *Brewer*, Stanley Holloway; *Lloyd*, James Donald; *Luke*, John Laurie; *Beck*, Leslie Dwyer; *Parsons*, Hugh Burden; *Stainer*, Jimmy Hanley; *Commanding Officer*, Reginald Tate; *Company Commander*, Leo Genn; *P. T. Instructor*, Alf Goddard; *Chelsea Pensioner*, John Ruddock; *Chelsea Pensioner*, Bromley Davenport.



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